JAN. 13,
1940

Liberty

5¢

MORE SNAKES THAN I CAN KILL

Behind the Scenes in the Probe of Un-Americanism

BY REPRESENTATIVE MARTIN DIES

MAKE READY COPY

Coca-Cola has the charm of purity. It is prepared with the finished art that comes from a lifetime of practice. Its delicious taste never loses the freshness of appeal that first delighted you... always bringing you a cool, clean sense of complete refreshment. Thirst asks nothing more.

Take off refreshed

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Your thirst takes wings when you treat it to ice-cold Coca-Cola. And you can find ice-cold Coca-Cola *when* and *where* you are thirsty... for the familiar red coolers are around the corner from anywhere. Enjoy Coca-Cola... and take off refreshed.

5¢

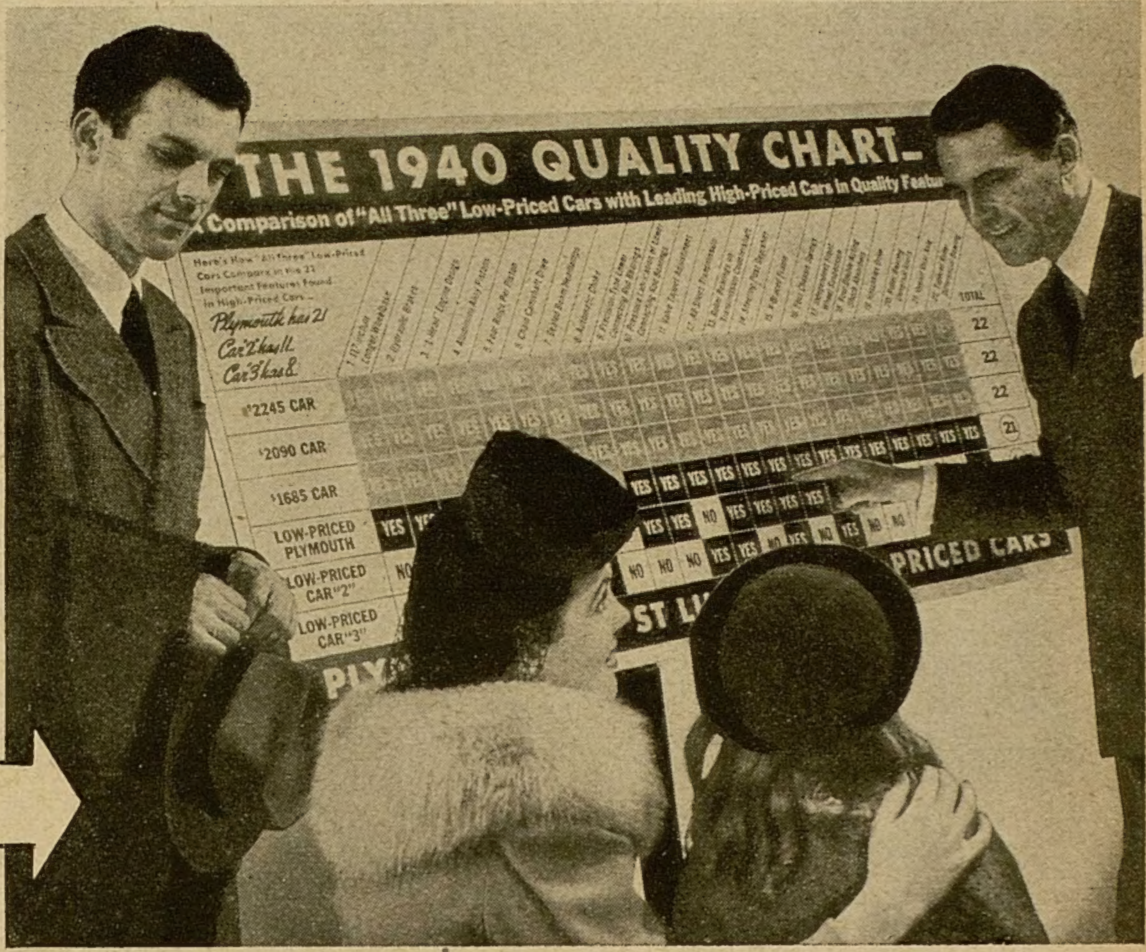
Drink
Coca-Cola
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Delicious and
Refreshing

THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES

Make Your Choice this Easy "One-Two" Way!

❶ Now a glance at the 1940 Quality Chart is a quick revelation of how "All Three" low-priced cars compare in comfort, safety, roominess, and value.

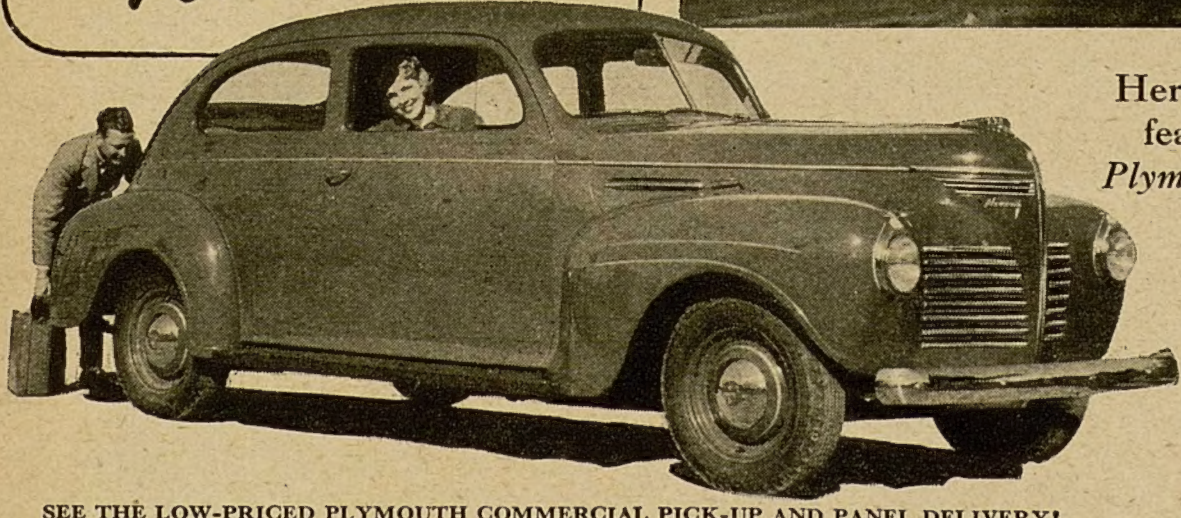
❷ Take Plymouth's Luxury Ride for a thrilling confirmation of the facts on the chart!


THE 1940 QUALITY CHART
A Comparison of "All Three" Low-Priced Cars with Leading High-Priced Cars in Quality Features
Plymouth has 21
Car "2" has 11
Car "3" has 8
$2245 CAR
$2090 CAR
$1685 CAR
LOW-PRICED PLYMOUTH
LOW-PRICED CAR "2"
LOW-PRICED CAR "3"
TOTAL
22
22
22
21
YES
NO
PRICED CARS

GET THE QUALITY YOU'RE ENTITLED TO IN 1940...

1—SEE THE QUALITY CHART FOR FACTS

2—TAKE THE LUXURY RIDE FOR PROOF



SEE THE LOW-PRICED PLYMOUTH COMMERCIAL PICK-UP AND PANEL DELIVERY!
TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES, COLUMBIA NETWORK, THURSDAYS, 9 TO 10 P. M., E. S. T.

Here's how "All 3" compare on 22 big features found in high-priced cars: *Plymouth—21..Car "2"—11..Car "3"—8*

THE TREND to Plymouth is sweeping the country! New thousands are realizing the *value* Plymouth offers!

Plymouth alone, of "All 3" *low-priced* cars, has a majority of the quality features found on most *high-priced* cars! See the Quality Chart—take the Luxury Ride—at any Plymouth dealer.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

JANUARY 13, 1940

Liberty

VOL. 17, NO. 2

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

THE SOMETHING-FOR-NOTHING DREAMERS

BERNARR MACFADDEN

We can all breathe a sigh of relief. The intelligence needed to protect this nation from the something-for-nothing advocates has apparently filtered through the minds of the majority of our people, at least in some sections of this country.

What was called the "Ham and Eggs" movement, which had supporters in California who wanted thirty dollars a week for everybody more than fifty years of age, has been beaten, even in Los Angeles, the stamping ground of its enthusiastic advocates.

Even Dr. Townsend called this plan a snare and a delusion. And Upton Sinclair, the creator of the End of Poverty campaign in California, condemned it.

Similar socialistic nonsense was also heavily snowed under in Ohio by a majority of more than three to one.

The idea that permanent gain can be secured from such a policy is so inconceivably silly that it is difficult to realize how apparently intelligent people can be induced to support it.

And we will have to admit that to a large extent the principles are in a way allied to the false philosophy that has influenced some of the officials of the present administration at Washington.

The idea that we can borrow ourselves into prosperity might be termed the slogan of some of our Washington officials, and the billions of indebtedness that has been incurred by the federal government has been undoubtedly due partly to this unreasoning sophistry.

This administration seems to have acquired the idea that its officials were put in power to remedy all human ills. There are certain governmental duties for which they are definitely responsible, but their interpretation extended them to an unlimited degree. They acquired the idea that they should assume the responsibility of bringing happiness and comfort to all our lowly citizens, and the means they adopted for this purpose was to shovel out the billions of dollars in the United States Treasury, using credit that has been built up throughout the entire life of this nation.

Something for nothing! It may be possible with unearned capital . . . when those who pay out the money have never had the responsibility of earning it. A rich man's son who has inherited millions can pass out his money to the "have-nots," and although such a procedure may be helpful in a few instances, usually it is an artificial stimulant. It is not a permanent remedy. It does not build up anything worth-while . . . in fact, it tears down morale.

When one has been living on charity . . . when he has been accepting handouts month after month, year after year . . . it becomes a destructive habit . . . a demoralizing force; it weakens the spine . . . takes away the fighting spirit.

If we ever expect to land on solid ground . . . if we expect to retain the stability which this nation has maintained throughout its history . . . reckless spending must be discontinued. It will bring certain destruction, governmentally and otherwise.

When one can secure an income without working, what inducement is there to look for work? The dole and WPA jobs have unquestionably been helpful in many instances, but the system used in some parts of the country has kept many workers from steady jobs. It has greatly increased the difficulties of farmers, factory owners, etc., in securing capable and efficient help.

Let us hope that the outstanding defeat that has been administered to the something-for-nothing crowd will convey a lesson to those who are trying to introduce laws that can have but one result, and that is bankruptcy for whatever government that attempts to follow this crackpot reasoning.

To be sure, there are the crippled, the helpless, and the jobless. They should be assisted . . . they should receive the aid which is necessary to give them reasonable comforts, but they should not be the recipients of financial aid greater than they have ever had before when they were employed.

It is quite easy to be liberal with other people's money. Popularity through official spending is easily obtained and we have had entirely too much of this governmental extravagance in recent years.

Bernarr Macfadden

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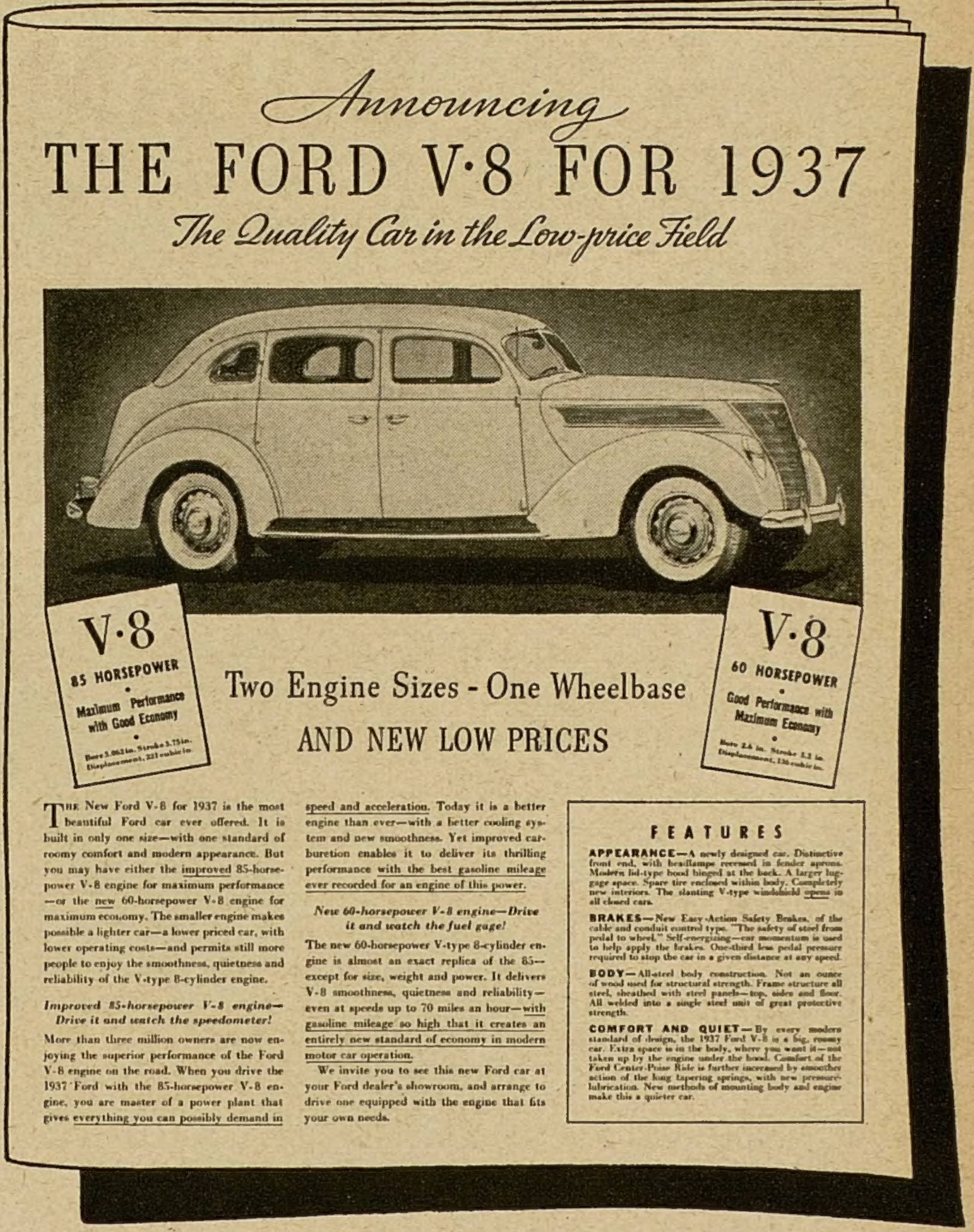


Announcing

THE FORD V·8 FOR 1937

The Quality Car in the Low-price Field

V·8
85 HORSEPOWER
•
Maximum Performance with Good Economy
•
Bore 3.062 in. Stroke 3.75 in. Displacement, 221 cubic in.

Two Engine Sizes - One Wheelbase
AND NEW LOW PRICES

V·8
60 HORSEPOWER
•
Good Performance with Maximum Economy
•
Bore 2.6 in. Stroke 3.2 in. Displacement, 136 cubic in.

The New Ford V-8 for 1937 is the most beautiful Ford car ever offered. It is built in only one size—with one standard of roomy comfort and modern appearance. But you may have either the improved 85-horsepower V-8 engine for maximum performance—or the new 60-horsepower V-8 engine for maximum economy. The smaller engine makes possible a lighter car—a lower priced car, with lower operating costs—and permits still more people to enjoy the smoothness, quietness and reliability of the V-type 8-cylinder engine.

Improved 85-horsepower V-8 engine—Drive it and watch the speedometer!

More than three million owners are now enjoying the superior performance of the Ford V-8 engine on the road. When you drive the 1937 Ford with the 85-horsepower V-8 engine, you are master of a power plant that gives everything you can possibly demand in speed and acceleration. Today it is a better engine than ever—with a better cooling system and new smoothness. Yet improved carburetion enables it to deliver its thrilling performance with the best gasoline mileage ever recorded for an engine of this power.

New 60-horsepower V-8 engine—Drive it and watch the fuel gage!

The new 60-horsepower V-type 8-cylinder engine is almost an exact replica of the 85—except for size, weight and power. It delivers V-8 smoothness, quietness and reliability—even at speeds up to 70 miles an hour—with gasoline mileage so high that it creates an entirely new standard of economy in modern motor car operation.

We invite you to see this new Ford car at your Ford dealer's showroom, and arrange to drive one equipped with the engine that fits your own needs.

FEATURES

APPEARANCE—A newly designed car. Distinctive front end, with headlamps recessed in fender aprons. Modern lid-type hood hinged at the back. A larger luggage space. Spare tire enclosed within body. Completely new interiors. The slanting V-type windshield opens in all closed cars.

BRAKES—New Easy-Action Safety Brakes, of the cable and conduit control type. "The safety of steel from pedal to wheel." Self-energizing—car momentum is used to help apply the brakes. One-third less pedal pressure required to stop the car in a given distance at any speed.

BODY—All-steel body construction. Not an ounce of wood used for structural strength. Frame structure all steel, sheathed with steel panels—top, sides and floor. All welded into a single steel unit of great protective strength.

COMFORT AND QUIET—By every modern standard of design, the 1937 Ford V-8 is a big, roomy car. Extra space is in the body, where you want it—not taken up by the engine under the hood. Comfort of the Ford Center-Poise Ride is further increased by smoother action of the long tapering springs, with new pressure-lubrication. New methods of mounting body and engine make this a quieter car.

It appeared when the 1937 Ford car was introduced. See what we said about this car then?

Time and usage have proved those statements true. Many thousands of these beautiful cars are still on the road, in the hands of satisfied owners.

Hundreds have now been traded in for the popular 1940 Ford cars.

Many have exceptionally low mileage and have been put in first-class running condition by Ford dealers.

Ford quality throughout, up-to-date style, 8-cylinder performance, excellent gasoline mileage, easy-action safety brakes, Center-Poise riding comfort, roomy all-steel body and many other modern features make it a great buy as a used car.

The same is true of the '38 and '39 — the '36 and '35. Your Ford dealer has all these, and a wide selection of other makes too.

What's more, your Ford dealer has a fine reputation for the things that count — price, terms, allowance, service and *guarantees.* His famous "R & G" and "50-50" guarantees are added assurance of "good buys." He'll be glad to explain both plans to you.

See Your AUTHORIZED FORD DEALER

USED CARS & TRUCKS
RENEWED R&G GUARANTEED
ALL MAKES

The Famous "R & G" Guarantee

The Famous "50-50" Guarantee

50
GUARANTEED
50

MOR

BY REPRESENTATIVE MARTIN DIES

CHAIRMAN OF THE HOUSE COMMITTEE ON UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES

READING TIME
25 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

PART ONE—WHY I MAKE THESE THINGS KNOWN

FOR more than a year I have listened to the testimony of hundreds of witnesses who have testified under oath with reference to subversive activities and groups in the United States. I have likewise read hundreds of letters and examined a mass of documentary evidence. All this is a matter of public record and may be found in the official reports of the hearings on un-American activities.

But what is not a matter of record is the information which I have gathered from confidential sources and conversations that I have had with numerous people who would not testify before the committee. During the year and one half that we have been investigating un-American activities, I have established many

BEHIND THE SCENES

SNAKES THAN I CAN KILL

Communists, Fascists, Nazis—Those enemies who are working subversively in this country to undermine the spirit of American democracy! Now, revealing things never told before, the head of the Dies Committee gives you his own inside story of a history-making investigation

confidential sources of information throughout the country. Some of my information comes from people who are now members of Communist and Fascist organizations. I have made it a point to listen patiently to people who had, or thought they had, information. I therefore feel qualified to present myself to the American people as an expert witness on this subject.

It is not my purpose nor my desire to open old wounds or to violate any confidences or to injure my party. In relating the conversation between the President and myself with reference to this investigation, and in making public the contents of letters from certain leaders of my party, I do so because I believe that a public service will be rendered thereby. I am not concerned with the partisan phase of this question. From the beginning I have made it clear that the task of preserving the institutions of this republic is not a partisan matter. Naturally I love the Democratic Party, to which I owe much. As far back as I can remember, my people have been Democrats, but they have always put their country before party politics.

Neither do I wish to injure the cause of true liberalism, which I desire to distinguish from so-called liberalism—the latter is composed of "crackpots," Socialists, Communists, and fellow travelers who masquerade under the name of liberalism. My activities have never been directed at legitimate labor unions. In fact, I have been endorsed many times by the American Federation of Labor and by some of the unions now affiliated with the C. I. O.

This investigation is in the interest of the Democratic Party, true liberalism, and legitimate trade-union movements. It is because I am firmly convinced that the people are entitled to know the truth, and that the best interest of the republic will be served thereby, that I have decided to make public this information.

It is equally clear to me that it is my duty to take advantage of every legitimate opportunity offered by the radio, magazines, newspapers, and public forums to acquaint the people with all the facts with reference to subversive activities and propaganda in the United States. Where it is customary for magazines and forums to pay writers and speakers a fee, I shall accept it, but only for the purpose of using all such proceeds for some patriotic cause and to inform the people with reference to the enemies within our country.

All statements made and opinions expressed by Mr. Dies in this series of articles are his own, and Liberty disclaims responsibility for any of them. For his statement of his case, it has allowed him the fullest latitude within the laws of libel. As always, it will be happy, in any instance, to present the other side too.

In other words, I do not propose that the proceeds from lectures and writings dealing with this investigation, and the facts brought to light by it, shall be used by me for my personal benefit. While many public officials accept honorariums and fees for their personal use and benefit, and while there is nothing illegal about this, I question its propriety under the present circumstances, and I do not want to do anything that would tend to cheapen this great cause and cast a cloud upon the motives which prompt my utterances and activities. I shall consult with leaders of patriotic organizations with reference to the most effective use that these proceeds can be put to in order to promote Americanism in this country.

Another reason which impels me to make public the inside story of this investigation is that I am reliably informed that distorted accounts of different occurrences are likely to be published in the near future and that it is in the interest of truth and clarity that I give the people the correct information.

I shall not deal with purely personal matters, such as the threats that have been made against my life, threats to kidnap my children, or the reliable information which has come to me concerning a large sum of money which has been raised for the purpose of opposing me in the next election, or the aspirants in my district who have been approached with the suggestion that they should undertake to unseat me. These matters, as I have said, are purely personal, but the same cannot be said with reference to the various attempts which have been made to sabotage this investigation.

I have often been asked how I hap-

HE PROBE OF UN-AMERICANISM

pened to become interested in the matter of investigating un-American activities. My record in Congress will show that I have been active in immigration and naturalization matters. As a member of the Committee on Immigration and Naturalization, I introduced a number of bills to stop undesirable immigration and to exclude alien Communists. The purpose of the bill which I introduced during the Hoover administration to exclude and deport alien Communists was to cure the defect in the existing law, under the terms of which Communists are not excludable or deportable as such. They may be excluded or deported upon some other ground but not simply because they are Communists.

THE Committee on Immigration, which reported my bill favorably, was convinced, after extended hearings, that some adequate definition of a Communist should be placed in the bill. The bill was approved by the Department of State and the Department of Labor. Both departments, as well as the Committee on Immigration, believed that the enactment of the bill was necessary to relieve the government of difficulties in enforcing the law.

My bill passed the House. If it had passed the Senate, the courts would have relieved the government of the necessity to prove that the Communist Party, and its affiliated or subsidiary organizations and others of a similar nature, in their various programs or platforms believe in, advise, advocate, or teach the various things specified in Section 6 of the existing law; and, as a matter of administration, the Secretary of Labor could have held that certain organizations were Communist organizations within the meaning of this act, with the necessary conclusion that members of such organizations came within the meaning of this act and, as such, would be excludable or deportable.

A representative of the State Department helped me prepare the bill. When the bill came before the House for consideration, it was opposed by Congressman LaGuardia and the so-called liberal bloc in the House of Representatives at that time. Notwithstanding this opposition, the bill was passed by a large vote and, of course, went to the Senate for consideration. Because of the opposition of Senator Robert M. La Follette and the so-called liberal group in the Senate at that time, the bill did not pass the Senate and did not become a law.

As a result of conferences which I had with representatives of the State and Labor departments while this bill was pending before Congress, I learned that both departments had considerable information with regard to the presence in this country of a number of alien Communists whose deportation was difficult under existing law. The fact that my bill, which only clarified the existing law so as to carry out the plain intent of Congress, was so vigorously opposed by so-called liberals in Congress caused me to wonder what it was that the self-styled liberals or progressives in Congress had in common with the Communists, but I did not attempt to pursue the matter any further at that time.

This was not the only immigration bill which I introduced and which was defeated or stymied by self-styled liberals in Congress. Another bill of mine, to prevent illegal entries and to strengthen existing laws, met with a similar fate at the hands of the same men.

In fact, every effort that was made in Congress by any one to exclude and expel undesirable aliens was successfully blocked by this same group.

In March, 1937, the sit-down strike had reached a critical stage in American industry. Our industrial system was paralyzed with fear, and no one in authority had denounced this illegal and dangerous technique. On March 21, 1937, when Vice-President Garner talked to me about my proposed speech against the sit-down strike, he said that William Green opposed the sit-down strike and that, upon the return of the President from Warm Springs, a statement would be issued by the Chief Executive in denunciation of the sit-down-strike method.

WHEN the President returned from Warm Springs, it is my understanding that he conferred with Secretary Perkins, Senator La Follette, and Senator Wagner before conferring with Democratic leaders of the House and Senate. He did not issue any statement condemning the sit-down strike and, later, administration forces opposed my resolution to investigate and condemn sit-down strikes.

Mr. Garner told me that he considered the sit-down strike a most dangerous situation. I told him that I was going to deliver such a speech, and on March 23, 1937, I denounced the sit-down strike as lawless and indefensible. Among other things, I said:

“ To remain discreetly silent in the presence of such a menace, or to condone by inaction this threat to the very foundations upon which our government is erected, cannot be justified from any point of view.”

I also said:

“ Those who have been so loud in the past in denouncing the abuses and lawlessness of Wall Street are for some reason strangely silent about this other species of lawlessness which is equally indefensible and dangerous.”

This speech was deeply resented by so-called liberals in the House, who had become very numerous and powerful. But notwithstanding the unfavorable reception my speech met with in the House from this group, I introduced a resolution to investigate and condemn sit-down strikes. The leadership of the House warned me not to insist upon a vote, but, over their opposition, I called the resolution up for a vote. It was overwhelmingly defeated on a record vote.

Again I was surprised to find the so-called liberal group in Congress opposing an investigation and condemnation of something which was so clearly wrong and illegal as the sit-down strike. This episode made me more curious than ever to determine, at least for myself, what the tie-up was between the self-styled liberals and the Communistic influences and groups in the country.

I was equally puzzled to observe the manner in which certain Nazi and Fascist agents in the United States were active in certain so-called patriotic societies and organizations. For instance, the German-American Bund was working with other groups, such as the Silver Shirts, who claim to be 100-per-cent Americans. Efforts had been made to unite all of these so-called patriotic organizations under some capable leader and, in fact, conventions had been called and held at which a number of self-styled patriots were present. On account of the mutual jealousy and rival ambitions of the leaders, the delegates could not agree upon the Führer of the movement.

While all of these organizations, such as the Silver Shirts, the American Nationalists, the Italian Fascists, the Ukrainian Fascists, and many others, profess to be patriotic, when I examined the statements of their leaders and the real activities of the organizations, I reached the very definite conclusion that in these organizations, in their attempt to unite, we had the beginning of an American Fascist movement which would prove to be as serious as the Communist movement unless it was checked in time.

MANY leaders of these organizations had gone on record as being admirers of Hitler and Mussolini, and in some of their official publications were found propaganda written in Germany.

There were some other so-called patriotic organizations and groups who, while they would have nothing to do with the German-American Bund, nevertheless preached the same racial doctrines.

I had made many patriotic speeches throughout the country and had come into contact with many patriotic organizations. While the majority of these organizations were sincere, there was a growing minority whose idea of patriotism was racism, characterized by secret admiration for strong-arm methods and the suppression of civil liberties, under the pretext of emergencies. I had observed that among some of these groups the veiled but well understood attacks made by some speakers upon certain races and religions always brought greater response from the audience than any tribute to or defense of tolerance and the Bill of Rights.

I also noticed that there was a well

planned but carefully concealed campaign to use these groups to spread the propaganda that Roosevelt was a Jew and that the New Deal is a Jew Deal.

I was convinced that certain selfish interests were silly and unpatriotic enough to undertake to use this un-American method to oppose objectionable policies of the New Deal. I was convinced that some Republicans were secretly encouraging this damnable program and that it was well financed.

The facts, which will be later brought in, of the Gilbert-Campbell-McWhirter affair confirmed my suspicions.

In these hearings it was definitely shown that several extremely prominent Republicans were actively promoting a campaign of racial and religious hatred, upon the mistaken and corrupt belief that that was a way to fight the President.

Unfortunately, we have never been able to prove the full facts with regard to this campaign, because the contributions were made in cash and covered up to avoid exposure. But some day the Fascists in America are going to talk as freely as the disillusioned Communists, and when they do, the country will find out the names of the men who financed this contemptible campaign.

LET me say, in justice to business men and industrialists, that, like the laboring people, the great majority of them are loyal Americans. It was only a small minority of scoundrels who were guilty, and they deserved the condemnation of every honest citizen. The Republican Party should have expelled any official who was shown to have been implicated in this campaign of hate.

The majority of the Republicans and Democrats in this country are loyal, patriotic Americans who have no sympathy for Communism or Fascism. But should not the Republican Party have investigated to determine whether or not McWhirter was an asset to the party, and should not the Democratic Party have investigated to determine whether or not Scott Ferris, National Committeeman from Oklahoma, was an asset to the party after accepting an alleged legal fee from Sam Carp, brother-in-law of Premier Molotov of Russia—as I shall hereinafter relate?

Long before this investigation began, and down to the present moment, I have been as deeply alarmed over this Fascist movement in this country as I have over the Communist. The two movements are, in fact, closely interrelated, because both are cults of the pagan religion of Marxism, and each furnished a pretext for the growth and activities of the other.

Many people have overlooked the fundamental and important fact that Nazism, Fascism, and Communism are offshoots of Marxism. Hitler, Lenin, and Mussolini borrowed the fundamentals of their cults from Karl Marx, the greatest expounder of the philosophy of materialism the world has yet produced.

Marxism, as applied in Germany, is disguised under the name of Nazism; in Italy it masquerades as Fascism; and in Russia it is Communism. But Fascism, Nazism, and Communism are merely different cults of the same pagan religion of materialism and godlessness as enunciated by its chief and most illustrious apostle, Karl Marx.

As Christ symbolized the noblest and highest conceptions of spiritual perfection, so does Karl Marx represent the lowest form of materialism. The two, therefore, stand at opposite poles, and their teachings are as far apart as the sky and the earth. To Marx, man at his best was merely an intelligent animal, of no more importance than the beasts of the field. To Christ, man was the noblest handiwork of God.

Therefore I perceived some years ago that the irreconcilable conflict between the teachings of Christ and Marx constitutes the most serious and far-reaching issue before the world today. The followers of Marx in America are not to be underestimated from the standpoint of numbers or influence. Some of them are card-holding members of the Communist Party; some of them belong to Nazi and Fascist organizations; some of them belong to the Socialist Party; but the majority of the followers and disciples of Marx do not belong to either the Communist Party or the Socialist Party. They masquerade under some more attractive title, and they deny they are Communists or Socialists, which is technically correct, but the truth is they worship at the shrine of Marx and derive their political views from his writings.

REPRESENTATIVE DIES

was born in Colorado, Texas, on November 5, 1901, to Martin and Olive M. (Cline) Dies. His education included student days at Wesley College (Greenville) and the University of Texas, and he took his LL. B. degree at the National University in Washington, D. C. He began the practice of law in 1920, and in the same year married Miss Myrtle M. Adams. They have two sons. In 1922 they settled in Orange, Texas, which is their present home. Mr. Dies is a member of the Christian (Disciples) Church and is, of course, a Democrat. He has represented the Second Texas District in Congress since 1931.

It is for this reason that the Marxist breeds in America flock together, and that the most militant fringe of the Marxists, namely, the Communists, exert the greatest influence.

This is the explanation of the fact that many known Marxists were used by the Communists to further the interests and aims of Moscow in America.

The Communist cult of Marxism used the bait of class hatred and anti-capitalism to draw within the sphere of their leadership and influence many people who would never accept the teachings and principles of Marxism under the label of Communism. The Fascist cult of Marxism employed the same strategy to attract the support and assistance of certain so-called patriotic groups. The only difference was that the Fascist and Nazi dangle the bait of intolerance and bigotry, disguised as nationalism and patriotism, before the distorted visions and prejudiced minds of self-styled patriots.

Many of those who followed Fascist leadership in this country did so because they secretly admired Hitler and Mussolini; others were attracted to Fascist leadership, disguised as patriotism, by racial and religious hatred.

By this strategy the high priests of Marxism—namely, Stalin, Hitler, and Mussolini—were able to use thousands of gullible Americans to promote their interests in America, to support their foreign policy, to divide our people into hostile camps, and to secure the prized industrial and military secrets of the United States.

THESE observations and convictions led me to introduce, on July 21, 1937, a resolution authorizing the Speaker to appoint a special committee of seven members for the purpose of conducting an investigation of (1) the extent, character, and objects of un-American propaganda activities in the United States; (2) the diffusion within the United States of subversive and un-American propaganda that is instigated from foreign countries or is of a domestic origin and attacks the principle of the form of government as guaranteed by our Constitution; and (3) all other questions in relation thereto that would aid Congress in any necessary remedial legislation.

It was not until May, 1938, that I succeeded in getting my resolution reported favorably. When it reached the House for consideration, the extreme liberal group opposed it on the floor, but they did not get enough support to defeat the measure which was so obviously patriotic. Many moderate liberals who voted for the resolution did so with some misgiving and without any enthusiasm. The resolution was amended, however, so that the committee would expire on January 3, 1939.

This gave us only a few months to attempt one of the most difficult tasks ever assigned to a Congressional committee. But even the time limit would not have been so serious if we could have secured adequate funds with which to conduct the investigation. As it was, however, we were given the sum of $25,000, which everybody knew was wholly inadequate to do anything like a thorough job. As the author of the resolution, I was automatically entitled to the appointment as chairman of the committee, which I received from the Speaker.

When the other members of the committee were named, we met to discuss our plans. The prospect of a successful investigation was dismal. In fact, all of the members of the committee agreed that we were starting with two strikes already called on us. None of us had had any experience in conducting investigations, and we knew little or nothing with reference to the clever strategy of subversive groups in America. The responsibility for organizing and conducting the investigation fell upon the shoulders of the chairman, as is usual in the case of Congressional investigations.

SOME of my best friends advised me strongly against attempting the investigation under these great handicaps. Some of those who had for years undertaken to expose the machinations of the Communist Party in America, only to be held up to scorn and ridicule, warned me against pitting the feeble resources of our inexperienced committee against the clever strategy of individuals and organizations trained in the art of ridicule and deceit.

But while I did not fully appreciate the seriousness of the obstacles which confronted us, I was deeply impressed with the necessity of making an attempt to expose the termites which were gnawing at the pillars of the Republic and using well intentioned liberals in America to promote the interests of the Soviet Union.

One of the excuses given for the small sum placed at the committee's disposal was the provision in the resolution which requested the head of each department to detail to the committee such legal and expert assistants and investigators as the committee needed. It was argued that since the committee could secure this outside aid from the various executive departments, we would not need more than $25,000.

Immediately after the committee was appointed, and before we had selected any investigators, I wrote to the heads of the appropriate departments and requested aid in accordance with the resolution. I particularly asked J. Edgar Hoover and the Department of Justice to assign to our committee investigators to assist us in conducting the investigation.

Much to my surprise, the heads of the departments refused to comply with my request and with the resolution of the House of Representatives. They did not even take the pains to assign a good reason for refusing to carry out the wish of the House of Representatives. As a matter of fact, the same departments had been very liberal in extending aid to the La Follette Committee, as the record will show.

It was while I was struggling to secure assistance from the departments that Mr. Wohlforth, secretary for the La Follette Committee, telephoned me that he could secure some investigators from the executive branch of the government. The fact that he knew that I was asking this help and volunteered to get it for me naturally aroused my curiosity. In order to ascertain whether or not Wohlforth could really deliver the goods, I told him that I would like to see him get me some assistance from the departments. Soon thereafter he sent to me a man by the name of McDonald, who advised me that arrangements had been made to have him assist our committee and to place him on the pay roll of the Works Progress Administration.

Mr. Wohlforth sent another man to me who was on the pay roll of some government agency.

I had both men appear before the committee in executive session and testify to these facts, and then I notified them that the committee did not desire their services.

IT was beginning to dawn upon me what the committee was up against. The executive branch of the government refused to carry out the expressed wish of the House of Representatives contained in the resolution authorizing the investigation when the chairman of the committee requested it to do so, but the secretary of the La Follette Committee was able to secure for our committee what we ourselves could not get, namely, assistance from the executive departments.

I cannot say that I was not thoroughly discouraged and to some extent frightened by the dismal prospect ahead of me. No member of Congress can truthfully say that he does not attach great significance to the good will of the President of his country and the leader of his party. Especially is this true in the case of a Southern member who comes from a district where Democratic Presidents are almost idolized.

I knew then, as I know now, that the great majority of the people in my district are strong supporters of the President, and that in any contest between the President and me, growing out of disagreement as to the method of conducting the investigation, all of the advantage is on his side.

I also knew that in the important matter of patronage and project approval and the expenditure of public funds in my district, the President's word was and is final.

My district has a serious problem of unemployment, aggravated by the exhaustion of our timber resources. Many of my counties were clamoring for public money, and while I was certain then, as I am now, that Roosevelt is too honorable to permit an honest difference of opinion between him and me to damage the interests of my people, I also knew that my enemies would claim that the reason we did not get more projects was because the President disapproved of my investigation.

Then, too, I was a great admirer of the President. He has one of the most winning personalities with which I ever came in contact. It had been my pleasure upon several occasions to talk with him about public bills and District matters, and, regardless of what congressmen may tell you, they are easily influenced and swayed by the smile and the pat on the back from the President of their party, who, incidentally, has control over the purse strings that may mean a new post office at some politically important town in your district, or who can appoint your friends and would-be friends with large family connections and influence to public office, or who can appoint the congressman to a judgeship for life in the event of defeat or anticipated defeat.

Therefore candor compels me to confess that I approached this difficult job with some fear and misgiving. But I saw no alternative. I knew that the situation was very serious and that it was in the interest of the country that I do my best, without fear or partisanship.

I had a duty to perform, and something kept telling me that I had to see it through, regardless of what happened to me.

OF course the President is the responsible head of the Democratic Party as well as the President of the United States, and, naturally, he considered it his duty to look after the interests of the party. I could understand why the leaders of my party did not want to antagonize the C. I. O., which had contributed heavily to our national campaign at a time when money was badly needed, and other so-called liberal organizations whose support in doubtful states was regarded as necessary to success by some Democrats.

But my situation was wholly different, as I saw it. I was chairman of an investigating committee charged with the exposure of un-American activities. The matters under investigation were not partisan. I had promised to be honest and fearless in the discharge of my duty.

No matter how I looked at the matter, I could come to but one conclusion: I must do my duty and not shield any one.

Is it true that in his endeavors to do his duty thus, Mr. Dies has had the Roosevelt administration to contend with? That the President personally opposed his undertaking an investigation of Communism within the C. I. O.? Mr. Dies' own answers to these questions, with his grounds for them, will appear in Liberty next week, and he will present the facts that have been derisively misinterpreted as a charge by his committee that Shirley Temple was a Communist.

Hill of Duke picking up yardage when his alma mater and the Trojans shared honors—and the gate.

WAS THE ROSE BOWL GAME a Racket?

Plain facts about a $5,700,000 gate, and what it has done to college sport

BY FREDERICK R. BECHDOLT

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

THE tumult and the shouting die. Band music, college songs, cheering of rooter sections, roaring of frenzied crowds; all these subside. The prancing drum majorettes take their pretty legs back to the campuses. The silken-clad teams, who have been fighting like tigers for yardage, depart. The Bowls—Rose Bowl, Orange Bowl, Sugar Bowl, Cotton Bowl, Sun Bowl—are empty for another year.

On this, the morning after, various graduate managers and various Bowl committees throughout our land are banking various six-figure checks. About two hundred clean-souled boys built like Greek gods are back from the ozone, trying to adjust themselves to the stuffy atmosphere of classrooms.

And a few elderly men are plotting revolution.

Control of college football rests with the faculties. Graduate managers, athletic managers, various student organizations handle policies and look after details, but the professors still hold the reins. The National Collegiate Athletic Association and the several Intercollegiate Athletic Conferences are dominated by faculty representatives. Theirs is the final responsibility. If there be leadership, they must assume the task.

At present these men are divided into two schools of thought. The newer of these began to gain strength after the World War. Its adherents believe in getting while the getting is good. They won't say so in plain English, but they are devotees of the Vicious Circle, which begins with subsidizing players in order to get gate money for the enrichment of the university, and eventually swings back to more intensive subsidization. The other school wants to hang to clean sport, and maintains that, insofar as it is possible, football's bank account must remain separate from that of the institution.

The conflict between these two schools has now assumed national proportions. But its story must be told some other time. The schism which has developed over the Rose Bowl business bears about the same relation to the general disagreement as the Battle of Bunker Hill did to the Revolutionary War. Its locale is the Pacific Coast Conference.

The issue is the disposition of the Rose Bowl money. And if it comes to pass that the plans of the insurgents beget real results, it will be poetic justice, for the Rose Bowl was the first, and is still the greatest, of all Bowls. Its effect on national college football has been definite; its effect on the Pacific Coast Conference has been profound.

The Pasadena Tournament of Roses is one of America's most beautiful outdoor spectacles. It started before the turn of the century. It is, of course, handled by a committee of business men and civic leaders. For many years it culminated in a hair-raising chariot race.

Time came when these chariot races began to be old stuff. The committee looked around for something which would carry a wider national appeal. For, mind you, the purpose of this lovely festival of blossoms was advertising on a national scale.

FOOTBALL was beginning to move toward its present place in the picture then. The committee decided upon a game between two college teams. The idea worked. By 1920 it was going over in a big way. Two varsity teams, one from the Pacific Coast, one from the East. The Tournament of Roses Committee invited both. Then howls arose; commercialism in regard to selections was charged. The committee turned over the picking to the Pacific Coast Conference. Eventually it worked out to the Conference selecting one of its own members to represent it, and allowing this member to invite an Eastern opponent.

Right then and there, at the beginning of the jazz era, when so many young people were going to the devil, the eight universities of the Pacific Coast Conference were seduced. And they have never been the same since.

For money is the root from which all college football evils spring. And during every one of these last nineteen years the winning of the Coast Conference championship has meant $100,000.

This is the way they do it. The beautiful stadium in the Arroyo Seco holds 86,000 spectators, and the Rose Bowl game is always a sell-out. Which means a gate of approximately $300,000. Of this, the Tournament of Roses Committee keeps one third, and each of the universities whose teams are contenders gets an equal amount.

Before going on, let's look at some more figures. In these last nineteen years about $5,700,000 was taken at the Rose Bowl turnstiles. Eastern universities got $1,900,000 of this. But that amount was more widely scattered than it has been on the Coast, and, moreover, no one knows who is going to be the lucky recipient of the year's invitation; no one Conference gets all the gravy. Of the $1,900,000 which was in the bag for the Coast Conference, Stanford University took $600,000; University of California and University of Southern California, $400,000 apiece; University of Washington, $300,000; University of Oregon and Washington State College, $100,000 each.

And, of course, the Pasadena Tournament of Roses Committee got $1,900,000.

That is some gravy. A big bowlful. And at the time when the ladling out began the big gate was practically unknown in football. Crowds were largely composed of students, alumni, and others genuinely interested either in the game itself or in the contending teams. Ballyhoo didn't amount to much; in fact, the present article hadn't been invented. There isn't any doubt that the big gate and ballyhoo were on the point of arrival, Rose Bowl or no Rose Bowl. But undoubtedly the Pasadena spectacle brought both of them to nation-wide notice. It stimulated the universal scramble for headlines and the dough.

Out on the Coast the influence was much more potent than elsewhere. Seldom indeed, since 1920, has any one heard undergraduate, alumnus, or synthetic alumnus mention his favorite team as a possible Conference champion. They all say it in the same words: "We're going to the Rose Bowl." And, significantly, no one ever mentions that $100,000. At least no one outside the graduate manager's private office. But the undergraduates have ideas on the subject. In quite a number of conversations with students from four of the eight Coast Conference institutions I heard a sentiment expressed. It was, in every instance, brought out in answer to my question as to whether or not football players should be paid. It was usually worded about as follows:

"Sure. Why not? The university makes money. The boys put in the time and they're the attraction. Why shouldn't they get something out of it?"

That sentiment isn't universal; don't think it for a moment. The pages of various university student magazines proclaim the fact that there are plenty of upperclassmen thinking along more enlightened lines. But it seems to me, from what I have been able to learn, that the hard-boiled attitude is pretty widely spread.

AMONG the players there seems to be a greater diversity of opinion. Naturally, if you go to an institution whose squad consists largely of proselytes who were lured by financial considerations, you are going to get a different set of reactions than you will from a team of legitimate students. And, before going any further, note this: The vast majority of players on the Pacific Coast do not get monetary help. And those who do get it are receiving small amounts indeed. With just a few exceptions in one or two institutions. The Pacific Coast Conference is far cleaner than some of the others.

And, on the other hand, note this fact also: Some Coast universities give blocks of tickets to their players. Most of them, in fact. In theory, the players are supposed to give the tickets away. But if the game has a big gate, most of these tickets go out on the market at scalpers' prices. Which brings us back closer to the Rose Bowl.

In one recent instance the Coast contender came from a varsity which has always made a fight for clean football; it has been a leader in the present movement of which I spoke in the beginning. The Rose Bowl complimentary tickets were issued, but none of the squad members even saw them. The graduate manager took charge of them and sold them at current prices. The boys got $200 apiece.

THERE is another aspect of the Rose Bowl business which is worth some thought: the effect of the game itself on the boys in the two teams. Wallace Wade, Duke's coach, has been quoted as saying that he would prefer his squad should not go to Pasadena. In his belief the fanfare and the spotlight give the men a distorted viewpoint. During the game, the players are in a sort of mental ozone. Afterward these boys of twenty-one and twenty-two years come back to earth very suddenly. They must return to their books, and they aren't able to make the readjustment for some time.

I asked a former All-American who played in the Bowl what he thought of this. He said there wasn't any doubt that the experience was emotionally disturbing.

"You know how much it means," he said. "Maybe you don't look at the papers. But you know. And even if you don't let yourself think about it, it's there inside of you. The West against the East. It's big. And, I think with a visiting team especially —the long trip across the continent and the return afterward—there must be an awful letdown."

I might add that the speaker isn't what you would call an emotional type. He is one of the most firmly balanced boys I've run across in a long time.

A number of years ago, when Stanford's team of "Laughing Boys" went to the Rose Bowl, they were sequestered at a country club and they did some practicing at Huntington Park, which is a quiet suburban community. After running every signal, Bobby Grayson had to stop because he was surrounded by autograph hunters.

Perhaps there is something in the cry of overemphasis on football. At any rate, it is a fact that ever since the Pacific Coast Conference went into the Rose Bowl business, the life of nearly every Conference coach has become one long nightmare. In the average university throughout the land the outside pressure on the coach is pretty hard nowadays. But out here he hears the howl of the wolves as soon as he has lost a game. Which would not be so bad if it were not for the fact that he knows just how his graduate manager is feeling the moment that hundred grand vanishes from the picture.

Speaking of overemphasis brings to mind the prolongation of the season. Elsewhere, until of late, college football ceased at Thanksgiving. The Rose Bowl and the recent progeny of younger bowls have prolonged gridiron activities for just about five weeks. And this five weeks includes examination time in most universities. For which reason the Big Ten Conference members and quite a few other strong Eastern varsities have turned down Rose Bowl invitations.

All these matters have been discussed at meetings of the Pacific Coast Conference. In various degrees they have been sources of disturbance to those faculty representatives who realize that college athletics in general, and football in particular, are not necessarily immortal. These men remember the dark days of 1905, when a movement to erase all gridirons from the landscapes of the nation was a definite threat. They do not want to see that threat repeated. While they feel that most of the so-called evils are only minor ailments, capable of cure by proper action, there is one feature of the local situation which they do not like at all.

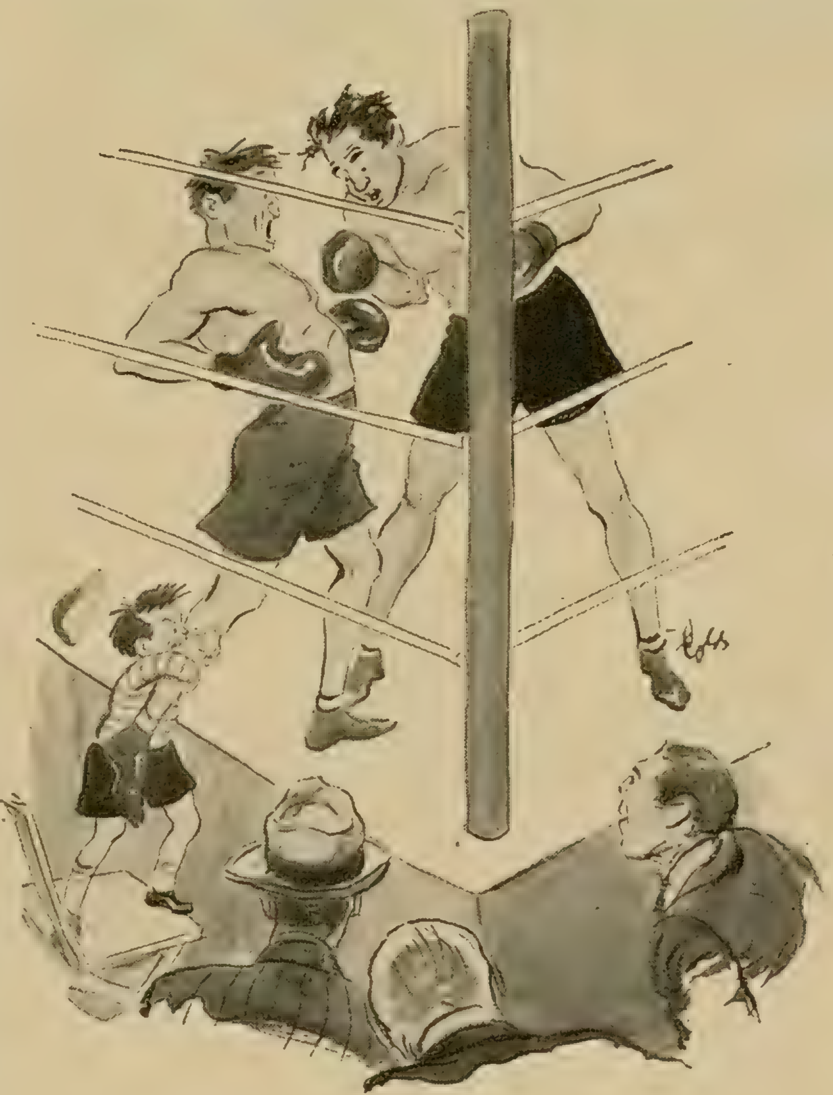
This is the one hundred thousand dollars and the ballyhoo.

Don't get me wrong. No one has reached that idealistic state of wanting to pass up the money.

Neither does any one believe that the Rose Bowl game hasn't come to stay. But there is a growing conviction that if the spectacle is to survive, the Conference cut from the gate must be handled differently. For this particular hundred grand has a potency that is all its own. There are eight universities in the Conference; one of them is the second largest of the nation in point of attendance; three of them are nationally important in their scholastic work; two of them, possibly three, wouldn't have been known by a baker's dozen of people outside their own states if it weren't for football.

PERHAPS you get the idea now. No matter whether one of these institutions is large or small or middle-sized; no matter whether its degrees mean a great deal or nothing—all that institution has to do in order to become famous throughout the land is to gather thirty-three football men of good enough caliber and a fine coach. And get the breaks. Perhaps, if you were the president of a struggling university, the proposition would appeal to you. It has to others. And they have cashed in. Poverty-stricken little campuses have blossomed with concrete halls, faculties have grown enormously, and student bodies have sprung up. Give me two successive visits to the Arroyo Seco stadium on New Year's Day, add to these one victory over the East, and I'll guarantee to show you an institution of learning whose name is spoken with reverence from coast to coast.

To Eastern universities this temptation is not so alluring. For the simple reason that the odds against a Rose Bowl invitation coming to any institution are so large. But here on the Coast the weakest Conference member is warranted in dreaming dreams and seeing visions.



"Stop it, Junior! Daddy can fight his own battles!"

Such dreams and visions have resulted in invasions of young giants with remarkable names who traveled more than halfway across the continent to get their higher educations. And, by a curious quirk of fate, it has come to pass on more than one occasion that other young giants, native to the states in question, deserted their own universities for schools far distant. They said they didn't like to run chances of sitting on the bench while the outsiders played.

According to more than one Conference delegate, the attempts which were made in 1933 to bring Southern California to book, resulted from charges that the institution was not observing scholarship standards requirements. There was also talk of other accusations. But the whole thing fell through when U. S. C. threatened to withdraw from the Conference. Immediately several of the smaller institutions ganged up to her support. Without the big gate from which they got their cut as visiting teams when they played Southern California, they would find athletics more of a problem than they cared to tackle. Now we come to the disposition of the $100,000. Also, by curious coincidence, we come to certain pretty definite indications of good things to come out of the Pasadena Rose Bowl.

Two years ago Coast Conference delegates got tired of listening to accusations. They wanted to clean house, and in order to do so they wanted to get the facts—all of them, good and bad—in black and white. So they hired Edwin G. Atherton, a former Federal Bureau of Investigation man, to make an exhaustive survey. His data was to be confidential. The work is nearly completed—hundreds of interviews with players, alumni, coaches, graduate managers, etc. The facts thus far garnered have been read by all who have the right to see them.

The cost of the survey was $20,000. It was taken from that year's Rose Bowl cut.

WITH these facts as a basis, discussions assumed more concrete form. Result: some institutions have already seen the handwriting on the wall. There has been a noteworthy change in several freshman squads. It begins to look as if the immigration of football prospects was on the wane.

At the time these lines are being written a new departure is under unofficial discussion. It will undoubtedly be proposed at the coming meeting of the Coast Conference. It is the employment of a Conference manager, a sort of policeman, whose duties will be further-reaching than those of Major Griffith in the Big Ten, and his powers larger. The Conference delegate who told me this says that the general sentiment in the organization seems definitely to favor the proposition.

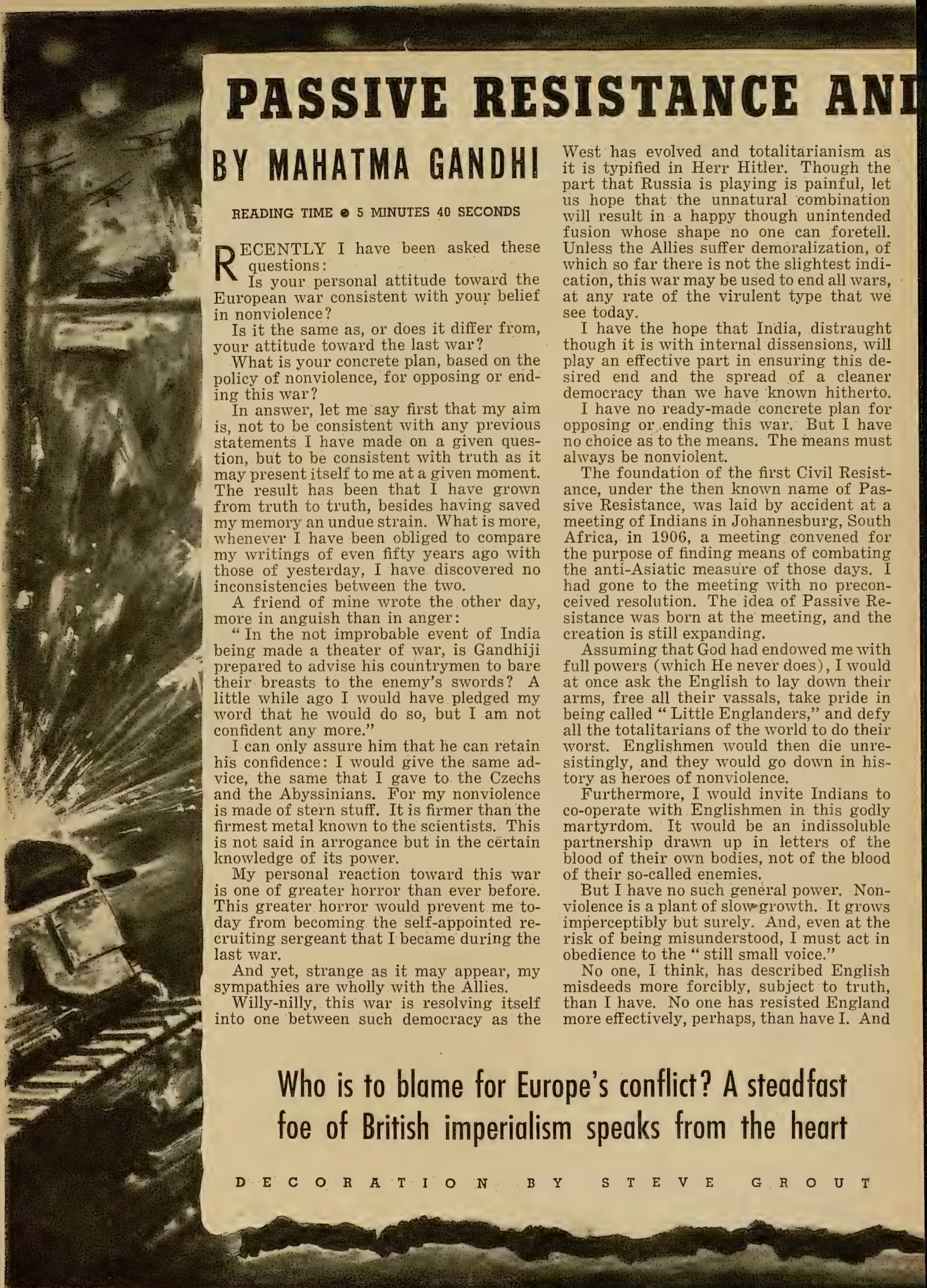
And the pay for this manager is to come from the Rose Bowl's yearly fund.

It is quite possible that the coming Conference session will discuss further allotments of the Rose Bowl money.

One good idea along these lines came from Corvallis, Oregon, the home town of Oregon State College. The suggestion is to divide the $100,000 among all Conference members, giving the Rose Bowl contender the largest share, and distributing the rest in proportion to the size or needs of every institution.

Maybe none of the propositions will carry this year. But I think you can rest assured that the fight to clean house—and to pay for it with Rose Bowl money—will be kept up until it succeeds, no matter if it breaks up the Conference.

THE END



PASSIVE RESISTANCE AN

BY MAHATMA GANDHI

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

RECENTLY I have been asked these questions:

Is your personal attitude toward the European war consistent with your belief in nonviolence?

Is it the same as, or does it differ from, your attitude toward the last war?

What is your concrete plan, based on the policy of nonviolence, for opposing or ending this war?

In answer, let me say first that my aim is, not to be consistent with any previous statements I have made on a given question, but to be consistent with truth as it may present itself to me at a given moment. The result has been that I have grown from truth to truth, besides having saved my memory an undue strain. What is more, whenever I have been obliged to compare my writings of even fifty years ago with those of yesterday, I have discovered no inconsistencies between the two.

A friend of mine wrote the other day, more in anguish than in anger:

"In the not improbable event of India being made a theater of war, is Gandhiji prepared to advise his countrymen to bare their breasts to the enemy's swords? A little while ago I would have pledged my word that he would do so, but I am not confident any more."

I can only assure him that he can retain his confidence: I would give the same advice, the same that I gave to the Czechs and the Abyssinians. For my nonviolence is made of stern stuff. It is firmer than the firmest metal known to the scientists. This is not said in arrogance but in the certain knowledge of its power.

My personal reaction toward this war is one of greater horror than ever before. This greater horror would prevent me today from becoming the self-appointed recruiting sergeant that I became during the last war.

And yet, strange as it may appear, my sympathies are wholly with the Allies.

Willy-nilly, this war is resolving itself into one between such democracy as the West has evolved and totalitarianism as it is typified in Herr Hitler. Though the part that Russia is playing is painful, let us hope that the unnatural combination will result in a happy though unintended fusion whose shape no one can foretell. Unless the Allies suffer demoralization, of which so far there is not the slightest indication, this war may be used to end all wars, at any rate of the virulent type that we see today.

I have the hope that India, distraught though it is with internal dissensions, will play an effective part in ensuring this desired end and the spread of a cleaner democracy than we have known hitherto.

I have no ready-made concrete plan for opposing or ending this war. But I have no choice as to the means. The means must always be nonviolent.

The foundation of the first Civil Resistance, under the then known name of Passive Resistance, was laid by accident at a meeting of Indians in Johannesburg, South Africa, in 1906, a meeting convened for the purpose of finding means of combating the anti-Asiatic measure of those days. I had gone to the meeting with no preconceived resolution. The idea of Passive Resistance was born at the meeting, and the creation is still expanding.

Assuming that God had endowed me with full powers (which He never does), I would at once ask the English to lay down their arms, free all their vassals, take pride in being called "Little Englanders," and defy all the totalitarians of the world to do their worst. Englishmen would then die unresistingly, and they would go down in history as heroes of nonviolence.

Furthermore, I would invite Indians to co-operate with Englishmen in this godly martyrdom. It would be an indissoluble partnership drawn up in letters of the blood of their own bodies, not of the blood of their so-called enemies.

But I have no such general power. Nonviolence is a plant of slow growth. It grows imperceptibly but surely. And, even at the risk of being misunderstood, I must act in obedience to the "still small voice."

No one, I think, has described English misdeeds more forcibly, subject to truth, than I have. No one has resisted England more effectively, perhaps, than have I. And

Who is to blame for Europe's conflict? A steadfast foe of British imperialism speaks from the heart

DECORATION BY STEVE GROUT

THE WAR

my desire for resistance and my power of resistance remain unabated.

But it must not be forgotten that there are seasons for speech and action, as there are seasons for silence and inaction.

In the dictionary of the passive resister there is no enemy. A passive resister loves his so-called enemy as his friend. He will not admit that he has an enemy. As a believer in nonviolence, I must wish well to England. My wishes regarding Germany were, and still are, irrelevant. But, as I have said, I would not care to erect the freedom of my country on the remains of a despoiled Germany.

Herr Hitler stands in no need of my sympathy. In assessing their present merits, the past misdeeds of England and the past good deeds of Germany are irrelevant.

Rightly or wrongly, and irrespective of what the other Powers have done before under similar circumstances, I have come to the conclusion that Herr Hitler is responsible for the war.

I do not judge his claim. It is highly probable that his right to incorporate Danzig in Germany was beyond question, if the Danzig Germans desired to give up their independent status. It may be that his claim to appropriate the Polish Corridor was a just claim.

My complaint is that he would not let the claim be examined by an independent tribunal.

It is no answer to the rejection of the appeal for submission to arbitration that it came from interested quarters. Even a thief may conceivably make a just appeal to his fellow thief. I think I am right in saying that the whole world was anxious that Herr Hitler would allow his demands to be examined by a tribunal. If he succeeds in his designs, his success will be no proof of the justness of his claim. It will merely be proof that the law of the jungle is still a great force in human affairs. It will be one more proof that though we humans have changed the form we have not changed the manners of the beast.

I hope it is now clear that my sympathy for France and England is not a result of momentary emotion or, in cruder language, of hysteria. It is derived from the never dying fountain of nonviolence which my breast has nursed for fifty years. I claim no infallibility for my judgment. All I claim is that my sympathy for England and France is reasoned.

I invite those who accept the premises on which my sympathy is based to join me. What shape it should take is another matter.

Alone, I can but pray.

THE END

Here come laughs!—A captivating tale of a mess of magic out of the ould sod

The

BY RICHARD CONNELL

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

THERE is a tavern in the town where men with scrambled faces and red necks go to eat steaks. If you are thrown out of it you reach brightest Broadway on the second bounce. In a corner I spied a hill of a man in a shrill suit eating a steak the size of an umpire's chest protector. He gave me a hunk of iron with five bent spikes on it—the hand of an old-time catcher.

"Hello, Tim Cooney, how are you?" I said. "I haven't seen you lately. What have you been doing?"

"Miracles," answered Truthful Timothy Cooney solemnly. "'Twas like this—"

ONIONS are in it. It starts with onions. It ends with that vulgar but virile vegetable. When I was a poor lad in the old country, we had a bit of an onion patch. Money was scarce with the Cooneys, so when I started for the fair with our onion crop in a sack, I had it in my mind to sell 'em for a fine big price and show my folks I had more in my head than mischief and moonbeams. Over the hill and through the woods I went, and I saw a little hut out of which came unhappy sounds, and I looked in, and there was a wisp of a man, with a face like a handful of crab apples, rubbing his belly and moaning.

"What ails ye, Mister Honey?" I asked. "Is it something you ate?"

"'Tis something I didn't eat," he said. "I'm an empty man. I've had no bite or sup since Choosdah was a week, except a few cobwebs and a caterpillar. Is it onions I smell in your sack, now?"

"It is," I said.

"Could ye spare one—a little one?" he whimpered.

"'Tis a poor hollow little man ye are," I said. "I can't see you, though a stranger, go hungry. Here—ye may eat your fill for a penny."

"I've got no penny," he said, "but, if ye'll trust me, some day I'll pay ye, and pay ye well."

With that he opened his ragged jacket, and he had on a green and beautiful vest with posies and beasties on it, and he twisted off a button, and he put it in my palm, and "Keep that for security," he said. 'Twas a fine button of brass with letters on it, Gaelic letters I knew by sight, though I'd not a word of the old Irish. I eyed him from toe to crown, or about four foot, and a miserable, moist little man he was.

"Eat hearty, Mister Honey," I said, and opened the sack.

He took an onion and popped it into his gob, and began to talk. 'Twas like listening to poetry to hear him as he told of his adventures in far lands.

"I mind," he'd say, "of a feast I had once in the palace of the Khan—in Tartary that was, next door to Chiny—and we ate chop suey off plates of solid gold, while a thousand trained nightingales sang come-all-ye's in my honor. Oh, 'twas a merry night we had, Marco Polo and me."

"Have ye been to America?" I asked.

"I have that," he said, munching away. "Though not lately. I sailed there first on the Santa Maria, a Spanish ship with an Eyetalian skipper. He got losted, but I showed him the way. America was in the hands of Injuns, having not yet been taken over by the Irish."

"I've a strong wish to go there," I said. "There's gold to be had there, I'm thinking."

"Lashings of it," said the little man. "But you got to dig with one hand and hold off three large rough men with the other."

Words poured out of him like a mountain brook in the spring, and I drank them in like a thirsting donkey, wishing he'd never stop. But he did, just as the noon sun stood above his runt of a hut. 'Twas like tumbling from a cloud into a bog.

"High time I was off to the fair," I said, and stooped to pick up the sack. It was empty! My eyes stuck out like a crab's. I goggled at the little man, who bulged now in all directions.

"Ye've et up all my onions," I said.

"True for ye," he said, grinning.

YE'RE nine kinds of a liar!" my old man said, when I told him my tale. "Ye sold the onions and spent the money on the girls."

"Here's the button," I said, "and I'll take ye to the house of the little hungry man."

With that my father took me by the scruff of the neck and the seat of the britches and frog-marched me up hill and down dale to the woods. But neither then nor later could I ever find the hut, nor did I ever set eyes on the little man, or find any one who knew him. My dad, a giant of a man and the village smith when sober, drummed me home in the dawn of the day, playing tunes on my backside with his blackthorn stick; and when my brothers got out of clink, they lambasted me, taking turns, till I ran away from home and got, never mind how, to the land of the bat and the home of the ball.

I saved the brass button and carried it on me as a sort of unlucky piece, ye might say, to remind me never to trust strangers and not many friends. I showed it to a priest once, a scholarly man from Mayo, and he said the words were in the oldest of the old Irish, and meant, he thought, "Give to get," or "To get, ye must give," or something to that effect.

Well, I was just off the boat, and the first thing I saw in America was some lads playing baseball, and I said, "Leave me take a crack. 'Tis a game I think I'd like." My career, from then on, is known to every American who ever shied a pop bottle at an umps, or wanted to. So, leaping lightly over fifty years, we come to Time: The Present, as the theater programs say, and to a place called Purdy City. 'Tis a bit of a town tucked away down in Texas. Its people are nice, though crazy.

The first morning I'm in this midget metropolis, I'm waked by a war in the back yard of my boardinghouse.

"Aw, go use your head for a fungo bat, Bessie Bogle," yells a soprano. "I tell ye, the big dope didn't ought to of bunted. He should of drove that low curve outa the lot."

"That tramp couldn't drive a mouse out of a pantry," squabbles back a contralto. "None of them Lions can bat their way out of a paper shanty."

I looked out. My landlady, Grandma Karp, is wagging her chin at a tubby blonde that is hanging didies on the clothesline next door.

"I'll pay no more good money to see them palookas play," declares the blonde.

"Maybe this new guy can jack 'em up," says Grandma.

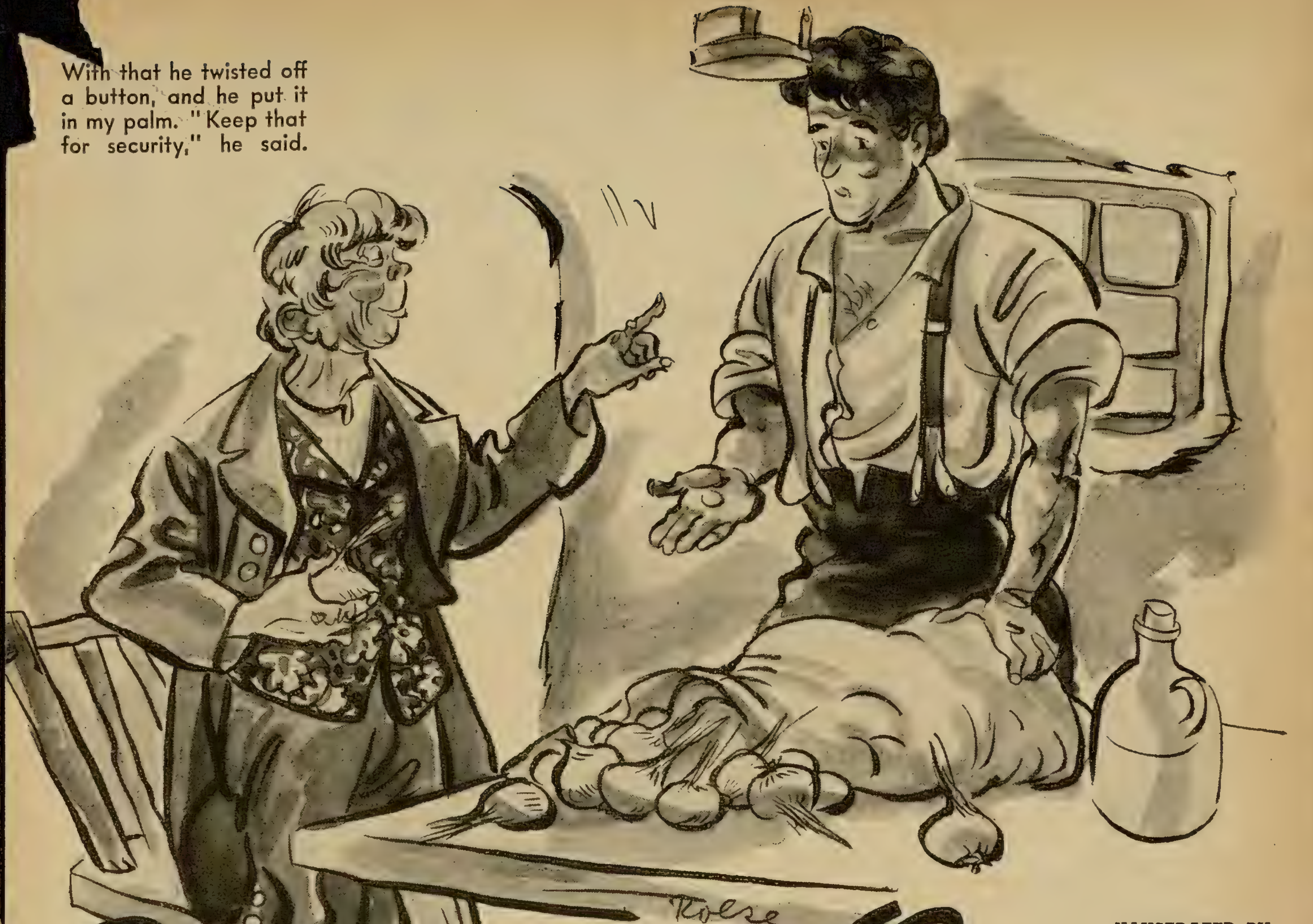
"What's he like?" asks Blondie.

"One of them big, smooth, handsome Irishers," says Grandma, "with a pipe organ in him fit to charm horn toads out of their holes."

I blushed.

"But," goes on Grandma, "I wouldn't trust him no further than I can throw an umps by the ears. I'll say this for him: he's got a big-league snore."

With that I got dressed and strolled out into the day. In every corner lot kids are playing ball. On every corner natives are talking ball. The town is ball-bugs, and no mistake. Yet I sensed a cloud hanging over these good folks.


With that he twisted off a button, and he put it in my palm. "Keep that for security," he said.

ILLUSTRATED BY
HERBERT ROESE

Enchanted Onions

Finding the ball park was easy. 'Twas in the heart of the town, with a big fence around it, with orange letters on it ten foot high: HOME OF THE PURDY CITY LIONS. In the club office under the stands I found a thin brown sad man who admitted he was Samuel Wetmore, owner of the Lions.

"Ye've come just in time, Doctor Cooney," he said.

Did ye know I'm a doctor? Well, so I am. A B. D.—Doctor of Baseball. 'Tis a profession I made up. When a club falls sick, and suffers from a rash of errors, and can't keep a game on its stummick, send for ole Doc Cooney. That's what Samuel Wetmore had done.

"We lose games," he said. "And folks here won't support a losing club. Did you know that Purdy City is the second largest onion center in the world?"

"I did not."

"It is," he said. "Everybody is onion-rich around here. We have onion kings. I was an onion prince myself till I sank my shirt in this outfit. It used to make big money. It filled the stands. They called us the Junior Yankees of the Southwest. This season the sports writers call us the Onions, because we're in the cellar. It hurts our civic pride. At the game last night we had thirty-nine customers, and, at that, we gave away crockery and played bingo."

"Be easy in your mind, Samuel Wetmore," I said, for I liked him. "Your Lions will win for me—I'll bet my fee on that."

"Will ye, now?" he said. "I'll take ye up. Double or nothing. Ye might as well know 'twill be nothing if the Lions don't start to win soon, for 'tis nothing and less than that I'll have to pay ye with. But if they hit their stride again, I'll pay ye—"

And he named a figure.

"'Tis a handsome sum," I said. "Shake." We shook.

"Now to my diagnosis," I said.

We went out to see the Lions perform. A nice little club it was, with promising youngsters and a sprinkle of seasoned veterans, and in practice they fielded with zip and tattooed the fences with healthy raps. But in the game 'twas different. In the field they played tight smart ball and had good enough pitching; but at the plate they were like dyspeptic dwarfs at a clambake. When they didn't miss the ball, they hit it straight into some fielder's mitt. The other team, the Eagles, got a lucky run, and it was enough to beat the home boys.

"There's no cause for alarm," I told Samuel Wetmore. "'Tis only a minor disorder they suffer from. It's called batter's cramp. While ye have it, ye hit, but ye hit 'em where they are. 'Tis painful but not chronic."

"Doctor," he said, "it's no news ye tell me. What I want ye to tell me is: why?"

Well, sir, I studied the patient for three long and dark blue weeks, and his condition showed no improvement at all. All that mortal man could do, I did. I shook up the batting order till you could hear it rattle in Mexico. I made 'em change their stances. I had left-handed batters batting right-handed, and vice versa. I bought them new bats. I talked to them first like a patient father to a beloved but backward son; and then like a judge to a gang of convicted kidnapers. They kept on hitting homing pigeons and losing ball games.

I traded two good pitchers, a shortstop, and some cash for Babe Luckenbach. Nature had short-changed him on brains, but had given him the eyes and swing of a born .300 hitter. When I landed the Babe he was whaling the plum for .354 in a Class B league, so he figured to be first-degree murder in our little loop.

He made his debut in a game against the Rattlesnakes. They, to show their contempt, pitched an elmer as green as the cow pasture they found him in, and fat as his friends the porkers.

IN their half of the first the Rattlers got two cheap runs when the Babe let a lazy fly bounce off his marble brow. In our half we filled the bags with none out, when the elmer walked one man, bungled a bunt, and gave a third batter a gentle spank in the pants with his fast ball. Up came the Babe.

"Get your checkbook out, Samuel Wetmore," I said. "Ye are about to witness worms turning into beautiful butterflies."

The elmer had a motion like a hula dancer with wasps in her skirt. His fast ball wouldn't stun a canary, and your aunt could hit his curve in a dense fog. The Babe caught hold of the first one and whammed it out of Texas; but it was foul a foot. He took a couple of balls, then hit another on the nostrils. It was foul an inch.

"He's getting the range," I said to Samuel Wetmore.

With the count three and two, and the runners on the jump, the elmer lobbed one over the middle of the platter with nothing on it but a fond hope. There were two sounds. Smack! Grunt! The grunt came from the elmer, who had stopped the ball with his upholstered midriff, into which it vanished. He went down with a woosh like a punctured blimp. The Rattlesnake shortstop raced over, wrenched the ball out of the elmer, tossed to third, who threw to second, and it was a triple play.

Not in that game, nor the next, nor the one after did the Babe hit safe. The other Onions were as weak. A Cooney, of course, never quits, but one almost did down there in Texas.

So it got to be the 3d of July, and nobody came to the park any more to witness our shame but a few guys of the sort who visit morgues.

A woebegone Wetmore, trying not to look reproachful, came to me on the day before the day we celebrate.

"Come with me," he said. "That ye've done your best I do not doubt; but the patient is in a coma and sinking fast. Ye might as well be in at the death," he said, and led me into the bank.

There's a round, bald little man there, a Mister Lister. Now, I've nothing at all against bankers, mind ye. Leave them alone chewing their cuds, and they'll do ye no harm; but the sight of red brings out the bull in them, and then look out.

"Ye have come to see me, Mr. Wetmore," he said, "about a large and ugly note now somewhat overdue. I read in your eyes that you'd like to have it extended. Am I a good guesser?"

"Ye are," said Samuel Wetmore. "Look in me eyes again," he said, "and see can you see that I'd also like to borrow a bit more to tide me over till the Lions get out of their slump."

"Slump, is it?" said this Mister Lister. "Then so was the decline and fall of the Roman Empire." He looked through his specs at a document on his desk. "I have here a financial report of the activities of the Purdy City Amusement Company, of which, Mr. Wetmore, ye have the misfortune to be sole owner. It looks like a nosebleed," he said. "There's signs of waste here. For example: this item of $169.50 for bats."

"A team can't hit without bats," I said.

He gave me a mild six-per-cent look.

"I went to the park yesterday," he said. "I do not care for baseball, but I wanted to be alone. And I was," he said. "I had a nice nap, and my dreams were undisturbed by the vulgar noise of hickory hitting horsehide. And here's another item: Salaries. They're way above the scale of the Sleepwalkers' Union."

Oho, but he was the comical cuss.

SAMUEL WETMORE pleaded with him for a little more time and a little more coin. I chipped in with some wheedling and cajoling. At last Mister Lister said:

"Though 'tis against my principle and interest to throw good money after bad, I'll give ye a break. Tomorrow ye've a game with the Stags. By rights 'tis the last game I should let ye play; but I'm a sport. I'll make ye a proposition, Samuel Wetmore. In the game tomorrow, for every hit the Lions make I'll extend your note one week. For every run they make I'll loan ye one extra thousand dollars. I didn't ought to do this, but I like you, Samuel Wetmore."

"And I never guessed ye cared!" said Samuel with feeling. "Will ye put it in writing?"

"I will," said the banking lad, and he did.

"And," he said, "I'll be in the stands tomorrow."

"Good day to you, Mister Lister," I said, as he gave us the shoo, "and I, for one, will never again believe the story they tell of ye that once ye threw a drowning man an anvil."

"Good day to ye both," he beamed, "and on the way out ask the girl to get the sheriff's office on the telephone, will ye?"

That night I called the boys together. I laid before them the grisly facts. I pounded into them the sad plight of their friend and mine, Samuel Wetmore.

"Tomorrow," I said, "is Ind[illegible]pendence Day. Are ye America[illegible]" I said, "or are ye slaves? Will ye throw off your shackles and touch off some fireworks? Or will ye skulk back to private life in disgrace?"

"Boss," said the Babe, "we'd like to oblige. We all know if the Lions fold we'll not find it easy to catch on with another league, for when we tell a new manager our batting averages he'll think we're giving him our waist measurements. But can ye get wine out of a cobble rock, no matter how hard ye squeeze?" he said.

"The Stags are pitching Lefty Abel tomorrow," said Whitey Black, the catcher. "He's hot as solder. He's horse-collared us three times running. We'll be lucky to get a loud foul off him."

"Ye talk like a herd of rabbits!" I hollered.

"Well, what are we?" said Whitey.

I used my last round of bird shot.

"In the stands tomorrow," I told them, "will be big-league scouts from the Yanks, the Cubs, the Pirates, and the Giants. They've come to see Lefty Abel work. How do ye want to look to these important men: like big-league material or a troupe of clowns?"

I knew that if a busher has a spark of stuff left in him, the one way to bring it out is to tell him big-time scouts have their eyes on him.

"Boss," said the Babe, "we been talking things over. The way we been going ain't human. Looks like there's only one answer."

"Which is what?" I demanded.

"We're hexed," he said.

"Hexed, is it?" I howled. "What sort of talk is that in this day and age?"

I looked round at the others. They nodded.

"Get out of here, ye throwbacks!" I shouted, for I was boiling. "Go back to your caves," I said. "Or trees. Or," I said, "I'll put an evil foot on ye."

AND so they went home and I went to bed, but not a wink of sleep did I get that night.

Sure, 'tis bad enough, I brooded, to have bankers ag'in' ye; but bankers are human, or almost. Now I'd the powers of darkness to contend with. Not that I believed in spirits, except the kind ye take with a chaser; but the players did, and an imaginary jinx is as bad as a real one, if there is such a thing as a real jinx.

The sun came up, as it will no matter what, and I went out in the early cool to walk in the soothing woods. I paced along, a mass of misery, not minding where I went.

After a while there came to my nose the favorite local perfume, the aroma of cooking onions, which the natives have for every meal, sometimes cold with a layer of molasses and a layer of vinegar. Try 'em that way sometime.

This pleasing fragrance came from a small adobe cottage, and as I stopped to inhale it a man came to he door. He looked like a half portion of Sandy Claws.

"Top of the morning to ye, sir," he said in a voice with peat smoke and potheen in it. "'Tis a glorious day."

"For some," I said.

"Ye've trouble?" he asked.

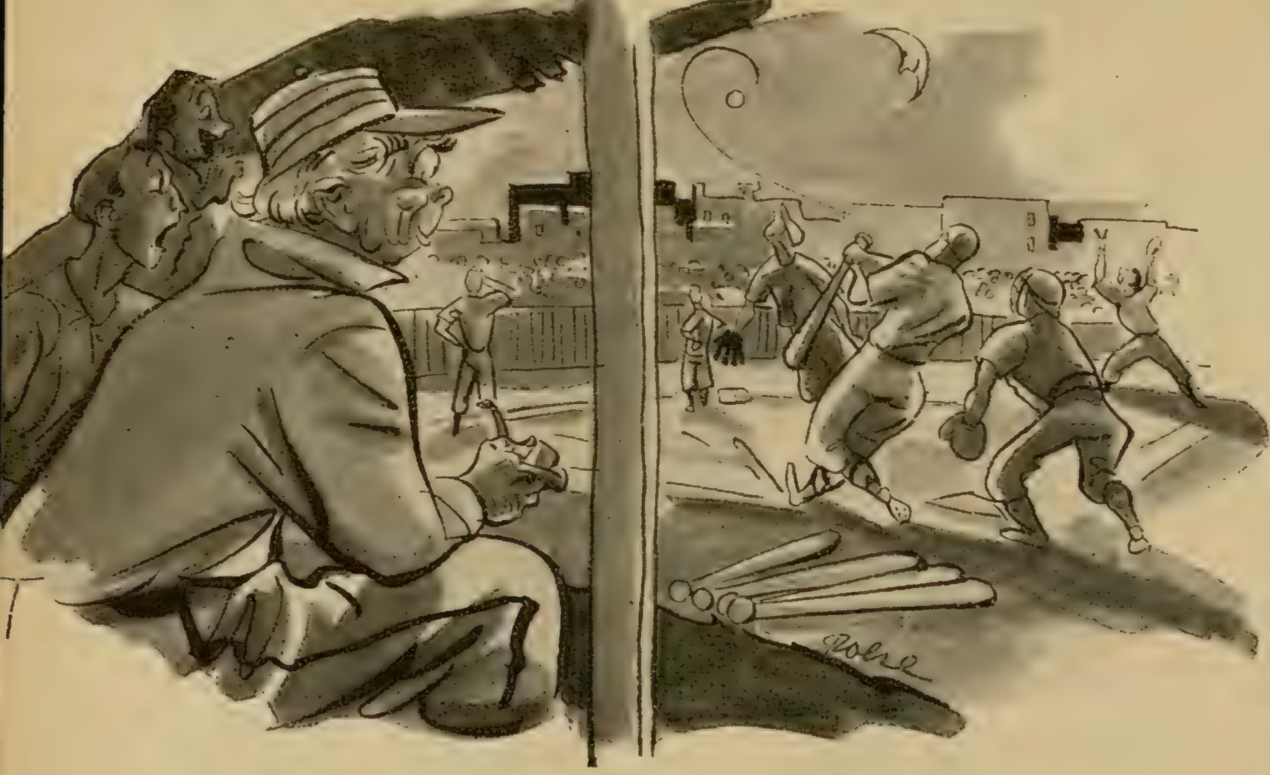
"Black and bitter," I said.

"Do come in," he said. "I was about to have my breakfast. Would ye care to join me, Mister Cooney?"

"Thank ye kindly," I said, and went into the cottage. A pot of onions bubbled on the stove, and a teakettle sang beside it.

"Don't give me much," I said. "I've little appetite."

"The less for you, the more for me," he said, and began to ladle the victuals into himself with happy sighs.



He kept looking toward the plate, his face puckered with concentration.

"Ye seem to know me," I said. "I suppose ye saw me at the ball games."

"What ball games?" he said.

"Don't give me sarcastic cracks," I said, "when I need kind words."

"I haven't seen a ball game in years," he said. "Not since I was a pitcher myself," he said. "My catcher," he said, "was Connie Mack. Are there ball games hereabouts?"

"Some say not," I said. And I told him how things stood with the Lions, with Samuel Wetmore, and with me. He listened, stoking in the onions.

"Is it true what ye tell me?" he asked when I had done.

"The stark, cruel truth," I said. "They can't hit, and nothing can be done to make 'em hit," I said.

"Have ye a mascot?" he inquired.

"We've had three," I said, "and one was a humpty; but all the luck they brought us wouldn't make ear muffs for an owl."

"I'd like the job," he said.

"Ye've better things to do," I said, "no matter what they are."

"I do nothing but raise onions and eat them," he said. "'Tis my hobby. A change will do me good, for," he said, "I'm getting a bit onion-bound. A favor ye'd do a lonely old man if ye gave me a trial."

He looked so earnest, and indeed a touch childish upstairs, that I hadn't the heart to turn him down.

"Come to the park this afternoon," I said. "I'll give ye a tryout."

"Ye've a kind heart, Timothy Cooney," he said. "'Tis better than great riches."

"But not as negotiable," I said, and I went away.

There was a fairish crowd at the game, it being a holiday, but the fans seemed to have come not to cheer the Lions but to jeer at them. The Stags brought along a mob of rooters and a brass band. There actually were three big-league scouts there—a surprise to me. Right back of home plate sat Mister Lister, and he'd a notebook in his hand, and now and then he licked a pencil and then his lips.

My mascot had not shown up at two when the umps shouted, "Play ball!" I never missed him. I'd other things on my mind.

I died seven deaths that day, one an inning, as the Lion-Onions crept to the batter's box, and then crept back to the dugout again, dragging their sticks behind 'em. Lefty Abel, chesty and cocky, mowed them down. On their best day they'd have had trouble hitting him, and this was one of their worst. The disease spread to their fielding. The Babe, with two Stags on the pillows, tried the hardest play there is: throwing the ball before you catch it. 'Twas touch and go for a minute whether Samuel Wetmore would shoot the Babe or himself. He compromised by whimpering.

The game staggered into the stretch inning, the lucky—as some call it—seventh, and the score was only seven to nothing against us, and Lefty, with a no-hitter in sight, was winking at the scouts and blazing 'em over faster and faster.

"For the love of all ye love, get some kind of hit," I begged Whitey as he went to bat. He hit nothing but the atmosphere. The next man, Al Witcheznatski, perished on a puny pop-up. It was the Babe's turn to be put out. I turned my head so as not to see the gruesome sight, and saw, sitting quietly at the end of the bench, my ancient friend with the onion complex. He was staring at the Babe's broad back as he lumbered to the plate. How he got there, and when, I don't know. But there he was, in a funny old-style unie, and on his chest are the words Red Stockings. Well, there was a club of that name, and it never lost a game all one season, but that was so long ago even I don't remember them.

"So ye got here," I said; and I was cross at him as well as at the rest of the world. "Well, 'tis too late."

"They still play nine innings, don't they?" he said. "'Tis the grand thing about the game that 'tis never done till the last man's out. Now, leave me be, Timothy Cooney, for I've work to do," he said, and he turned his eyes toward the plate where the Babe had just missed a sinker ball for a second strike. Lefty threw a high hard one which would have scalped the Babe if he hadn't pulled away. The ball glanced off his bat, fluttered over short like a moth, and sank to the grass—the flukiest sort of a hit, but, brother, a hit. I saw Mister Lister frown and make a mark in his little red book. The Lion-Onions had won a reprieve of a week. I held my breath when Joey Foy golfed a single to right. I was still holding it when Burns beat out a roller, crowding the cushions. I let it go with a loud glad sound when Peewee Maduro belted one out of the pasture, the first homer the kid ever hit. Mister Lister bit the point off his pencil and swallowed it in sheer chagrin. Four hits, four runs, four weeks, four grand.

The next four batters hit solidly and safely, and the score was tied. I patted the little man on the shoulder. He did not seem to feel my hand. He kept looking toward the plate, his face all puckered up with concentration. Off the bats of the Lions the hits kept right on flowing. Singles, doubles, triples, homers, they zoomed to all fields. We scored ten runs, fifteen, twenty. At fifteen, they yanked Lefty Abel off the hill, and he shambled to the showers, a much shocked southpaw. The Stags put in a big right-hander with a nasty hop on his fireball. The Lions kept right on hitting. And how they loved it after their famine! So did the fans. But not Mister Lister.

We had twenty-nine runs in when I saw the little man get up and start to leave the park. I caught him under the grandstand.

"And where are you going?" I asked him.

"Home," he said. "For my day's

work is done," he said, and he was off like a hare before I could stop him. I went back on the field. The Stags had a new pitcher. He had more curves than a mountain road, but the Lions straightened 'em out. All afternoon they pummeled the plum, and mostly off the premises. We had to send out twice for a gross of new balls. At half past five Mister Lister tottered down to the dugout.

"Tell 'em to stop," he begged. "You're already into me for a million one thousand, Samuel Wetmore."

"A million two thousand," said Samuel, as the Babe nudged another over the fence. "Go away from here. 'Twill soon be two million."

Mister Lister returned to his repulsive task of recording the biffs and tallies. At six thirty the umps tried to call the game on account of darkness.

"Turn on the lights," ordered Samuel Wetmore.

Under the arcs, the Lions kept right on hitting. At eight a scout from the Yankees came down and asked Samuel Wetmore to put a price on the Lions, all in a bunch, like bananas. Samuel said he might consider trading the Lions for the Yanks, even up. The scout said he'd think about it.

At nine I asked the boys if they wanted to call it a day.

They cackled me down.

"With us hitting like this? With our averages shooting up? Fat chance!" was the way the Babe put it. And they went on bumping the bean.

It got to be ten. I was getting cross-eyed from watching the merry-go-round. So I said to Samuel Wetmore, "I hate to break up a party where a good time is being had by all, but maybe the lads ought to save some of those hits for later games."

"I suppose so," said Samuel. So I told the Babe to end the festivities by striking out.

"Aw, now, boss," he protested, "just when I need only one more homer to make it an even hundred."

"You heard me," I said. "Strike out!"

THE Babe went up to the saucer, and waved his bat at a wild pitch. He connected and the ball sailed out of sight. He paddled around the bases and came in looking scared.

"Boss, I swear I tried to miss it," he croaked.

"That little accident will cost you a ten spot," I said. "Hey, you, Joey Foy—go up there and whiff."

Joey closed his eyes and swung at a bad one. He topped it, but it cleared the wall in right. When he got back to the bench, he was the color of calcimine.

"Boss," he said, "fine me fifty, but I didn't mean to do it."

"Fifty it is," I said. "And fifty for any other smart-pants who won't obey orders."

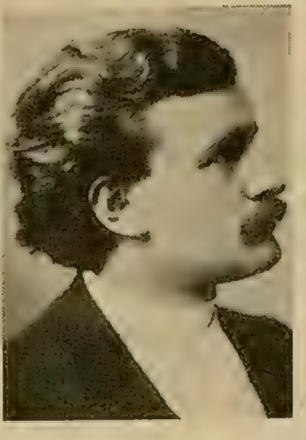
The next two batters swung like bloomer girls; but they tapped the turnip off the plantation just the same.

"What goes on here?" I bellowed. "Mutiny?"

"Boss," said the Babe, "my bat just seemed to jump out and meet that ball. It'll be my turn again soon, and I feel all creepy. I'm scared to go up there, and I'm scared worse not to. You know what I think? I think there's something mighty funny going on around here."

Whatever it was, it didn't stop. The Lions couldn't quit and they couldn't get out. 'Twas not far from midnight when Samuel Wetmore, shaking like a pup on a frozen pond, said to me:

20 QUESTIONS



1—He made his American debut fifty-one years ago. This brilliant musician was a pupil of Franz Liszt and at the age of fourteen became the Rumanian court pianist. This photograph was taken just before his first performance in old Steinway Hall, 1888. Who is he?

2—What organization is called "the Greatest Mother"?

3—Where does Portland cement get its name?

4—What is the meaning of the symbol WX used by radio amateurs?

5—Who wrote the opera Martha whose fox trot is a swing favorite?

6—North America produces more than three quarters of what necessity for modern warfare?

7—Where does the Republic of Bolivia get its name?

8—Natives of what sections or states are sometimes called Tarheels, crackers, and longhorns?

9—How long is the Great Wall of China?

10—What were the largest four-footed animals known in any age?

11—How many chemical elements are there in the universe?

12—What is the capital of the Netherlands?

13—How many baseball clubs have DiMaggios on their teams?

14—What is the duty of a bellwether and to what animal is the term applied?

15—When does a puppy become a dog according to Kennel Club judging rules?

16—What is the chief source of iodine for antiseptic purposes?

17—What type of rifle is replacing the Springfield in the United States army?

18—Which Hebrew king built the Temple at Jerusalem?

19—What are navicerts and for what are they used?

20—Who is the Finnish writer who won the 1939 Nobel Prize for Literature?

(Answers will be found on page 48)

"You've earned your check for starting 'em hitting," he said. "*Now, how much do you want to make 'em stop?*"

"I'd do it free if I knew how," I answered.

"You got to stop 'em," he said. "This might go on for weeks."

"I'm not worrying about weeks," I said. "What I'm afraid of is it might go on forever."

And so I was.

"Ye must do something," said the frantic Samuel.

"I think I can stop this thing," I said. "I'll go up there to the plate myself and fan."

I picked up a bat and went up to the rubber. Not for years had I swung at a pitched ball, and I didn't mean to swing at one now. My idea was to let the arm-sore pitcher lob over three called strikes. He tossed over two, and the stick stayed on my shoulder. He sent a third one floating down the groove. I don't know how it happened. Things went black, then they were lit up with fireworks. I came to on the bench, having water poured on me.

"Am I out?" I asked.

"You were," said Samuel Wetmore. "Ye busted one square on the bugle," he said. "By now it is just passing over Memphis, Tennessee."

As he spoke, the Babe hit his hundred and third homer; maybe it was his hundred and fifth. At that point Mister Lister was led away, babbling. I turned and saw on the bench, beside me, the little old man.

"Go away, little man," I said.

"Why are ye cross?" he asked. "They're hitting."

"They are that," I said.

"Then I brought you luck," he said.

"Too much," I said. "Could ye bring me a bit of bad luck, do you think?"

"'Tis not in my line," he said, "but I could try."

"Try," I said.

His little green eyes stared hard at Whitey, who was at the plate. Whitey swung. The ball started away over the center-field fence. I groaned. The little man whistled. The ball stopped and started to drift back to the infield. It hovered awhile over home plate, and then fell softly into the mitt of the Stag catcher.

"I'll be going now," the little man said.

I was speechless with relief, but I said:

"What do I owe ye, little man?"

"Have ye an old brass button on ye?" he asked.

"I have," I said. "But how did ye know?"

"No matter," he said. "But give it to me. It is mine. Well," he said, as he picked the button from my trembling hand, "slow pay is better than no pay."

Samuel Wetmore touched me on the shoulder.

"Here's your check," he said.

"I don't deserve it," I said, but took it anyway. "It was all the doing of this little man."

"What little man?" said Samuel Wetmore.

"SO here I am," said Truthful Timothy, "back on Broadway and glad to be. I could have stayed in Purdy City. But, the day after that game, I went looking for the house of the little man. I couldn't find it. I decided to go away from there and return no more. The Lions were doing all right, though they made only twenty-three hits in their next game. But I thought I'd better go. They might start really hitting again."

THE END

Said a German officer to an American diplomat: "If western Europe doesn't make peace, it will look like this."

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN POLAND?

Exclusive! Liberty's war-zone reporter sends America vivid tidings of horror

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

THE voice of Poland, so brave and unyielding until it was silenced by the thunder of the German *Blitzkrieg,* speaks clearly again, in solemn and mournful accents. Now that the Polish government has created a Ministry of Information, it can make itself heard.

Some of the stories to be heard through the Ministry of Information, at the Polish Embassy in London, admittedly lack confirmation. Some have been only partially verified. They are given here not as evidence of Nazi frightfulness and Soviet savagery, nor as propaganda for the Poles. They are presented in an effort to give American readers—who include millions of Poles—the only news that has come out of the occupied territory.

Seventy thousand men, women, and children who fled from their homes in terror of the advancing German armies are believed to be dead or dying of hunger and exposure. These civilians found something of a respite in Lwów. But then the Red soldiers came into Lwów and forced them to turn back to the west.

For days and days they traveled, the aged, the sick, the very young, women with babies. They came again to the German line, but were not permitted to go through it. The Russians had advanced behind them, and they could not go through the Red line either. There has been no news of them since they were trapped.

Two Polish lawyers who escaped from Lwów a few weeks ago declare that Polish and Ukrainian priests, property owners, judges, lawyers, and teachers are being put to death in batches. All Polish army officers are executed. All policemen and civic officials are under arrest — except those who were shot.

On October 11 or 12, the escaped lawyers say, two hundred Polish officers, prisoners of war, were taken for a ride in motor trucks, which halted by the side of a road. The prisoners were lined up and agents of the Russian Ogpu dispatched them with machine guns.

Roman and Greek Catholic churches have been closed in the Polish regions occupied by the Reds, and the prisons have been filled with the faithful, many of whom will be executed. On October 10 a Catholic priest in Worochta, hurrying to administer the last sacraments to a dying man, was seen and shot down by a squad of Russian soldiers. All men and women found on the streets after dark are shot; but it was shortly after noon when the priest was slain.

All the shops in Lwów were looted, and those who complained or tried to protect their property were thrown into prison or killed. In Vilna, however, the soldiers bought what they wanted; they stole nothing. They bought enormous quantities of bread. They bought boots, shoes, and handkerchiefs—though this last article puzzled them. They were amazed at all the luxuries they found in this "capitalistic" city, at the low prices, and at the abundance of food and warm clothing.

According to announcements made over the Moscow radio, thousands of "unemployed workmen" have volunteered to work in Russian coal mines. But this is nonsense, says the voice of Poland. These men are "mostly students and members of the upper classes," and they are being deported to Siberia or the Caucasus in chains.

Conditions are not quite so bad in those parts of Poland occupied by the Germans, though they are bad.

A member of the American Embassy who visited Warsaw recently, said on his return, "Life in Warsaw is one long horror; the city haunts

Higher civilization of the pure Aryan type, as bestowed upon the village of Krzemieniec by the German bombers.

me like a nightmare." A German officer who guided the diplomat said to him, "Look at this havoc. If western Europe doesn't make peace, it will look exactly like this."

The Poles believe that Hitler is using Warsaw as a scarecrow to frighten other countries. German travel offices in neutral nations are advertising "trips to the ruins of Warsaw," hoping to attract tourists.

Many Jews were killed by the German soldiers during the *Blitzkrieg.* In one instance, say the Poles, their burial was held up for three days. Then their friends were forced to dig the graves with their bare hands.

A story printed in Le Temps of Paris is retold by the Poles—the story that 1,100 Polish officers and men, captured at Szydlowiec by the Germans, were locked up in a church for a week without food or water. Those who protested against the brutality of the guards, and who begged for bread or for water, were clubbed or shot. Twenty-four died of typhoid.

A bulletin issued through the Polish Embassy states: "The loss of civilian lives was enormous, and the German bombers attacked with particular savagery the peasants escaping in carts and on foot. They also dropped poisoned sweets, cigarettes, and cosmetics, and toys that would explode when children picked them up. Churches, hospitals, schools, and sanitation trains were frequently bombed. Mass executions were organized. Food was requisitioned even when it was clear that the people deprived of it must starve. These methods can be understood only when it is realized that the German aim was not only to defeat the Polish army but also to exterminate the population in order to provide an empty space for German expansion."

The story of the planned migration has been authenticated from various sources, and some European newspapers have commented on its significance, though few care to antagonize the Russians and other nationalities concerned in the "deal."

THE deal is simply this: Millions of Germans are to be taken from their homes in Latvia, Estonia, Lithuania, Hungary, Rumania, Yugoslavia, the southern Tyrol, and various provinces of Poland, and—whether they like the idea or not—are to be settled in the Polish districts of Pomorze, Silesia, and Poznan.

Approximately two million Jews from Germany, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, and Poland are to be shut up in the Polish province of Lublin, which will be known as a "Jewish reservation." To make room for all these uprooted millions, five or six million Poles must be "evacuated." Where will they go? The Poles in London cannot say. "But," says a consular official, "according to press reports, Hitler intends to form a Polish buffer state around Warsaw. There is no reliable information as to the amount Stalin undertook to pay Hitler for ridding the Baltic republics of all German nationals. But in well informed quarters the sum of two thousand reichsmarks per head, delivered, is mentioned. This would provide Germany with about one hundred and twenty million reichsmarks.

"According to arrangements made between Germany and Latvia, the property of the expelled Germans is to be sold to the Latvian government, and all amounts will be credited to Germany in Latvian currency at the National Bank of Latvia. It is calculated that Germany will obtain enough additional currency to pay for Latvian butter, eggs, bacon, timber, flax, and other supplies."

GERMAN newspapers received in Copenhagen, says the London mouthpiece of the Polish government, contain numerous items of official German news from Poland. Through these items it was learned that Polish men and women must get off the sidewalks when German officers or noncoms approach. They are also obliged to bare their heads to the Germans. Public use of the Polish language is forbidden. The wearing of any Polish uniform, including those of school children, is forbidden.

There is news, too, that Poles of all classes are continually defying their masters; and that the churches are packed with people praying and singing God Save Poland!

"Yes, we get plenty of news from German and Russian Poland," says a woman official of the embassy, "but the news we want most we cannot obtain—news of our friends and relatives. We do not know whether they are dead or alive, in prisons, or on their way to Siberia."

She let me read a letter from a woman friend who escaped to Hungary, and permits me to publish it in part:

"You ask whence, when, and how I came to be here. Frank left for Warsaw on August 31, having been transferred to the War Office. He told me to remain in Niepolomice, thinking it would be safer there. But it wasn't. I left for Lwów. Do you know how? By train, motor car, a peasant cart, and on foot. From Sandomierz to Jaroslaw I walked one hundred miles. Can you imagine how we ran from the trains which were bombed uninterruptedly from 5 A. M. to 7 P. M.?

"Scared dogs were running about the streets. Nameless and faceless corpses called for vengeance which did not come. All around everything was burning. There was no spot where one could take shelter. I did not get to Lwow. The Germans were on the other side. I had to go on. In the little town of Brzezany there was light and quiet. The fighting was over. The lamps were lighted to help us get away, for the Bolsheviks were coming. We rode out on a bus.

"There were thirty-four of us, and only twenty-two seats. We rode three days and nights. I don't remember anything more. I don't want to. My brain has given out. In Buczacz a bomb fell thirty yards away from me. I was thrown down by the impact. I have several wounds. I have seen so much blood and ruins!"

Frank, the official explained, was the woman's husband.

"She's had no word from him. She's heard nothing of any of her people, or of mine. I too have a husband, or had one, in the Polish army. I have a mother and father too, in Poland, and a brother and a sister. I love them all very much, but I don't weep. If they are dead, they are in heaven. And it is better to die in Poland, now, than to live there."

The Polish government, she said, was doing everything in its power to help Polish refugees. It was attempting to establish, through neutral nations, a line of communication with Polish citizens in the occupied territory. And it was recruiting armies to fight with the Allied forces, under the French high command, for the restoration of Poland.

"We expect fifty thousand men from the United States," she said. "It is possible they will be trained in Canada. We have something like one hundred thousand men in France."

"What about your cruisers and submarines?" I asked.

"There was a report in a London paper several weeks ago to the effect that our sailors had scuttled the Polish fleet," she said. "The report had been sent out of Moscow and was untrue. Our three destroyers are serving with the British navy, and we have five submarines, some of them larger than any possessed by Germany. [Here a sentence was cut out of Mr. Doherty's ms. by the censor.]"

AS I started to leave, she halted me. "I heard a story of my people the other day," she said. "I know it is true, but I can't tell you how I learned the facts.

"Several hundred Polish soldiers were herded into a prison camp where there were several hundred Jews, rounded up by the German soldiery and imprisoned on general principles.

"When it was time to line up for food, many of the Jews fell into step with the soldiers. The German guards were incensed at that. They kicked the Jews, beat them, prodded them with gun butts. 'Go hungry, Jews!' they shouted. 'We don't feed Jews here.'

"My people stood in line until every man had been given his loaf of bread and his cup of acorn coffee. Not a man of them attempted to eat or drink until all had been supplied. Then every blessed one of them went over to the Jews, broke his loaf in two and gave half to a Jew, and gave the Jew the first sip of his coffee.

"I don't know anything that illustrates better the character of the typical Pole. The German soldiers were astonished, but they did not punish the Polish soldiers. Maybe they were ashamed of themselves."

THE END

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

ON a recent trip to Canada I met an interesting lady who has undertaken a tremendous job. Herself a Canadian, she is Margaret Rose Watt, organizer of the Associated Country Women of the World. You can't belong unless you live in a small town, a village, or on a farm, yet Mrs. Watt already has recruited members in fifty-seven different lands, the purpose being to spread housewifely knowledge through rural districts on an international scale. Until war came, Margaret Watt traveled everywhere, exchanging household lore with women of all creeds and races. . . . In far-off Ceylon she found that etiquette requires a hostess always to greet her guests with poems she has composed especially for the occasion. . . . Farm femmes of France were eager to teach us what they know about breeding rabbits for profit. . . . At the royal Sandringham estate, Queen Mary of England took dowager delight in contributing her own recipes for pickles and preserves. . . . Way up north, along the Baltic, Latvian ladies showed Mrs. Watt how they make their super-delicious fruit drink by blending the juices of three varieties of apples. (Canada, by the way, is now enjoying a new apple beverage based on the Latvian formula.) . . . At present, of course, Margaret Watt must apply all her energies to war work—helping Canadian women develop their great Empire service for food production and conservation. But she looks forward hopefully to the return of peace, when she can take up again her fine crusade for co-operation between *all* the country women of the world.

☆ From a small town in Pennsylvania I have received a gossipy account of a young couple, long engaged, who finally married and scandalized the neighbors by returning from their honeymoon with a baby! It seems the inside story is this: She put off wedding him until he dumfounded her by announcing the fact that he had adopted a baby, all by himself. He adores kids. Took her to call on his adopted child at the institution, from which he had not yet taken it. At once she fell in love with the baby, insisting upon immediate marriage so she could share his foster parenthood—with the implied understanding of their own family additions later on.

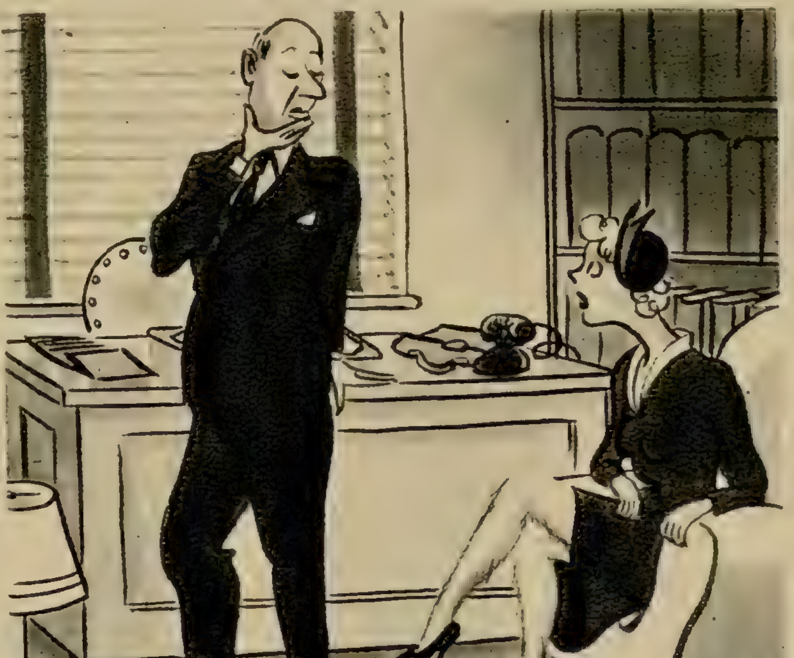
☆ On a shopping expedition with a life-wise lady I know, I saw her buy several men's neckties, have them wrapped separately, and write on each package, "Soft Soap." . . . To my puzzled inquiry she explained: "With a husband and two grown sons in the house, I have found that a gift-surprise necktie, produced at the right moment, will often work wonders when I'm getting ready to talk one of my menfolk into doing something that he may not want to do."

☆ Bottoms Up is the appropriate title of a merry new how-to-do-it book for ski amateurs. Author calls himself Barsis. (Published by Stephen Daye, Brattleboro, Vermont.)

☆ Also appropriate to the snowy season is this true-life tale I heard in Canada from a gold prospector who spends most of his time above the Arctic Circle. After a few months up there, he says, the flavor of fish and wild game grows muddily unpalatable, due to the brackishness of the water, while the taste of canned groceries becomes boresome to a shrieking extreme. That's when a can of curry powder brings blessed relief. Curry levitates dull meals. "Between midwinter and spring," said my friend the Canadian gold man, "we curry almost everything from soup to nuts."

☆ A curry of left-over meat, onions, raisins, and rice makes a substantial hot dish for cold weather. Prepare as follows: Slice 2 small onions and fry golden brown in 4 tablespoons butter. Add 1 cup rice, stirring over fire until butter is absorbed. Put in 2 tablespoons seedless raisins, 1 tablespoon ground nuts, 1 tablespoon curry powder. Stir all together vigorously; barely cover with boiling water; fix tight-fitting lid on pan and simmer gently about 40 minutes, until rice is tender. Now add 2 cups any cold cooked meat in dice. Keep 10 minutes more over flame, then add a pinch of salt and serve with lemon quarters and a side dish of India chutney.

☆ *Uncensored news fetched home by friends of mine from war-bored Europe:* English ladies of the W. A. T. S. (Women's Auxiliary Territorial Service) feel wrathful because their uniform overcoats are adorned by *twenty-five* brass buttons which must be polished to dazzling brilliance every day. . . . Rooster feathers of iridescent hue are being exported to us from Italy, since our milliners now pay more cash for them than the Italian army can spare. . . . In an unheated bombproof cellar your hands are the hardest part of you to keep warm—hence the new French fashion, already smart here, of wearing elbow-length mittens, black velvet lined with white velvet or red velvet. Very dressy for evening parties anywhere.



"Er—ah—just for the duration of the trial, Miss Beale, could you drop your boycott of Japan?"

SAILORS MUST WORK FAST

BY PHYLLIS DUGANNE

READING TIME • 27 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

A sparkling, surprising tale of a seagoing grandmother and two young hearts in love

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL LYFORD

AN east wind blew up sharply from the water. The Dorothy Perkins rose which covered half the veranda shuddered and dropped a flurry of petals. Old Mrs. Buffam leaned back in her chair and sniffed happily. There was entirely too much perfume of flowers and growing things about the house in June for her taste, and her bright blue eyes, beneath the visor of the dark blue seaman's cap, snapped as she inhaled the good salt smell of the sea.

"Blowin' up a squall?" Freddy Horner inquired, looking up at her from his seat on the floor.

Mrs. Buffam shook her head. "Wind'll haul around to the south 'fore sundown," she stated, a trifle regretfully. She took the knotted rope which the boy was holding out for inspection. "Sheepshank," she said. "That's real good, Freddy. How about a bowline now?" She watched gravely as his stubby fingers manipulated the rope, his tongue caught between his teeth.

Beyond the graceful elaborately picketed white fence which bordered the lawn, Buffam's Lane cut a dusty strip between the land and the sea. Eastward of the roadway, witch grass and beach peas grew to high-water line; two figures, her granddaughter Anne, in a blue skirt and yellow sweater, and George Miller, wearing tweed jacket and white flannels, were abruptly silhouetted against the cove. They paused and stood looking up at the house, and this time Mrs. Buffam's sniff was so loud that Freddy turned and followed her eyes.

"Is Anne going to marry that feller?" he asked.

"Who says she is?" snapped Mrs. Buffam.

Freddy blinked. "Everybody's wonderin'." He held up a tangle of rope. "I can't seem to get it right."

Mrs. Buffam looked absently at the twists and turns, and absently her thin fingers rearranged the knot. "There," she murmured, still looking out to where George Miller had slipped a possessive arm about her granddaughter's shoulders. "You better shove off now, Freddy."

The boy rose obediently. "People say he's goin' to shut down the sawmill," he remarked.

"Freddy, you're as big a gossip as a sea cap'n," the old lady told him severely, "an' I never knew one yet couldn't pick up home scandal in the Indian Ocean."

"Were you ever in the Indian Ocean?" asked Freddy.

Mrs. Buffam looked at him sharply. "You're draggin' your anchor, cap'n," she said. "Haul 'er up and git!"

"Yes'm," said Freddy.

"You can come back tomorrow," she added.

He frowned. "Don't know as I can," he said. "My cousin Bill Larkin—Lieutenant Larkin, you know—is comin' to visit us, and I'll hafta show him around some."

"Lieutenant Larkin?" echoed Mrs. Buffam. "Army or navy?"

"He's navigatin' officer on a submarine."

"You don't say." Again her eyes strayed toward the two on the beach. "He'd be Tom Larkin's son, I guess. Wonder if he favors his father in looks?"

"Bill's awful handsome," Freddy said. "And—you know—seagoin'."

"Navigatin' officer," murmured the old lady. "Well," she said briskly, "good-by, Freddy."

"Good-by, ma'am." He trotted off down the pink brick walk between the perennial beds and southward along the lane.

Anne Buffam's arm, sailor-brown below the rolled sleeve of her sweater, lifted to wave to him; when she dropped it, her hand slipped through George Miller's arm and they sauntered up the beach.

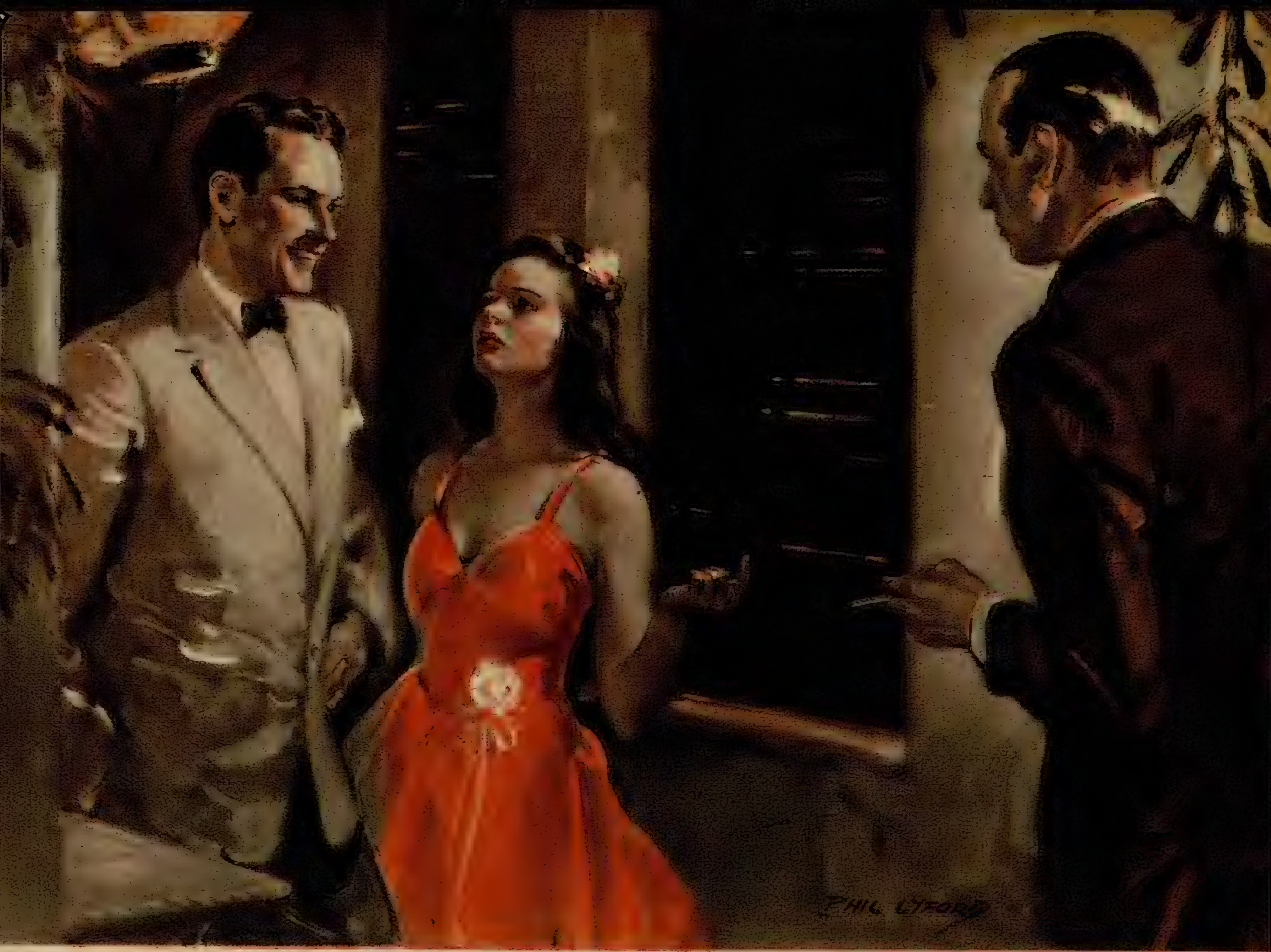
"I've only known you three weeks," she was saying.

"It didn't take me three days to find out how I felt about you," he retorted, and her blue eyes slid up to his face and the color in her cheeks deepened.

Anne Buffam had never known any one like George Miller. He had arrived in Libertyport on a Saturday afternoon, and they met that evening at the Yacht Club.

She had had her share of suitors, but George Miller was different—and older. He told her about himself, his business, and his background; when he kissed her, he had not asked permission. He took her in his arms confidently and murmured, "Oh, my darling—" as though already she belonged to him. She had known, from the moment of that first kiss, that this was serious, that he meant to marry her, and the knowledge frightened her. He meant for her to stop being Anne Buffam entirely and change herself into some one called Mrs. George Miller. . . .

Her fingers tightened on his arm and she stopped and turned to look



He was close at her side as they reached George. Anne murmured an introduction.

at her home, at the captain's walk high against the quivering blue sky.

"We'll come back here every summer," he told her.

"Oh, please!" she said, and pulled away from him. "You mustn't hurry me, George. I don't know yet."

"*I* know," he told her. "You're going to marry me."

She shivered. "East wind," she said. "I must go home."

Mrs. Buffam sniffed as Anne came up the steps. "Left your shadow behind, didja?"

Anne smiled. Abruptly she knelt on the floor and buried her face against Mrs. Buffam's skirt. "George wants me to marry him," she said, her voice muffled.

"Well, he isn't the first and he won't be the last," Mrs. Buffam retorted.

Anne lifted her head. "Maybe he will be."

"Stuff!" exclaimed the old lady. "You don't want to marry *him!*"

"Why don't I?" Anne demanded.

Her grandmother clucked her tongue. "Looks like a sculpin, for one thing," she stated.

Anne sat back on her heels. "You don't like George?"

"That's right," answered Mrs. Buffam complacently.

"But you don't know him!"

"I know him," retorted the old lady. "I don't have to see the tree a ship's timbers are cut from to judge a boat. You c'n take my word for it, Anne Buffam, George Miller just ain't seaworthy!"

Anne stood up stiffly, her angry eyes on the open sea.

What if George Miller had never smelled the ocean until he was in his thirties? This blue water which stretched, an unbroken field, to Spain was no longer spotted with flying sails, and no sailors like the men of her grandmother's youth came striding up the walk to this door. Times had changed and a world had changed.

Her eyes softened. It must be hard to see the old life go, and difficult to accept its going. She turned and slipped her arm about the old lady's shoulders, kissed her tenderly.

Later, after Anne and George had gone to the movies, Sarah Buffam sat alone in her living room in the dark. Anne must not marry this man, she told herself; he was too old for her, in the first place; too possessive, in the second. She knew men; she had not been for months at a time the only woman on board the whaler Charlotte Allen without learning to judge them. George Miller was the owning kind; he would take over Anne as he had taken over the sawmill; as he would like, one day when she was dead, to take over this house.

She snorted. He had not fooled her; she had read it in his eyes—the rapid speculation, the figuring. Already he knew the town's tax rate, the water rate. It was, she admitted to herself, his excellent power of evaluation which made him want Anne. She was only twenty, but she was a sound investment as a wife, healthy and intelligent and generous. She would hold to a promise; she would keep to the charted course and ride out any weather.

Mrs. Buffam sat straight and grim in her chair. Her granddaughter was not going to start this voyage, not if she could help it. Her thoughts wandered to Tom Larkin's son. If he was anything like his father, he might serve.

THE box from the Boston florist was square. Anne's fingers moved eagerly over the transparent green paper and drew forth a bunch of white violets tied with white velvet ribbon. Her skin looked almost bronze as she held them against her face.

"As pretty a piece o' bait as I ever saw," Mrs. Buffam commented, and Anne flushed.

George dined with them; they were going on to the Saturday-night dance at the Yacht Club, and throughout dinner Sarah Buffam sat, a small fierce figure, her black silk dress paralleling without touching the straight maple slats of the ladder-back chair, her eyes snapping.

"Quite a character, your grandmother," George said, as they got into his roadster.

Anne nodded wryly. Grandmother had been spreading it on with a trowel, talking in terms so salty that George had scarcely understood a sentence. She had behaved like a naughty child, deliberately mystifying him, deliberately trying to make him seem slow and humorless in Anne's eyes. It wasn't fair. . . .

Dance music streamed through the open windows of the clubhouse when they turned up the crushed-oyster-shell drive. George tucked her arm possessively through his as they walked from the car. In three weeks, thought Anne, she had aged three years. Tommy Baker, snatching her defiantly from George's arms on the dance floor, seemed like a little boy. Caroline Horner was dancing with a stranger. When the orchestra paused, she called to Anne.

"Lieutenant Larkin—Anne Buffam." Caroline turned away to Dan Warren, to whom she was engaged, and Lieutenant Larkin said, "Hello, Anne."

"Hello," said Anne, and burst out laughing.

Lieutenant Larkin lifted blond eyebrows and slipped his arm about her as the music began again. "I resent that," he stated. "I know I have a funny face, but common decency should restrain you from laughing at it before you know me better."

ANNE bent back her head to look up at him and her brown hair swung in thick curls over her bare brown shoulders. It was not a funny face, though the lieutenant's nose was inclined to tilt upward toward a sun which had punished it severely. It was an impudent face, with a pair of neat but faunlike ears to port and starboard, and extremely bright alert blue eyes. She laughed again.

"I'm sorry," she said. "But you look like my grandmother!"

"*Sir?*" The lieutenant paused and stood still, staring at her intently; then, without losing a beat, he resumed dancing.

"Who said I wanted to come out here?" Anne protested, as he danced through the open French doors to the wooden deck which overhung the harbor.

"We were about to be boarded," he explained. "A substantial-looking citizen had his eye on you." Dancing still, they moved along the pier, and the beat of the drum seemed to grow louder as the horns grew fainter. Lieutenant Larkin's arm tightened against her back. "Perhaps we'd better drop anchor here," he said. "Now what's this about your grandmother?"

"It's fantastic! You even talk like her!"

The lieutenant grinned. "Must be a delightful old lady," he murmured.

"H'mm!" said Anne. "Suppose we go back to the party now."

"Nonsense!" he retorted. "We just got here."

"It happens," she informed him severely, her eyes bright with laughter, "that I did not come here alone, lieutenant. There's a certain politeness due one's escort—"

He interrupted her: "Just call me Bill."

Her lips twitched. "You work fast, don't you, lieutenant?"

"Sailors have to work fast," he answered. "We're here today and gone tomorrow."

They started for the clubhouse. That was George standing silhouetted against the open doors, waiting.

"Psst!" the lieutenant hissed sharply. "Better wait! There's the battle wagon again!"

Anne's eyes now were really cold. "That happens to be my escort, sailor," she informed him.

He shook his head like a man who has just received a right to the jaw, but he was close at her side as they reached George. Anne murmured a perfunctory introduction.

George Miller said, "Glad to know you, lieutenant," and his arm drew Anne back into the lighted room. "Another old beau, darling?"

"I never saw him before," she answered, and watched George's eyebrows collide above his nose.

"Oh," said George.

She laughed. "Navy technique, darling," she dismissed Lieutenant Larkin—or meant to dismiss him. The lieutenant, in the flesh, intruded, smiling innocently.

"May I cut in?"

George Miller fell away into the background, too surprised to protest. Anne, dancing off in the lieutenant's arms, said, "*No!*" three beats too late.

"Your grandfather?" Lieutenant Larkin inquired, jerking his head toward George.

"You're not screamingly funny," she told him coldly.

He looked into her stormy face and his own face sobered. "Sorry," he said.

They circled the floor once, and when they completed the orbit, she disengaged herself from his arms. "Thank you," she said politely, and put out her hand to George Miller. "Here I am, darling."

Lieutenant Larkin bowed, accepting dismissal.

DRIVING home, George said, "What salary do you suppose those fellows get?"

"What fellows?" Anne asked, though she knew perfectly well whom he meant.

"Navy fellows—like this Larkin."

"Oh, about twenty-five cents a week, darling," she answered. "But they *do* see the world, you know."

"They must see a lot from a submarine," said George.

For several minutes they were silent.

"I'm going to Boston tomorrow," he broke the stillness abruptly. "Business—and I thought I'd like to buy you a ring. Have you any preference in stones?"

"It's too soon, George. I can't tell you yet."

"Silly girl," he murmured indulgently. "I'll have to make up your mind for you."

She looked at him obliquely but did not answer.

They had stopped outside her gate.

"Please, George, I don't want you to buy—"

He kissed her, stopping her speech. "Don't you know that I love to buy you things, Anne?" he asked, and kissed her again. "Good night, my darling."

"Good night," she said, and went up the path and into the house.

THERE were voices on the veranda when Anne came downstairs in the morning, Freddy Horner's and another. As she paused, listening, her grandmother spoke, crisp and clear:

"I've been *on* the water, an' *in* the water, an' *over* the water—that was in a seaplane—but I've never been *under* the water an' kep' dry."

Lieutenant Larkin answered, "I wish I could say that the Bonita is at your service. The Navy Department has been rather strict about taking passengers lately."

"I always aimed to go down in a submarine," said Mrs. Buffam complacently, as Anne came out.

"Hello," Anne said impartially, and moved past the three of them to the railing, looked out at the bright harbor, ruffled by a brisk southwest wind.

"Good sailin' breeze," said Mrs. Buffam, watching her. "Why don't you take the lieutenant, here, out in your boat?"

Anne looked at her grandmother and grinned. The lieutenant himself was smiling blandly as she turned to him.

"You like the water, lieutenant?" she inquired dryly.

"Oh, I'm a fool for the water," he answered.

She laughed. "Come with us, Freddy?"

"You bet!"

Both Freddy and Bill Larkin were wearing well seasoned white ducks, the line of their swimming trunks showing darkly through the cloth. Anne ran upstairs and put on her bathing suit, pulled slacks and a faded blue shirt over it. Aboard her sailing dory, the lieutenant and Freddy removed their shirts and shoes; Anne kicked off her sneakers.

"Don't let this breeze fool you," she warned Lieutenant Larkin, looking at his lean brown back. "There's plenty of burn in that sun."

"And every bit of it will concentrate on my nose," he retorted.

She laughed. "Want to take the tiller?"

She did not even watch him, as she busied herself with stowing the lunch basket in shadow, setting the thermos jug under a seat, stacking their discarded clothes and extra sweaters where they would remain dry. Bill and Freddy were whistling a duet. Anne finished her business and sat silent, contented and relaxed. It was good to sit idle and at peace and let Bill Larkin be skipper.

They had been out seven hours when they moored the boat in the cove and plowed through the hot sand to Buffam's Lane.

"How about going again tomorrow?" she asked abruptly.

"Right!" said Bill Larkin.

"Come on into the house and I'll put something on your nose," she said.

He followed her up to the bathroom, watched her as she searched through the medicine chest. She squeezed a generous inch of yellow salve from the tube to her fingers and applied it gently. His blue eyes were intent on her face, amused, and she looked up at him.

"Hello, Anne," said Lieutenant Larkin softly. His hard young arm went out and drew her against his chest. She knew perfectly well that she should protest, and he was giving her time to protest. "You engaged to Miller?" he inquired.

If she said no, he would kiss her; if she said yes, he would let her go. "N-not exactly," she heard her voice falter.

He was grinning as his mouth came down upon her mouth, but the grin faded beneath the sudden impact of the kiss. There was no evading the fact that Anne Buffam had kissed him back. She stirred, and he lifted his head, his eyes bright.

"That's for a girl who's n-not exactly engaged," he mimicked her. "If you'll tell me a decided no, I can do much better."

An instant longer she stood, close against him; then she pulled away and went into her own room and closed the door. After a moment she heard his footsteps softly descending the stairs.

Freddy's voice, high and clear, called, "Good-by, Mrs. Buffam!" And Anne raced to her window and watched Lieutenant Larkin go down the pink-brick walk. At the gate he turned and looked back, back and up at the second-story windows, as though he knew that she would be there. Blushing furiously, she backed away before his eyes found her.

ANNE had been amused when Bill Larkin appeared without Freddy. "He had some matters to attend to on shore," he explained gravely, and she nodded, confident that the lieutenant had made adequate compensation.

There had been plenty of time to make port when they first saw the squall coming. There was still time to make shore. Their eyes met and Bill Larkin asked, "Want to go in?"

"Do you?"

"Let's ride her out. She'll be short an' sweet."

He began reefing the sail, and Anne pulled on a sweater, her eyes shining with excitement.

"Here she is!" Bill shouted above the roar of wind and rain and threshing water, all striking at once.

The boat pitched wildly while he fought to keep her headed into the wind. Twice, when the force of the blow swung them about, the Atlantic rushed over the gunwales until they were ankle-deep in sea water and rain.

Short and sweet; in ten minutes the sun burst through the clouds, and Anne and the lieutenant, soaked to the skin, smiled at each other happily.

"About your being engaged," he said suddenly.

"Let's skip it." She began unreefing the sail.

Under way, skimming swiftly before the wind, he said, "My leave's up Thursday."

"Oh, *no!*" Her protest was involuntary, and she bit her lip and flushed. "I mean—"

PHYLLIS DUGANNE

is known chiefly for her many short stories which appear in popular magazines. Brought up by the Irwins—Inez Haynes and Will—in a literary atmosphere, she turned naturally to writing at an early age. She has one daughter named Jane.

"Just what *do* you mean?" he demanded.

Her chin went up resentfully at his tone. "I mean—it's been nice seeing you," she retorted. "'Roll, Navy, down the field—'"

He shrugged. "I know a song, too." His singing voice startled her, rich and sure, and for a second she smiled before the import of the words reached her: "'Oh, an old man, he is old . . . and an old man, he is gray . . . but a young man's heart is full of love—'"

Her voice was quiet, controlled, as she said, "George is only thirty-six, Bill."

He laughed shortly. "And you're the girl who didn't want to head for shore!"

"We have to head for shore some time," she said.

"Not me," he denied.

"You're a sailor," she reminded him. "Your home is a submarine."

"Have it your own way."

They did not speak as they brought the boat to her mooring, and wearily crossed Buffam's Lane to Anne's gate.

She looked at him soberly. "Listen, Bill. I don't want to see you tomorrow—or Thursday. Maybe I don't ever want to see you again." Her voice caught. "Now kiss me."

BILL LARKIN had been gone for three days; he had departed unexpectedly, before his leave was up. He had paid a farewell visit to Mrs. Buffam, but Anne had not even known about it. And George was still in Boston.

Anne was inside the house, doing what her grandmother described as mooning, when the old lady called her.

"Look!" she said, pointing out to sea.

"Oh—lovely!" Anne exclaimed, and they stood together watching a schooner round the rocky point into the harbor. Black-hulled, her sails swelling in the wind, she came about.

"I'll get the telescope," said Anne. She brought it out and adjusted the lens expertly. "She's a beauty, grandmother! Want to look?"

Sarah Buffam peered through the glass. "Slicked-up Gloucester fisherman," she stated. "You could go anywhere in her." She gave over the glass to her granddaughter.

"I can't make out her name, with the sun," Anne said. Suddenly her body tensed. "Grandmother! George is aboard her!"

Mrs. Buffam sat down. "Bribery!" she said. "That's what it is! Well, if you marry *him*, you can ship her out to Indiana and raise petunias in her."

BUT George had not bought the Atalanta—not yet, he told them later, when he appeared at the house. He had chartered her, captain and crew, for a month, with an option to buy. Buying her would depend, he added smilingly, on a lot of things. He thought they might try her out, cruise southward along the coast for a couple of weeks.

"Oh, grandmother!" Anne breathed ecstatically. "May I?"

The old lady looked at her for an instant without speaking. "Don't know's I'd mind a bit of a voyage," she said, and Anne hugged her.

George brought the captain, a huge Scandinavian with tow hair and icy blue eyes, to call on them. He knit his thick blond brows at Mrs. Buffam several times, and suddenly roared with Gargantuan laughter.

"You been to sea, I think, grandma?" he inquired.

"Three times round the Horn," she answered smartly.

George listened complacently while Captain Olsen and Mrs. Buffam and Anne talked together.

"Why can't we stop over at different New England towns?" he suggested. "I'd like to see Gloucester and Plymouth Rock and Cape Cod—"

Anne's gaze, moving carelessly, riveted upon her grandmother. For an instant a light of sheer deviltry gleamed from Mrs. Buffam's blue eyes, and the smile which she turned upon George was unfathomable.

"That's a good idea, George," she declared approvingly. "Matter o' fact, read in the paper only yesterday that the Historical Society is having a meetin' there next week, and I'd like real well to go to it. I've got a lot of old friends in Provincetown."

George smiled. Should he, he suggested, wire ahead for hotel accommodations? There was an instant's silence, in which Captain Olsen and Mrs. Buffam exchanged the first of many glances wherein her right eyelid and the captain's left quivered.

"We'll sleep on board, darling," Anne told him gently. And he laughed and said, "Of course. How stupid of me! I have a lot to learn."

He wanted to learn, and in the days before they sailed, he applied himself diligently. Before they set out, the beautiful braided yachtsman's cap he had bought in Boston had absorbed enough moisture to look almost salty, and his vocabulary sprouted nautical terms and phrases like weeds.

Sarah Buffam approved of the Atalanta, from the keel up. “Real shipshape,” she said, when the captain took her on a tour of inspection. Her eyes were bright with admiration at the gleaming white paint and polished brass, the red curtains at the portholes of the main cabin. The galley delighted her. “No nonsense here,” she stated. “Somebody was right smart.”

ANNE was in an ecstasy, and George followed her about, beaming as proudly as though he had built the schooner with his own hands. He was not crude enough to ask her how she would like the Atalanta for a wedding present, but he did not have to say it. The ship was hers for the asking, and no rajah's jewels could have tempted her more. Her imagination went rioting on cruises. In her mind she sailed through the Panama Canal, put in at Cocos Island and San Juan Fernandez and Guam. There was a naval station, she recalled suddenly, at Guam, and she reminded herself, quite irrelevantly of course, that navy wives don't get much sailing. . . .

They had planned a two-week cruise, putting in at Provincetown on the sixth day, and staying over. Morning after morning the sun rose over calm waters, climbed upward into brilliant cloudless skies.

A fresh breeze sent them skimming into Plymouth harbor at sunset of the fifth day. Captain Olsen was at the wheel, and George stood by, watching him silently.

“I could have brought her in,” he told Anne later.

“Of course you could have,” she agreed stanchly. “You're getting to be a real sailor, George.”

They anchored for the night, and the Atalanta rode on a gentle swell under a sky loaded with stars. Mrs. Buffam stayed aboard the next morning, while Anne and George went sight-seeing. She and the captain were in high humor when they returned.

“Off for Provincetown!” she declared exuberantly, and her granddaughter looked at her suspiciously.

“Any one would think you had a beau there,” she accused her.

“Maybe I have,” said Sarah Buffam, chuckling.

The sun was still high when the sandy bluffs of Cape Cod rose above the water, pale gold and shimmering in the light. “There's Wood End,” Mrs. Buffam said, standing beside the captain at the wheel, her eyes bright and expectant. The bay outside Provincetown harbor was spotted with boats, green-hulled fishermen, white power dories, a speedboat, its brown varnish gleaming like a June bug. A navy seaplane swooped low overhead, and the whistle of the Boston steamer, moored at her pier, sounded piercingly from shore.

Inside Long Point, the harbor was crowded with miscellaneous craft. A dozen small sloops raced a triangular course. A dark ketch with faded raspberry sails was just getting under way, and a training ship, square-rigged, like a ghost from the past, was riding at anchor.

“Battleship,” commented George, and sniffed. Anne's heart jumped as she saw a cruiser, long and lean and gray, with white-middied sailors moving about on her deck. “‘Roll, Navy, down the field,’” she hummed silently, and then bit her lip an instant later because, aloud, she was humming a quite different tune: “‘Oh, an old man, he is old.’” . . . A white coastguard cutter moved swiftly across the harbor traffic, and a smaller navy boat which Anne did not recognize was anchored just beyond the point, a red signal flag fluttering from the yardarm.

George spoke decisively: “I'll take over now, Olsen.”

Anne winced. In spite of all her tactful efforts, George persisted in treating the captain like an upper servant.

Captain Olsen's hands did not stir from the wheel of the Atalanta. “The harbor's pretty crowded,” he said mildly. “Maybe it's better for me to take her in.”

George's face was ugly. “I said I'd take over!”

“Darling,” Anne interposed softly, “don't you think—”

“I chartered this boat, Olsen, and you with it,” George was saying. “You take your orders from me—not me from you.”

Mrs. Buffam's face looked like an old Buddha's, wise and inscrutable.

“Very well,” the captain said, his voice like ice. He gave over the wheel and walked, softly and stiffly, like an offended cat, toward the bow.

Anne was looking at George as though she had never seen him before.

YOU know that I can take her in,” he said, surveying the water ahead confidently. “Don't see why we shouldn't come about now!” He barked orders to the two hands.

“George!” Anne ordered suddenly, peremptorily, “Keep well away from those buoys!”

The Atalanta had come about beautifully and was sweeping forward, her sails filled, toward what any reasonably nautical-minded person should recognize as a marked sea lane, a strip of deep water paralleling the shore, clearly defined by a line of floating buoys.

“What boys?” George demanded irritably. “Can't you leave this to me, Anne?”

She caught his arm angrily. “It's a submarine lane!” she shouted at him, and her heart missed a beat and she looked over George's head at her grandmother, smiling to herself. So that was why Mrs. Buffam had been so anxious to come to Provincetown!

George said, “Let go of my arm, Anne,” coldly. And suddenly Captain Olsen was between them.

The captain's face was still white with anger; his long arms reached out and lifted George Miller clear off his feet, and set him down with a thump on the other side of the deck. The captain was roaring orders to the crew, and once again the schooner, responsive and swift, came about and glided back into safe water.

Anne began to giggle, and George glared at her.

“Really, Anne—” protested her grandmother, her own eyes glittering.

“*Look!*” commanded Captain Olsen, in a thunderous voice.

Beyond the markers the blue water was boiling. As they stared, the bright steel shaft of a periscope thrust upward, and the long, dark bulk of the submarine emerged, dripping, to the surface.

Anne's face had gone white. If the Atalanta had been there . . . if Captain Olsen had not intervened . . . In her imagination, she could hear the splintering and rending which would have followed; could almost see the steel column upthrust through the planks of the schooner. She wheeled about and looked at George Miller passionately.

“You see?” she demanded, her voice shaking. “You see what you almost did? A man like you shouldn't be trusted with a boat like this!”

“Anne!” he said incredulously.

“I mean it!” she said. “It would have been murder.”

MRS. BUFFAM was looking at Captain Olsen.

George said, “Anne?” again, this time as though he were asking a question.

Color was returning to Anne's cheeks. She looked at George and shrugged her shoulders slightly. “I'm sorry,” she told him in a flat, unemotional voice, “but that's the way it is, George.” Her eyes swept past him to the water. The submarine's hatches were being flung open, and young white-uniformed officers appeared on the deck, lighting cigarettes.

“Anne,” said George, a third time, and now it was not even a question—nor did she hear it.

She was looking at the Bonita.

“Ahoy, there, Lieutenant Larkin!” Mrs. Buffam called in her thin clear voice, and Anne moved forward, away from George, and took her grandmother's hand.

“Hello there!” Bill Larkin's voice floated across the water, and he stood, grinning. “Going ashore?”

Anne was crushing her grandmother's fingers, but the old lady did not flinch. She was smiling almost as broadly as the lieutenant.

“You bet!” Anne called gaily.

Navy wives seldom own yachts, she reflected again, but they usually managed to see some of the world. . . .

THE END

FLYING TO KILL

The Story of BISHOP, *the White Knight of Canada*

Now, flirting with death, a great fighter nears the climax of his adventures

BY ALAN HYND

ILLUSTRATED BY JO KOTULA

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

A brief holiday in England had slackened Bishop's nerves. On June 5, 1917, he tuned them up again most gloriously by flying alone deep into German territory, riddling an airdrome, and downing three planes from it. Later in the month all 60 Squadron became aware of a systematic effort by the enemy to get his blue-nosed Nieuport. His second and final duel with von Richthofen began—but this time the Red Knight turned tail.

In July, Bishop, up alone on his day off, had a moment of carelessness as he made for three oncoming German planes. He suddenly found them diving on him as, too late, he climbed. Involuntarily he ducked his head.

PART FOUR—THE GOERING GANG

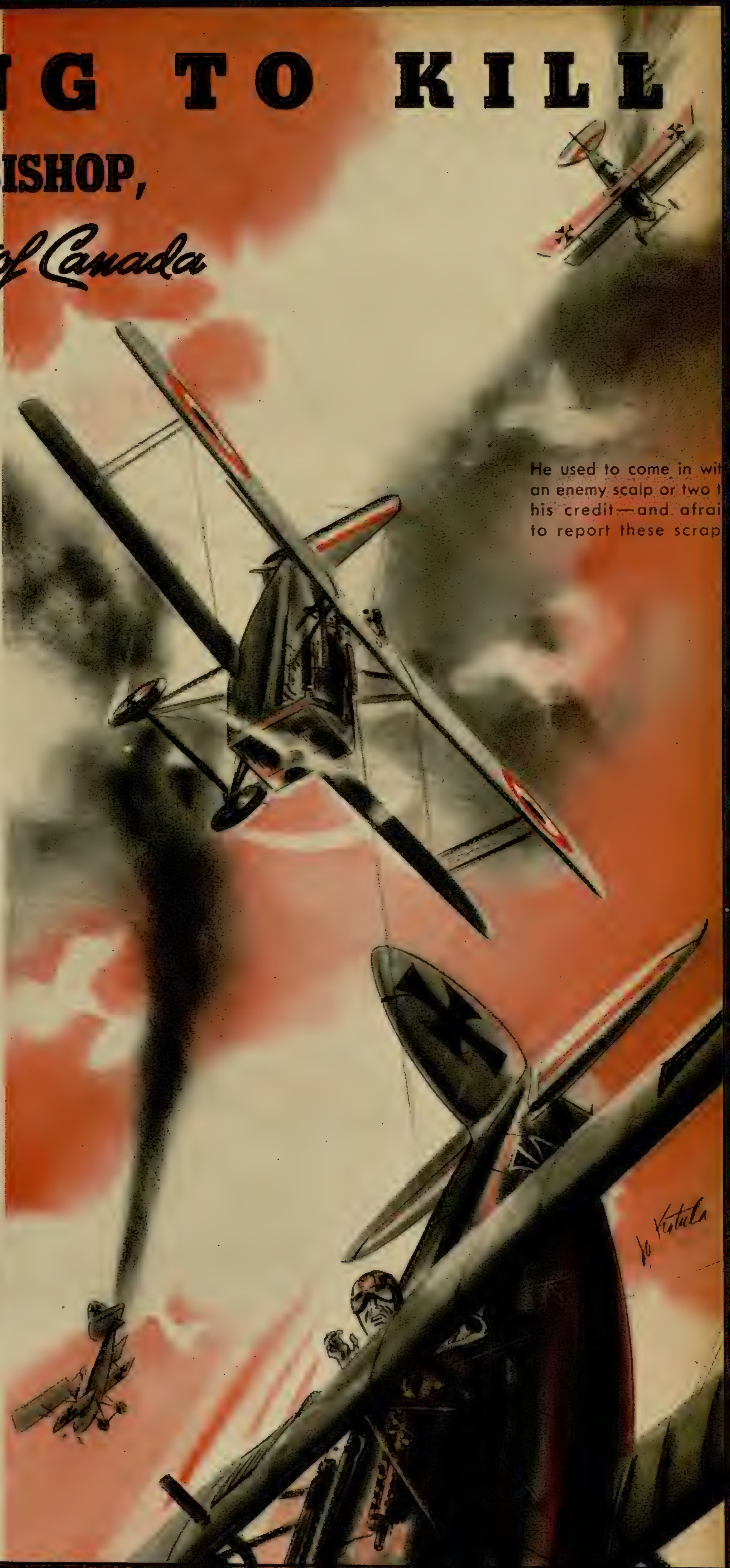
THE bullets from the three German planes whined through the Blue Nose and the rear of the cockpit was riddled. The fact that Bishop had ducked his head when he did saved his life. Then, too, something like a miracle had happened. While the Blue Nose was riddled, it had apparently been struck in no vital spot, for the motor was still functioning perfectly. The Germans had been so overjoyed at this chance to down the Canadian that their marksmanship had suffered!

Bishop looked over his shoulder. The three "Huns" were going into turns again, and they were above him, giving them continued advantage. There was no question about it; they had Bishop now. They had muffed one chance; it was hardly likely they would miss a second time.

Bishop's mind worked faster than it is possible to relate. From a flashing stream of consciousness came vital thoughts. The Germans knew who he was, from that blue nose on his silver ship. They knew his reputation for causing trouble, battling against overwhelming odds, and they would expect him to fight.

He could make just one move:

(Continued on page 32)



He used to come in wit
an enemy scalp or two t
his credit—and afrai
to report these scrap

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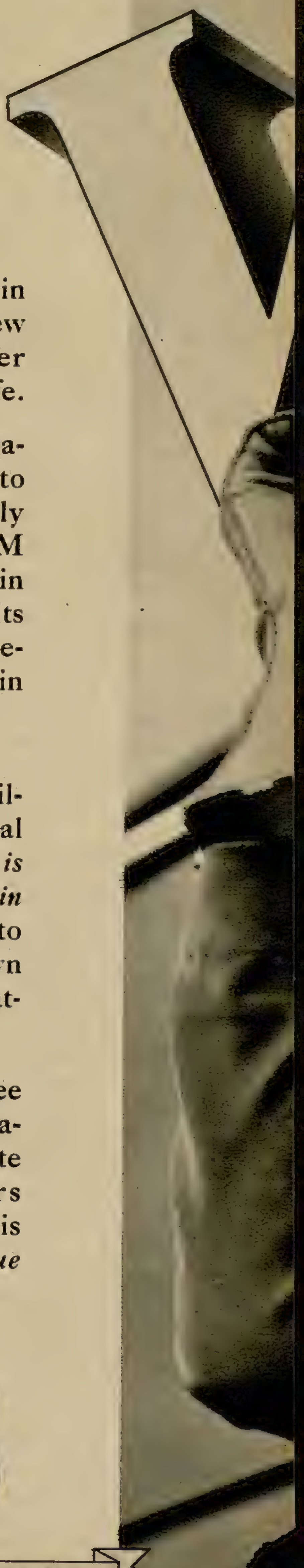

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Look at the 1940 cars offered by General Motors dealers and you will find in every detail of engineering and appointment plain evidence of their outstanding *value*.

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So examine the new General Motors cars. Then study the price tags.

In this way you can see for yourself what your money buys and the abundant measure of *value* in General Motors cars.

(Continued from page 29)

borrow a trick from their bag and go into a spin—something he had never before deliberately done.

He had been so intent on creeping up under the trio that he had not looked at what was below him. He glanced down now, and saw something made to order for him. A huge bank of clouds directly below and not a thousand feet away.

The Germans were on the way back after him now. He laughed. His luck was still holding. He kicked the rudder and went into a swirling nose dive, apparently out of control. Straight down he went, and presently everything around him was blotted out. He was right in the cloud bank. He couldn't pull himself out of the spin there. There was no way of knowing how far down the vapor extended. It might go so close to the ground that leveling off would be out of the question when he got below the ceiling.

Well, you only die once. Better to die voluntarily crashing than have the enemy send you down in flames. And he'd had his fun. The hunting had been great while the season was open. Too bad, though, that he had to go now, when he was still below Ball's record of 43. His hero, dark and brooding, would be looking down from Valhalla and would be disappointed.

But the departed Captain Ball must have grinned grimly. For Billy Bishop, his star pupil, popped through the ceiling with more than three thousand feet to spare! Fortune, and his wings, stood by him once again. He somehow leveled off. The three Germans were nowhere in sight. They had apparently taken it for granted that they had got him when they saw the Blue Nose go into that spin.

Bishop laughed all the way home. But when he got back he had words of advice for all to hear:

"Don't ever get careless. I just did, out there—and I'm a lucky fool to be back telling about it."

SUPERIORITY in the air had seesawed back and forth between the Allies and the Germans. First England had it. Then Germany. Then England again. And now the Germans, with their improved Albatroses and Gothas, had the edge once more.

But in July, 1917, the Royal Flying Corps got a shipment of the new S. E. 5s. There were two machine guns which operated from a single lever on these, instead of just the one that the Nieuports had. The boys in 60 Squadron soon learned, too, that the manufacturer's claim that these ships would do twenty-five miles an hour more than the Nieuports wasn't an exaggeration. Measured miles behind the lines established that.

Bishop began to worry. Rumors about him started circulating among the flyers. They'd be in little knots, whispering, when he'd bounce into H.Q. and suddenly the talk would cease. He couldn't find out what it was all about.

Then a friend told him: "You'll be going back to be decorated. And there's a lot of talk about you not coming back here."

"What!" This was the worst news Billy Bishop could have heard—this ominous word that they were going to take him out of the air. He knew the implication all too well. An executive post, probably as a major. A lot of high-sounding words from the War Office about his being an inspiration to fledgling flyers, and how he was too valuable a man to risk in the air. A lot of medals and braid and formality. No more pulling your coat over loud pajamas and going up for a "Hun" or two before breakfast. No more hunting up there in the gray and the blue. No more close calls that gave you a bang no hunter had ever known, except these others who stalked the biggest of all game.

Yes, Billy Bishop was in the strange position of losing the job he loved best for the simple reason that he was too good at it. Well, there was one consolation. Maybe it would take some time for the official routine to grind him out of the front and into Buckingham Palace for an investiture by the King, and there was always his day off. He could do as he pleased then. After all, this was his own life.

HE won't admit it today, but those who knew him at the time will tell you that when he got that fast ship, he used to slip away on his day off, and come in late for morning mess with an enemy scalp or two to his credit — and afraid to report the scraps for fear they'd clamp down on him tighter than ever. The C. O. wasn't sending him up so much now, except when there was a particularly important job to do; and that, to the boy from Owen Sound, Ontario, was the handwriting on the wall.

He had his new S. E. painted red, white, and blue. The Germans were quick to spot it, aided no doubt by the fact that Bishop himself angrily dropped a note over their lines, one day, advising them of a change in ships and describing his new one! It was the same old story. Try as he did to pick a man-to-man fight, nobody would fight him.

After all, the German airmen weren't to be blamed, in a way. Would *you* fight Joe Louis?

The enemy were laying elaborate traps for the White Knight toward the end of July. The result was, he got himself into an eighteen-carat jam one morning before breakfast. That was one of his favorite times to go out after the braver of the early birds; and by this time he had brought down so many observation machines that he had lost count. One fine morning, when the clouds were big and thick and he was sailing along looking for game, he saw, under a cloud bank, a big juicy two-seater.

Brave but not foolish, Bishop suspected a trap, particularly when, as he spurted after the German, the ship gave no evidence of wanting to mix it, but sped on to the far or east side of the cloud and well below the bottom of the bank. Bishop knew right then that some Head Hunters were playing around on that side of it and had sent the loner to decoy him in their direction.

Just for the hell of it, he decided to take a peek. His strategy was all planned. When he saw the boys out in the clear on the far side, he would turn and go up into the cloud, flying westward, before they would have a chance to come down on him.

Well, they were there all right—Hermann Goering and some of his pals. So Bishop made a hairpin turn and shot up into the bank, heading away from them. He came out on the topside of it, well above and to the west of the Goering gang—only to meet with one of the major surprises of his flying days. The Germans had anticipated his maneuver, and others of the Flying Circus boys, whom he hadn't been able to see until now, had been lurking *above* the cloud. And now they were ready to chop him up into little pieces.

BUT, instead, it was their turn for a surprise. He dived right back into the white fluff and came out of the bottom, on the homeward side. His quick reaction had so taken the enemy aback that they had apparently just stayed up there, too stunned to do anything.

Eventually, when they saw him streaking for home, they went after him. Here's where the fleetness of the new S. E. came in. He left them far behind and got back from one of the Germans' most elaborate traps for him without so much as a single bullet hole in his ship.

The Flying Fish appeared about this time. Bishop never did find out who this fellow was. He operated in conjunction with several enemy squadrons, usually playing a decoy role. He was called the Fish because, one day when Bishop got a good look at him, he saw that his ship had a finish of silver scales. This was by all odds the most unusual paint job ever done behind the German lines, and it wrought no end of confusion among the R. F. C. boys, because the Fish at a distance looked like one of their comrades.

One day Captain Bishop thought he had caught the Fish with his fins down. The Canadian had been all around a near-by cloud bank and had seen no sign of any other ships. When he went after the scaled fellow, several enemy ships bobbed out of nowhere. Bishop still doesn't know where they came from. Certainly a formation wouldn't have gone inside a cloud where the chances of crashing would have been manifold.

This time the enemy formed a fire-belching wall between Bishop and his own lines. Bad business, that. There was but one thing he could do—surprise them. They would expect him to try to get through, and there they were, every one of them above him. A sixty-mile gale was blowing against him. He figured he could show them some speed with this new crate of his if he were traveling with instead of against that gale.

So he turned and sped toward Germany! The gale and the S. E. fell in love, and Bishop has never traveled faster in his life. He put more and more distance between himself and the pursuing slower Albatroses. Eventually he lost them altogether. But by this time he was thirty miles inside the German lines, and dusk was coming on. The gale would work against him on the way back.

He climbed up to more than three miles, fearing that he would run into other German squadrons. But gradually a soothing darkness enveloped him, and he flew by his instruments. It took him more than an hour to get back, and when he did he dropped flares and they had to flood the airdrome for him to land.

It was in August that Captain Bishop received the bad news. He was instructed to leave the front and proceed to London, where further instructions would be given him. There were sad farewells. Something told him he wouldn't be back. Up on the H.Q. blackboard, alongside of the name W. A. Bishop, there was the astounding figure 47. That represented four more planes than had been sent swirling, crashing to destruction by the brooding Captain Ball.

THE slim blond young man from Ontario was becoming a living legend. He called back over his shoulder, as he walked out to the car that was to take him on the first leg of his journey to London, "I'll be back. They can't do this to me!"

And—this prospect presaged his worst scare of the entire wartime—he was going to Buckingham Palace to stand before King George to receive three medals at once: the Victoria Cross, highest decoration for valor within the gift of the monarch; the Distinguished Service Order; and the Military Cross. The Victoria Cross was for that little early-morning affair when he had riddled the German airdrome.

Much against his hidden inclinations, Bishop attended a dinner in his honor the night he arrived in London. A big dance followed. The modest twenty-three-year-old from Owen Sound was desperately unhappy, and he said so in a letter written after the dance to his fiancée, Margaret Burden of Toronto. "I should be in the air, Margaret," he wrote, "not on the ground. I'm afraid they're going to make me a major. A friend told me."

What sudden thirst for vengeance was to prove too strong for "them" and their solicitude, and to swirl him back into the air over the fighting lines? Under what infuriating inspiration was he to down twenty-five enemy planes in ten days? Don't miss the grand finale of the White Knight's story in Liberty next week!

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THERE'S REJUVENATION

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

"YOU want a good story?"

"Maybe."

"I mean a real good story. An important story. Maybe the biggest story there is to tell. You want it?"

He was a white-haired little man with startling dark eyes. He was bare from the waist up, tanned almost black, and awash with perspiration. He carried his shirt in his right hand, his cap in the other.

It was midmorning on a highway in upper New York. The sun was blazing hot. This little man had been trudging along since dawn. I had overtaken him in a taxi, which was now trailing about twenty yards behind us. I intended to walk only a mile or two with these people, the Macfadden hikers. I thought I might get a story out of some of them. Here was one offered me a moment after I had introduced myself.

"If it's a good story," I said, "sure I want it."

The main body of the hikers was ahead of us. They were singing as they marched. The old man and I slowed our steps, that he might talk and I might hear.

"I don't know whether you can use this story or not," he said. "Some mayn't understand it, unless you write it clever. Can you write clever?"

"What's the yarn?" I asked.

"To look at me," he said, "you wouldn't think I was seventy years old, would you?"

"Yes," I said. "You look like seventy. But you walk like sixty."

"Oh, I see. Jokes. I'm serious, and I want to talk to you on a most serious subject. You've read, of course, a lot of the stuff that's been written about rejuvenation, monkey glands, the Steinach operation, things like that. Walking's got them all beat!

"Take me for an example. I'm an old man, as you see; but I can keep going all day long with the best of those kids up front. But that isn't the point. The point is that I'm starting life over in my old age. Don't go blabbing it around, because I don't want to be kidded. But I'm a young father. Yes, sir. At the age of seventy I have a son three years old and a daughter eighteen months. Just two, so far."

"So far?" I said.

"So far," he repeated. "We're expecting another one in a couple of months. See what I'm talking about? Walking is responsible for those children. It's responsible for everything. It rejuvenated me in every way. A few years ago I was pretty much of a wreck. I was living with my son-in-law — that's my oldest daughter's husband—and his family. I just used to sit around the house and read the papers. No git-up-and-git to me at all. Just lazying away my life. I guess I got kind of ashamed of myself, being such a lot of trouble. Anyway, one day I went out and took a long walk and thought things out.

"Trouble with me is, I says, I've let go of things. Got my family all raised. Got no responsibilities. Got no worries. Got no strength, no pep. I'm all used up. Then I says to myself, I says, Nonsense! Life's what a man makes it, I says. And I've been laying down on the job.

"Well, sir, I felt so good after that walk, and all that kind of new thinking, that I began to take long walks every day. And now look at me! I'm married again. I got children years younger than my grandchildren. Shucks, the baby's younger than my great-grandson. Can you beat that?"

A dark cloud came sailing over a hill. My companion put on his cap. "Looks like rain," he said.

"Better put on your shirt."

"And get it all wet? No, sir! Besides, a little rain's good for a man. Like taking a shower bath. Well, what do you think? Is that a good story?"

"Let me get it straight. You say that walking built up your body, made a new man of you, enabled you to raise a second family. Nothing but walking?"

"Just plain everyday walking. No medicines. No transplantation of glands. No operation of any kind. Just walking. It not only built up my body, mister, but it built up my mind as well, and what we call the soul, for want of a better name. It gave me a new enthusiasm, a new outlook on life, a new zest. Look! A few years ago I says to myself, I says, I'm through. All done. Washed up. An old has-been. Not now. What made that change in me? Nothing but walking! Why, say—if anybody'd told me, some years ago, that I could become a father again, I'd 'a' called him a liar. But there it is."

"And the children? Are they healthy?"

"Healthy as prize pigs. Why, that kid of mine, he's only three, but you should see him run and jump. A little devil he is. And the baby? Never sick a day in her life. Weighs twenty-eight pounds. Never cries—except, of course, when she's hungry. And then you can hear her a mile away. Lungs? Oh, my gosh, what lungs!"

The rain began to spatter. I signaled my taxi.

"You see the story now? Go on and write it. Let's put this country on its feet, for the sake of the next generation. Let's get every man, woman, and child in this country to go walking every day."

"Swell," I said. "What's your name?"

"No, no. I didn't bargain for that. I'm not going to have every Tom, Dick, and Harry calling me Pop. You can print the story without my name, or you don't have to print it at all."

I related this conversation to Bernarr Macfadden, who had marched twenty-eight miles that day at the head of the hikers.

"It's a good story," he said, "but not unusual. There really is a magic in walking that transforms old dotards into strong, determined men. Walking affects the entire body, the emotional nature as well as the physical. I've written a number of articles along these lines, as you know. I've been convinced for years that all this monkey-gland business is a lot of almost criminal poppycock. I know that walking is more beneficial for physical, mental, and sexual health than anything medical science can contrive. I've proved it in my own life. This man's story is additional proof, that's all."

"But possibly this fellow and you yourself," I said, "are extraordinary men. Maybe walking wouldn't help everybody. Maybe it would help only a few."

Mr. Macfadden shook his head. "Walking is a natural tonic. It's good for everybody with two legs, except invalids and paralytics. It tones up everybody's system—the body, the mind, and the emotions. It gives a person an enjoyment of life he cannot possibly find without walking. And as for love—take most any cold and unfeeling woman, make her walk every day, and in time you'll change her into a normal, passionate, loving woman.

"Walking has just as beneficial an effect on emotions as it has on health. No two people can know such bliss as a couple of walkers properly mated. And their children will be model children.

"Let's prove it. We'll send a letter to each one of these hikers, asking them if this particular hike has had an effect on their emotional nature. We'll tabulate their replies."

There were eighty or ninety men and women in that hike—from Philadelphia to Dansville, New York, a distance of about three hundred miles. Some of them joined the second group, which marched from Dansville to the New York World's Fair.

Only thirty-five have replied to Mr. Macfadden's letter. Of these, seventeen, or close to fifty per cent, declared the hike had a definite effect on their emotional nature. Five said there had been no change. Thirteen refused to answer the question, or evaded it. Of the five who were "negative," one said, "There was no noticeable change"; another said, "No change was necessary"; and a third, "That aspect of my health needed no reinvigoration." It was

N WALKING *by* ROBERT WAKE

evident that those who failed to answer the question, failed because of embarrassment or through ignorance of its meaning.

Here's one of those classified as "failing to answer":

"Last June I was in a very bad state. My nerves were shot and my vitality and virility were both at a very low ebb. I picked up Physical Culture Magazine and decided to do some of the exercises it recommended. Especially walking. I walked every Sunday and most every Wednesday afternoon. Then I took the hike. Now I am a better man than I have been in ten years."

"Your question," a woman writes, "is rather difficult for an old maid to answer. I believe the hike did result in intensifying the reactions of emotion experiences. As to stronger sexual feeling, I'm uncertain. Suffice it to say, I must be more attractive or picked up some 'it' along with the strawberries edging the highways, for I've had a proposal from a man I visited with only a few hours, and confessions of love from two others since. Truly remarkable in my case, I'd say, after attaining the age of thirty-three *sans* romance. I've shelved my rouge pot and still receive compliments on my lovely skin."

A Massachusetts hiker writes, "I actually did feel emotionally deeper and keener after the hike. I can say truthfully that walking provides a wonderful outlet for accumulated energy of a sexual nature for me, a healthy man of twenty-five, unmarried, trying to live a clean continent life."

And this from a Michigan peach: "I can't, as yet, say much about the emotional set-up. I don't think Mr. Macfadden would expect a 'match' so soon. Har!"

And this from a middle-aged man: "I was not in the very best of physical condition when I first started on these hikes five years ago. But today life is real and earnest and every minute is precious. My sex or love life is deeper and more satisfying. Every emotional experience is enjoyed to the fullest extent."

Before the letters had been sent out I questioned a woman hiker, one of the first to reach Dansville. "I'll write you about it," she promised. Her letter follows, in part:

"The question you asked me is really tremendously interesting, and is very important. There are a great many budding romances on these hikes. I got a great kick out of seeing them hold hands. The period between forty and forty-five is a very difficult one for the average woman. There are so many divorces then. It is a pity that so many women become frigid at this time. If they'd only get out and walk!

"A hike such as ours is simply grand to build back manhood and womanhood. My outdoor life takes up a great deal of my time. I use it as a safety valve for desires that will come bobbing up. And I use it to keep my body beautiful and strong. After all, our bodies are our temples; and the Bible says 'Keep thy temple beautiful.'"

While I was at Dansville I ran across the story of a man we will call Brown. Mr. Brown was not one of the hikers. He was a patient at the Physical Culture Hotel.

"I've never been sick a day in my life," he declared. "There's something worse the matter with me. I'm impotent.

"I'm sixty-eight. But look at me. I'm a pretty strong man. I've always been strong and healthy. I still play a lot of tennis, and a lot of handball too. I play with men whose average age is just about half of mine, and I can hold my own with them. But I'm impotent."

Mr. Brown spent fifteen weeks at the Physical Culture Hotel. He was given a special vitalizing diet. Various regenerating exercises were prescribed for him, adapted to his personal needs. And he was required by the doctors to take long walks every day—ten to fourteen miles. He took sun baths and, twice daily, a hot and cold shower.

Recently Mr. Macfadden showed me a letter he had received from Mr. Brown. "I find, much to my joy," it reads in part, "that there has been some improvement in my condition. I am confident that further improvement will be obtained by continuing at home the diet and special exercises prescribed for me at Dansville."

"Walking," Mr. Macfadden said, "will do wonders. There's magic in it, to be sure."

THE END

An inspiring true story of hitting a joyous trail back to the Fountain of Youth

I Spy!

BY DORA MACY

Author of Public Sweetheart Number One, Riding High, etc.

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

HESTER DILLON, the young daughter of a military attaché in an American embassy in middle Europe, finds herself, upon the death of her father, in the thick of international diplomatic intrigue. His secretary, Arthur Forsythe, slips her a fountain pen just before he is arrested on a trumped-up charge, whispering that she must guard it with her life!

Attempts are made to get it away from her, Cyrus Potter, a chargé d'affaires, offering her an umbrella with a secret compartment in which to hide it; while Henri Croillard, the mysterious head of a peace organization working underground, finally succeeds in filching the "contents" of the pen.

The girl is terribly distressed, for she is torn between the two men—loving Arthur, fascinated by Henri—trying to search her heart and serve both men at the same time. Almost without conscious consent she becomes a spy, though she consoles herself it is to serve the United States.

Leaving Europe for America with the Baroness de Laume, the first person she meets on landing is Arthur Forsythe, supposedly in jail on the other side! He pledges her to secrecy. Hester takes her post in Washington, D. C., and quickly draws conclusions that two of the baroness' guests at a party, Major Dort and Bobo, a dancer, are in collusion, and that American armament secrets are leaking out through that channel.

Through Bobo's brother, an artist, and the Baroness de Laume, the girl contrives to go with them to Bobo's house during the dancer's absence. And she comes upon messages in code. But her triumph is short-lived. The baroness and Bobo's brother have left the house, but as Hester is descending the stairs, Bobo's bodyguard confronts her with a gun and snarls that she is an intruder!

PART SIX—AN ENEMY UNMASKED

I AM not an intruder," I said. "I was invited here."

"That's your story!" the man snapped. But at that moment we heard a car drive up. I almost collapsed.

Gummy went to the door and opened it. I was staring to see what next I would have to face, and I couldn't control a cry as I recognized—Arthur Forsythe!

He strode into the foyer. He threw me a look and turned back to Gummy, who still had his gun.

"You damn fool," Arthur said. "She's one of us."

Gummy's hand dropped. His face sagged almost comically.

"How was I to know?" he grunted. "I found that the butler had taken . . ."

"Never mind the explanations," Arthur said impatiently. "I'll call you when I want you."

Gummy shrugged. He cast me a bitter look and shuffled out.

"Oh, Arthur!" I said weakly.

"Not that name!" he warned in a low tone.

I swallowed hard. Where was my wit? I pulled myself to my feet.

"Get into your things and get going," he ordered. "You promised me you would keep out of this work. Now you can see what a bungler you are. Go back to Maine where you belong and hook rugs with grandma."

I walked over angrily and got my coat and hat. He strode forward and opened the front door for me.

"The baroness is waiting for you," he said crisply.

And as I passed him, I stopped and impulsively reached up and kissed him. Then I dashed out and hurried down the long driveway, blinking back the tears. Irene was in her car, just beyond the gate. She attributed my tears to the insult I had suffered of being turned out of the place.

"The big bully walked in there and just ordered us out," she laughed giddily. "It was delicious. I have never been thrown out of the home of a strip-tease artist before. It was an experience."

On and on she gabbled, while the brother sulked, and I tried to think my way clear. No use my reporting to Henri what I had found. Did he often have more than one person working on the same case? Or had I taken so long that Arthur had recently been assigned to it?

I waited with growing impatience to hear from Arthur, but not one word came. But I did meet Alec Dodson, my British co-worker. He seemed disturbed, as every one was. Because that day the German troops began to reoccupy the demilitarized Rhineland. I told him that I had successfully tracked down my case only to find that another and better worker was on it.

"That's very rare," he frowned. "But it was becoming a pressing matter. If I were you I would report it direct to Henri just the same."

Regardless of what he said, I had made up my mind not to report direct. Arthur was right. I should stay out of it.

Irene decided rather suddenly that New York for a spell would be fun. So I went up with her the next day, and to start me out, she personally took me to her pet shops and turned me over to the best designers and importers in town. I spent the rest of the morning shopping and all that afternoon in a beauty shop. I joined the baroness at the St. Regis for dinner and exulted in the beaming approval she gave me.

I think I was just about to rise and

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES BRYSON

Eric's attentions to me at first were nonimportant. He loved to irritate Otto, and Otto knew it.

go on the dance floor for the first time when I saw Henri! I knew instantly that it was he, though Irene didn't notice him. He seemed much heavier, his hair was darkened, his eyes were almost lashless, and he held his head tucked in so there was a slight but pronounced double chin. His clothes were ready-made American—not his usual Bond Street. I knew by the look he gave me that he didn't want me to recognize him publicly.

One morning I got a message through a delivery boy. I was to go to a certain house on a certain highway in Jersey late that evening.

I made up a story for the baroness. Henri was waiting for me. We went to an upstairs suite—shabby, stuffy, and greatly in need of a broom. It was the cheapest kind of roadhouse.

It wasn't strange when Henri closed the door that he held out his arms. It was as if it were what I had been secretly waiting for.

"I have been waiting for your report," he said at length. "Dodson told me you set to work."

I frowned. Hadn't Arthur reported to him? I took a slow breath, thinking fast.

"I did," I stammered. "I can give you the name of the major in the War Department who passes the information, and the name of the dancer who gets it."

"Really?" Henri's voice was smooth. "Why didn't you send word?"

I laughed nervously.

"Henri," I said, with a frantic inspiration, "where do you think I got all these lovely clothes?"

He looked at me sadly.

"I know perfectly well where you got your clothes and who paid for them," he said. "That was a bad lie well told."

I could feel myself flushing.

"You told Dodson you found another worker on the case," Henri said. "Your first and only error. You're to report to me direct always. Now sit down and tell me the details. You have done a magnificent job."

I told him everything, and enjoyed the recital. I told him right up to the point where I was trapped, and a man arrived who seemed to have authority.

"He dismissed the bodyguard and let me go. Naturally I thought he was a fellow worker."

"Or—traitor!"

"I never thought of that," I mumbled.

"Well! Can you describe him?" Henri asked.

"Of course," I lied quickly. "He was American. In his fifties. Glasses . . . very stout."

"None of the descriptions ever tally," Henri muttered. "That's why I came over. My group here needs cleaning out. I should have done it before."

He was pacing up and down.

"Have you any idea of the amount of money being spent in this country by foreign governments?" he inquired.

"But why," I asked gently, "does it concern you so much that you can drop all the work you have abroad?"

"I am not dropping it," he shrugged impatiently. "I came over here to organize more tightly. But the United States is the spoiled child among nations. It's so damnably good-natured and so easily amused that it's apt to find itself swindled of its birthright."

He filled the shabby room with a crusading spirit.

"I have learned certain plans abroad that have labor disturbances already under way. They intend to sabotage factories and mines—tie up the shipping here. Already alien groups have dug deep in this soil."

He swung around, one hand high as if on oath.

"But we will lick them one way or another. If the government can't, we can!"

"I want to help," I said quietly.

Whom to believe?—Mystery within mystery haunts a frightened girl in a dark maze of bewildering intrigue

"Yes, yes," he said, as if suddenly called back to my presence and problems. "That is what I came to discuss with you. I want you to go to school."

I frowned.

"A peculiar school," he said. "It's patterned after certain spy schools abroad. You've got to know everything they know, and more. It won't be easy, and I want you to go through the course as quickly as possible."

"I will," I promised. "I will."

"But, in the meantime, the most important thing is to establish your own life. Figure a simple way of living. Get a job of some sort, settle down simply."

I NODDED as he glanced at his watch. He put his hand on my head, smoothing my hair with a sort of lingering sadness.

"You have to go now. I'm to meet others here."

I stood up. As I turned to say goodby, his eyes held mine with fixed purpose.

"There isn't anything else you want to tell me, is there, Hester?"

"No," I said uncertainly. "What should I tell you?"

"You haven't by any chance heard from Arthur Forsythe, have you?"

"Why, yes." I frowned, and marveled at my ease. "I had a message from him right after my father's death—long before I saw you in England. But that message was a fake. Anyway, it all seems so long ago I didn't think I had to tell you about it."

He considered me attentively.

"You may hear from him, and if you do, let me know at once," he said.

"But how can I hear from him? What has happened, Henri? Something special, I know, from the way you're behaving."

"Until I'm certain," he said, "I can't tell you anything. It's so easy to misjudge in this game of ours."

"I wish I knew." I wet my lips nervously. "I—I was terribly fond of him, you know."

"I know," Henri nodded. "That's one thing I am afraid of for you, Hester. There's no room for love in this work. The work comes first."

"I didn't say I loved him," I half whispered.

"But you were in love with him—almost engaged to him?"

"Not really engaged. I was never sure. Tell me, Henri, please tell me if you have heard anything."

His face softened.

"There have been rumors that he escaped. I don't think I believe them. If you hear from him, let me know, will you?"

"Poor Arthur," I said, and turned away.

What was I to think? What was Arthur doing if he wasn't working with Henri—with the group? A traitor? I couldn't, wouldn't believe it. Until I knew from Arthur himself his whole story, I wouldn't judge him. But my own work was clear: I wanted to be allied with Henri.

The baroness, interested in the royal love story which was being whispered about, decided to go back to Europe. I explained that I wanted to settle down. With her influence, I landed a good connection with an expensive apparel shop, where my knowledge of languages and my social contacts, through the baroness, were valuable.

All that summer I lived in a little hotel apartment and went secretly to the classes Henri had assigned me. I saw him only twice before he left for Europe in midsummer, explaining that he would more or less commute thereafter. Our parting was fervent. I was convinced that he loved me. Yet in my heart I knew there were probably many loves in Henri's life.

I studied harder to ease my loneliness. Often I went to class where I didn't see my instructor, heard only the voice. Once in a great while, when we had to be shown the use of rather expensive equipment, there were a number of us sitting in a room in darkness, with the light focused only on the instruments, charts, or maps. We were taught every lock and how to open them, and given a complete set of master keys. I was also taught how to start a car without an ignition key, by contacting certain wires. We received detailed instruction on the use of chemicals and narcotics of all kinds, and the reactions to them.

I was used often, but in minor matters. Frequently I was a carrier. Several times my apartment was used as a letter box.

STRANGELY enough, I was elated the day I saw Irene off for Europe. That day I heard of the arrest and deportation of Bobo. It would be a matter of time before Major Dort and his superior officer would be court-martialed. But when I saw Henri that night he was puzzled and upset.

"The breaking of that case was none of our doing," he told me. "When I turned in the information, they already had it."

I was stunned — and relieved. Arthur wasn't a traitor; at least not to his country. Arthur had undoubtedly given that information and handled that case. But why hadn't he worked with Henri? That baffled me.

In October, the maritime strikes that Henri had foretold took place in San Francisco and spread to New York and the Eastern and Gulf ports. Our President went to Buenos Aires in the interest of the maintenance of peace, and Chiang Kai-shek was kidnaped in China to be held prisoner until Christmas Day.

On the day before Christmas I received, among others, two presents that counted: Flowers cabled from Europe with a message from Henri that he would be seeing me soon. A little later that afternoon a small package was delivered in which was an odd heavy ring that I had often seen Arthur wear in the old days.

Barely an hour after these gifts came, I received my first real assignment in code. I was to try to get, that night, certain papers which were believed to be in a safety box in a certain Y. W. C. A. It mentioned, with her alias, a girl who was a recognized radical of the Union Square group, and who was suspected of being in spy pay. I dressed fittingly, packed a proper bag, took my master keys, and hastened down to register at the Y.

I was fortunate throughout the entire assignment. I played the part of a rattlebrain and engaged a small box for my valuables. I went to it over and over again, either to put in something I forgot or to take out something I needed. I had the number of the suspected box, and by ten that evening had opened it and extracted the papers. These I put in the false handle of the umbrella Cyrus Potter had once given me.

I retired early. But I had only been able to get a room with three other beds. I barely slept all night.

AT dawn I got dressed. I took my umbrella and headed for church, saying I would come back for my suitcase later. I had an urgent need to feel close to God on Christmas, I suppose because I felt so dreadfully alone. In the very back pew, over in one dark corner, I know I prayed with a full heart.

But before the service was over, I was conscious of a man standing in the shadows slightly behind me. I glanced up and then peered sharply, realizing that it was Arthur Forsythe. I smiled at him. He entered my pew. We didn't speak through the rest of the service, but occasionally as we knelt forward, our hands clasped in a firm, encouraging grip.

We waited until almost every one else had left. We walked to one side of the big bleak vestibule. I pulled off my glove and showed him his ring on my finger.

"Darling," I whispered, "I am so grateful."

He stared at it broodingly, without smiling.

"Arthur darling, why haven't you been in touch with me?"

"Why haven't you done as I wanted, Hester? You're in the work now, head over heels." He turned and looked at me angrily. "All right, Hester, take the consequences!"

Swiftly Arthur took my arm. We went out into the harsh December sunlight and down a side street.

"Darling, darling," I heard myself murmuring, "can't you come up to my apartment? Can't you let me make you some breakfast?"

"Impossible." He took his hand from my arm and pulled down his hat. I realized that he wore an old gabardine raincoat, far too thin. But his next words shocked me.

"I came to get the papers from you, Hester."

I stopped short. He moved to the doorway of a closed grocery store. His face was forbidding, stern.

"I couldn't give them to you, Arthur. As far as I can make out, you're not even a member of our organization. Henri doesn't know where you are or what you are doing."

"He will in time," Arthur said shortly.

"I think he suspects you of being a traitor."

"That's the hard thing in this game—and one of the reasons I didn't want you in any part of it."

"You don't mean you distrust Henri?" I half whispered.

"God, no!" he said harshly. "I would as soon doubt him as I would ever have doubted your father. But as much as Henri has struggled to keep the work secret, today it is recognized. I don't trust some of the people he has set up over here. I think he is being had."

He glanced down the street nervously.

"I have to go, Hester. I want the papers."

I drew in a tremulous breath. Once, with Henri, I had lied in order to be loyal to Arthur. Now I found I couldn't betray Henri to Arthur any more than I could betray Arthur to Henri!

"I didn't get them," I said.

He looked at me with narrowed eyes.

"You went to the Y. W. C. A. last night."

"Yes, and I opened the box and found it empty."

HIS jaws moved with anger. My eyes filled suddenly with tears, and his face softened.

"Don't," he said gently. "Don't let me remember you crying, dear."

I blinked hard and nodded, unable to speak. I felt Arthur's hand squeeze my arm.

"Merry Christmas, darling," he said, and turned and walked off swiftly.

I stumbled away through tears, and went back to the Y. and got my bag.

In the lobby of my apartment house a man was waiting for me: Alec Dodson, my British co-worker. I greeted him with surprise and took him up to my apartment. When we entered my living room, I smiled at him.

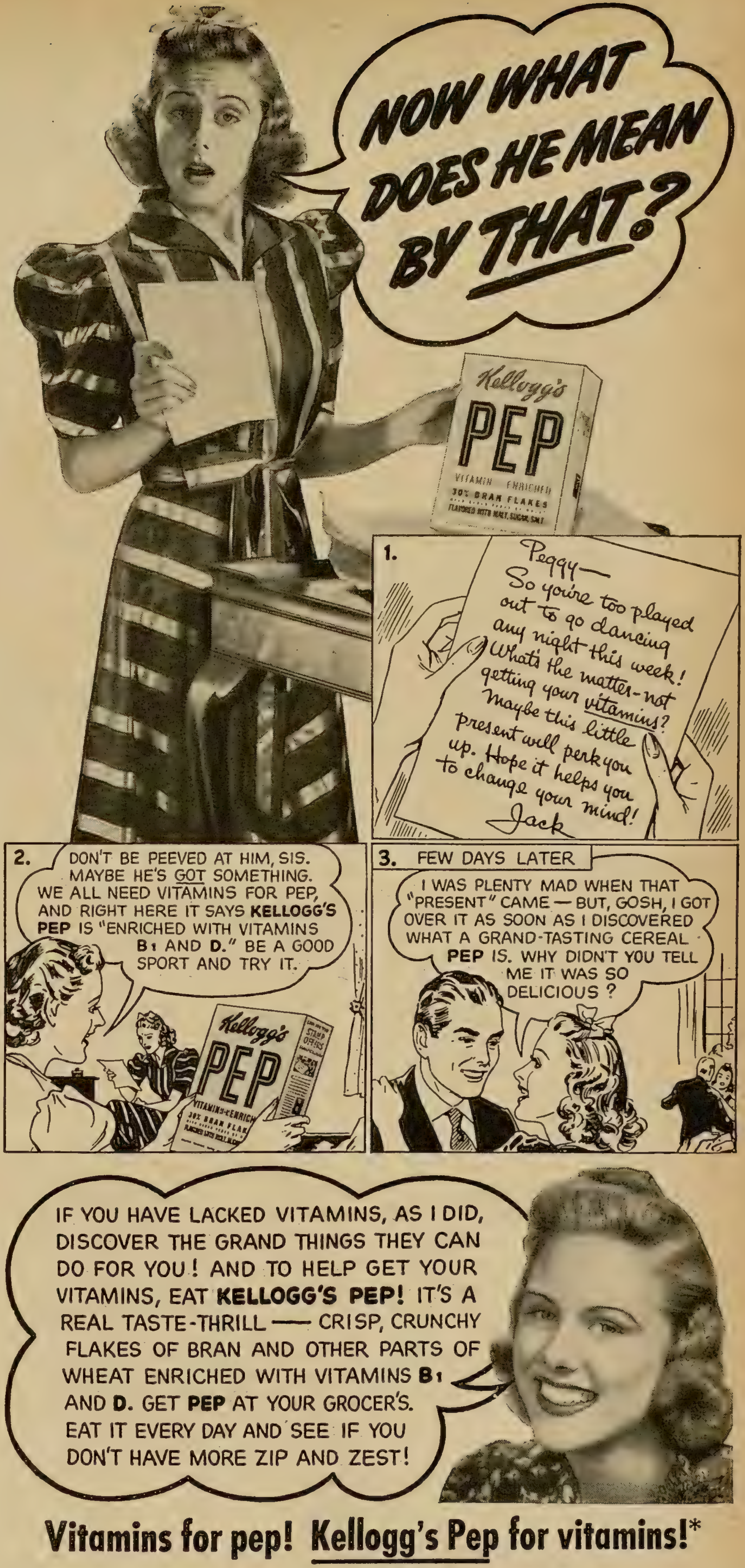
"Will you always show up when I am at a breaking point?" I asked.

"I came to you for comfort this time," he said. "It's a lonely Christmas for me, too. A year ago my wife died. Hit by a motorcar. An accident, of course. But she was never able to deliver some information she had . . ."

"I suppose you're telling me that you know everything that happened to me this morning," I said slowly.

"I'm not telling you anything but my own sob story," he protested gently, "and asking if you'll take me out and cheer me up."

I never figured out—all that day with him—whether or not he knew about my meeting with Arthur. But I listened to him talk about the trouble in Flint, Michigan, and had rea-


NOW WHAT DOES HE MEAN BY THAT?
Kellogg's PEP VITAMIN ENRICHED 30% BRAN FLAKES
1.
2.
DON'T BE PEEVED AT HIM, SIS. MAYBE HE'S GOT SOMETHING. WE ALL NEED VITAMINS FOR PEP, AND RIGHT HERE IT SAYS KELLOGG'S PEP IS "ENRICHED WITH VITAMINS B1 AND D." BE A GOOD SPORT AND TRY IT.
Kellogg's PEP
3. FEW DAYS LATER
I WAS PLENTY MAD WHEN THAT "PRESENT" CAME — BUT, GOSH, I GOT OVER IT AS SOON AS I DISCOVERED WHAT A GRAND-TASTING CEREAL PEP IS. WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME IT WAS SO DELICIOUS?

Peggy—
So you're too played out to go dancing any night this week! What's the matter—not getting your vitamins? Maybe this little present will perk you up. Hope it helps you to change your mind!
Jack

IF YOU HAVE LACKED VITAMINS, AS I DID, DISCOVER THE GRAND THINGS THEY CAN DO FOR YOU! AND TO HELP GET YOUR VITAMINS, EAT **KELLOGG'S PEP!** IT'S A REAL TASTE-THRILL — CRISP, CRUNCHY FLAKES OF BRAN AND OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT ENRICHED WITH VITAMINS B_1 AND **D.** GET **PEP** AT YOUR GROCER'S. EAT IT EVERY DAY AND SEE IF YOU DON'T HAVE MORE ZIP AND ZEST!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!*

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son to gather that the papers I had been instructed to get concerned strike plans.

But as we parted, after a pleasant day in the country and a fine dinner party, he said casually:

"Were you successful last night?"

I nodded.

"Yes, I have the papers," I said.

His eyes lit up.

"Good girl."

"Shall I give them to you?"

"No; wait for instructions always," he told me.

As I left him and went into my apartment, the first thing I did was to go over and check on the umbrella. It was empty!

A WAVE of anger nearly choked me. There was one person who would know about that umbrella—Arthur! He had seen Cyrus Potter, who had given it to me, use it often. He would have recognized it in church this morning. Arthur had come to my place and robbed me!

The thought was like slow poison. Once Henri had made love to me and robbed me, and now Arthur. Arthur had said to me that if I stayed in the work I "must take the consequences." This was one of them, then.

I had to report to my instructor the next day that I had been robbed. I told him I had been out with Alec Dodson all day, but I didn't tell him about meeting Arthur in church. Maybe Dodson knew and maybe he didn't. Maybe they all knew—but that was a chance I took. There was always the hope that Arthur was right; maybe he was working with a better group than I.

But by spring, when Henri returned, that hope died. It was the spring of '37, when many things had happened, seemingly of no possible connection but all adding vitally to the growing fever of the world. Early in May the Hindenburg exploded. A few days later, George the Sixth was crowned King; and who thought too seriously of the Soviet air activities at the North Pole? In June the Duke of Windsor was married to Wallis Warfield. What notice was taken of the Pan-American Exposition in Texas at the same time, or the frenzied activities, almost shockingly open, of foreign agents among the nineteen South American countries represented? And while people might cluck disapprovingly as they read the news of the strikes, they were interested, instead, in Amelia Earhart's disappearance.

But of all these circumstances, Henri was most highly disturbed by the strikes in Michigan and Illinois. He ranted to me:

"I should never have trusted you!" he blazed. "The papers you took were a full plan of strike instructions, of sabotage—down to the cutting off of electric current in the Saginaw Valley."

"All right, all right," I stormed. "I have learned my lesson. I'll never let anything out of my sight again."

He calmed down. I went over and rubbed my hand up and down his back.

"Henri darling, you can't be successful at everything. You can't battle the whole world."

"Delusions of power?" he smiled bitterly. "Napoleon of peace, hey? Yes, there is that danger. We all think we can outsmart the other. You still think you can outsmart me."

I flushed.

"What do you mean by that, Henri? I am very conscious in the last few months that I have been watched. Why?"

"I told you love had no place in this work."

"I don't think I know what you mean," I stammered. "You know I love you, Henri, beyond any reason."

"I know," he laughed shortly. "But you love some one else in a different way, and always have."

I didn't look at him.

"But this boy that you love," he continued, "you saw him last Christmas morning, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did." My head went back. "I'll tell you, Henri. I'll tell you all that has passed between us."

"You needn't," he shrugged.

"He spoke so wonderfully of you, Henri."

"Did he indeed! Nice but unimportant. The important thing is that you haven't heard from him since. I don't think you are likely to."

"What do you mean, Henri? You can't mean that he's—dead?"

"No," he said grimly. "But it might be better all around if he were. Can't you see what it means, Hester, his meeting you? I told you we were all set to prevent these strikes. But we didn't! You know as well as I do who got those papers from you."

"Yes, I know," I said dully. "But I didn't know the import of it."

He came over and ruffled my hair comfortingly.

"Rule him out of your heart, Hester. He's dangerous and he's a traitor. Don't cry, child. We all have a ghost to lay. Shut down the gate on him before you call yourself one of us."

I COULD agree that I couldn't find it easy. It was so damnably hard to think of Arthur as a traitor. In the few weeks that he stayed in this country, Henri was all comfort and affection.

"I think," he said once, "that Arthur was strong only as long as your father was there to keep him on the rails."

"Arthur believes that you're the one that's being sold out," I told him. "That your organization here is full of turncoats."

"That may be. I suspect it myself," Henri said. "But that's only rationalization with Arthur. In all this time he has never dared to contact me. No, Hester, we don't know the story. An escape like his isn't pulled without a price. Maybe he found that it was a boomerang—a different kind of blackmail. That's why I say we can't judge."

I nodded. It didn't matter *why* Arthur had changed camps. The point was only that he was against us and not with us. Perhaps it was because my heart was grieving so that I turned more hungrily than ever to Henri—more unaffectedly in need of his love-making. Perhaps I should have been flattered that he wouldn't take advantage of it. He would not return what I was so willing to give in the reaction to a lost ideal.

SO I faced a lonely hard-working summer in New York. Everywhere the inside talk I heard made me sadder. How many versions I heard of the cause of the loss of a Pan-American airplane, passengers and crew killed; and the loss of a Russian airplane because of a damaged pipe as it was bravely heading for Alaska! In Syria, an American consul was shot to death by an infuriated Armenian.

Henri returned in October—just as headlines announced the loss of nineteen people in a west-bound plane in Wyoming. The change in Henri shocked me. He seemed much older, bitten with fatigue. But he found comfort in my presence, and as time went on I felt like some sort of ghost wife.

He had unearthed an accident schedule, fantastic in its far-reaching plans in many countries — planes, ships, and, eventually, submarines. Henri was dissatisfied with all his workers for not being able to nail the central figure. In several cases they spotted and were able to prevent an "accident," once by uncovering the unholy trick of putting emery in the grease that lubricates the strut pulleys of airplanes. But these individual cases didn't satisfy Henri. In November there was a crash in Ostend that annihilated eight passengers, *five of them members of a royal family!* On the night he was to sail, Henri was talking to Alec Dodson as I sat, as usual, in one corner, knitting.

"We are failing miserably on this," Henri said.

"We started so late," Alec droned his explanation. "And, after all, we've spotted three of them."

"Yes, but who are they?" Henri asked disgustedly. "A naval lieutenant; we have him under watch. A mechanic at a Southern hangar . . ."

"Don't tell me he isn't important." Alec's voice was edged with bitterness.

"There is no use acting against any of them until we find the leader," Henri said firmly.

"I think it's the Swiss. I don't think there is any question about it. I don't see why you hesitate. He is the illegitimate nephew of Otto von Albrich, and bears his name."

I stopped knitting, for the name that was mentioned I knew well as an Austrian ex-patriot whom I had met many times through Baroness Irene—a dark and sinister man who had headed one or two abortive movements and had done his turn in a concentration camp. And now, freed, he seemed bent on dulling his nerve-racked senses with pathological distractions. Surely they couldn't consider him still dangerous!

"I know," Henri was saying. "But I still think he is just the front. I have a hunch that the man we want is a second-generation American, with relatives in his mother country, or else I believe he is an American brought up abroad, and perhaps still working from there."

He turned with a sigh and walked over to me to ruffle my hair absent-mindedly.

"Is my briefcase packed, Hester? I must be going."

He bent and kissed me.

"Good-by, Hester," he said. "You mustn't come to the pier with us. Please miss me while I am gone."

I saw them both out of the door and then checked out for him and paid his bills. But all the way back to my own apartment I was thinking. Otto von Albrich! I could see him in my mind's eye. Irene said he lived on blackmail. . . .

AT home, I sent her a wire. She had been summering abroad and had recently come back to the States, and was out in Sun Valley because it was the latest thing and "the crowd" was taking up the place. She telephoned me the next morning.

"I'm so tired," I wailed. "Couldn't you adopt me for a little while?"

She cooed and fussed over me, and before the day was out, had arranged things with my boss. Within twenty-four hours I was headed for Sun Valley with trunks full of costumes to parade.

Otto was on hand, and I set about, without too much ostentation, to win his somewhat unwholesome interest. I keyed my role to fit his discoloration. I knew Otto's not too secret indulgence in the needle and I had come with equipment and a fair amount of knowledge. The first night I talked to him in those heavy-paced hours after midnight when those who couldn't sleep haunted the big bars and lounges, I let him know I used the stuff.

There were with us his own little group: A Frenchwoman who had once been his mistress and a young actor-playwright, Eric Booth, a pet among the smart set. His real name was Grueber.

Eric had recently topped off his arresting career by hieing to Hollywood and writing, to every one's amazement, two successful pictures. He had married, within the last two years, a well known foreign star, from whom he was separated. And now? Now he sat drinking hot Swedish grog, chewing the raisins far into the early morning as he sat at a large table and took the baroness' money in a game of five hundred. And at his elbow sat Otto, who acted as if he owned Eric.

Otto was aware that I accepted the situation not only with tolerance but with amusement, and he somewhat admired my bored reaction to Eric's

DID YOU EVER TAKE AN INTERNAL BATH?

This may seem a strange question. But if you want to improve your general health, to enjoy perhaps a new sense of vigor, even of optimism, feel up-and-coming every day for work or play—you're going to read this message to the very last line.

READ WHAT USERS SAY

January 8, 1939

I would like to thank you kindly for your letter of Dec. 7th and the interest which you showed in my case.

I have used the Cascade for a little over a month now and feel like a different person. My husband has also received great benefit from it. I do regret that I did not hear of the Cascade many years ago.

Mrs. Oliver Roylance,
R. D. No. 1, Waterford, N. Y.

● ● ●

March 15, 1939

We are pleased with our J. B. L. Cascade and use it every time we feel the need. Certainly don't believe a home is complete without one.

Mr. L. Gebhard,
865 Monroe St., Denver, Colo.

● ● ●

December 12, 1938

Replying to yours of recent date, will say that I received the Cascade on November 27, 1938 and have used same several times and will say that it's surprising what the Cascade will do to a man of my age 69 years, as much as to say that I feel like a young colt instead of an old horse.

John O. Terbush,
922 East Bay St., Jacksonville, Fla.

● ● ●

January 9, 1939

I want to tell you how I am getting along with the J. B. L. Cascade. As you know, I have been using it for only three weeks but already my eyes have a brighter luster, my step is surer and springier, my sleep is better, my appetite is better and everything that I eat digests finely. I am less bloated.

Mr. James E. Battenfield,
610 S. Oxford Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

● ● ●

January 9, 1939

Upon receiving my Cascade I followed directions closely. I have used it for a little over a month and have already found it to be very helpful. I wish every person who is being troubled with constipation could afford to own a Cascade. To me it is a big asset. It is helping me and I know it would help them.

Mr. Edward G. Turnau,
215 Irving Street, Toledo, Ohio

● ● ●

January 13, 1939

Kindly send me one by mail C. O. D. I would send you the money now but don't know the price. Please send same at once and I will pay the postman. Also send me another price list. The Cascades are wonderful. I am lost without it, had mine 11 years and is in fine shape.

Mr. Robert W. Hutton,
5849 Hoffman Ave., Philadelphia, Pa

● ● ●

I would not take ten times the price for it. Don't see how I ever got along without a J. B. L. Cascade. My health is much better and still improving. I was terribly constipated, nervous, bloated, etc. I can truthfully say that the Cascade has helped me from the very first. I thoroughly enjoy it now and am enjoying my meals—everything tastes so good.

Mrs. Roy Brown, c/o A. Fiske,
3929 Bronson Blvd., Kalamazoo, Mich.

● ● ●

The above testimonials are only a few of the many that we have received from thousands of J. B. L. Cascade users—men and women of all ages, all walks of life. Perhaps you, too, might benefit in the same full measure if you suffer from constipation.

What Is an Internal Bath?

Some understand an Internal Bath to be an enema. Others take it to be some new-fangled laxative. Both are wrong. A real genuine true Internal Bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case.

A bona-fide Tyrrell Internal Bath is the administration into the lower intestinal tract of pure, warm water in which J. B. L. Cleansing Powder has been dissolved. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J. B. L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell. Now, here's where the genuine Internal Bath differs radically from the enema.

The lower intestine, called by the late Professor Foges of Vienna "the most prolific source of disease" is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus ∩. The enema cleanses but a third of this "horseshoe," or to the first bend. The J. B. L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the entire length—and does it effectively. You have only to read that booklet "Why We Should Bathe Internally" to fully understand how the Cascade does it—without pain or discomfort.

Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: the intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise, and highly artificial civilization, a large percentage of persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). In many cases the passage of the colonic wastes is delayed entirely too long. Result: an accumulation of long-retained impacted fecal matter that is bound to be uncomfortable at best. But, in the opinion of many authorities, this mass of waste may produce more serious results. From this state of chronic constipation may result—in the opinion of many—an increased susceptibility to colds, certain kinds of headaches, so-called rheumatic pains, listlessness and fatigue—sometimes various skin blemishes, not to mention other more serious attributed ills. Many authorities believe that you should be kept free of chronic constipation. Internal Bathing is an effective means. No harsh cathartics or laxatives. Through the use of the J. B. L. Cascade you can give yourself a high colonic irrigation—and right in the privacy of your own home. In only fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract—quick, hygienic action. As the intestinal muscles tend to be strengthened, the passage of waste is hastened. The use of the J. B. L. Cascade is non-habit forming.

Frequent Benefits

Taken just before retiring, for instance, it often induces sleep as restful as that of a child and often helps the user to arise in the morning—as many advocates of the J. B. L. Cascade have testified—with a new sense of vigor—with a new fund of optimism. Many, many men and women who have faithfully practised Internal Bathing attribute these results and many others to this marvelous method of keeping clean inwardly.

Send for This Booklet

It is entirely FREE. We are absolutely convinced that you will agree you never used a stamp to better advantage. There are letters from many citing results that seem miraculous. As an eye-opener on health, this booklet is worth many, many many times the price of that stamp. Use the convenient coupon below or address Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc., Dept. L-1-13, 152 W. 65th Street, New York City—NOW!

TEAR OFF AND MAIL AT ONCE

TYRRELL'S HYGIENIC INSTITUTE, INC.
152 W. 65th Street, Dept. L-1-13
New York, N. Y.

Send me without cost or obligation, your illustrated book on intestinal ills and the proper use of the famous Internal Bath—"Why We Should Bathe Internally."

Name ....

Street ....

City .... State ....

EX-LAX MOVIES
The Awakening of "Mr. A."
LATER
FOR RELIEF OF CONSTIPATION
EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE
ACTIVE INGREDIENTS YELLOW & WHITE PHENOLPHTHALEIN
25¢

MR. A.: Whew! I hate the very thought of having to take a cathartic.

MR. B.: You wouldn't, if you'd try Ex-Lax. It tastes swell—just like chocolate.

MR. A.: Ex-Lax? That's what we give the youngsters. What I need is *dynamite!*

MR. B.: Don't kid yourself! Ex-Lax is plenty effective, if that's what's worrying you!

MR. A.: Boy, I feel like a million this morning! That Ex-Lax sure is great stuff!

MR. B.: You said it, pal! We've been using Ex-Lax in our family for more than thirty years!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢

attempts to shock and antagonize me. I refused liquor, becoming increasingly weary and full of lapses. I would leave the room and return, gay and high-keyed.

It was only two nights later that Otto asked me what was my source of supply. I gave him to understand that I had a lover in New York who would not see me want for the stuff. Before the week was out I had given him three billets. From then on it was easy.

Eric's attentions to me at first were nonimportant. He loved to irritate Otto, and Otto knew it. But Eric's interest became more than casual. I was fast outlining myself to him as the heroine of another play, but while he was using me for research, he was falling for me, and hated both himself and me because of it.

The situation was growing intolerable between the three of us. Otto came to loathe me, but couldn't antagonize me because of his need of the opiate with which I could supply him.

Then one night, as it was growing closer to the time of Henri's return, I played a full line—and landed my fish. I flirted with Eric less discreetly than I had ever flirted with any other man, though I angered him beyond reason, because in the end he found I evaded him. It was worth the long hours of degrading preliminaries, doubly revolting because of his corrupt tastes, because he grew maudlinly autobiographic, and, whether he knew it or not, revealed himself to me. It was he who was the central leader! Even his marriage to the famous European actress fitted in as he boasted of his triumphs.

The night left a scar on me, and when I left hurriedly the next morning, I felt physically ill, even though I felt triumphant beyond my hopes.

I FLEW back to New York, shaken, almost hysterical. I could hardly wait for Henri's return.

He arrived shortly after New Year's. His tired face lighted up as he listened to my story.

"But, Hester," he said, "why did you stop?"

"Stop?"

"Stop!" He turned on me fiercely. "What, in the name of common sense, made you quit?"

"But I knew you were about to come home, Henri. I wanted to tell you . . ."

"Wanted to tell me what?" he roared. "You quit just when you could have learned something. The man is crazy about you. You could have played the inside track."

"Henri—I told you the man was a pathological case."

"Judas! What if he had two heads? I can put men on his trail, I can go on from where you left off! But it would take me ages. We have no time to lose. Where in blazes was your head? What were you thinking of that you would quit just when you were about to make a coup?"

I looked straight at him, and I said: "No, Henri, I couldn't do it."

He made absolutely no move.

"Why?" he asked curtly.

I wet my lips. I couldn't explain, and yet I had to, because he expected an explanation.

"I don't know why," I wailed ineffectually, feeling a fool. "I—I am—Henri, I have had no experience."

Henri said softly:

"You would give up your life for your country, wouldn't you?"

I shrugged. It was silly to answer that.

"Rather absurd and childish, isn't it," he urged gently, "to hold your virtue any higher?"

HE stood there looking at me, waiting for me to come through. His voice hammered at me:

"Hester! Two days ago there was another airplane crash—a good-will flight to South America—and seven killed! In a week or two there will be still another. There are strikes all over the country. The United States is being slow-poisoned. Nobody notices when the first pain comes. It can be laughed off. Then disease sets in. You know how it is. There are people who are going to meet their death tomorrow and other tomorrows, and you could help stop it. They are victims of war, before war starts, but it doesn't matter in the end. They are not nearly so important as one young girl's ideals. Are they?"

I looked out the window and saw the lights of Central Park. I tried not to think of that last night with Eric.

"Of course, Henri, you're right." I couldn't have said more if I tried.

He took my hand and the next moment I was in his arms. He hadn't kissed me so in over a year. I felt the tears rolling down my cheeks and was ashamed. I tried to brush them away, but he was crushing me too tightly.

"Hester," he murmured, "marry me."

I shook my head, bewildered, not clearly comprehending.

"You don't know how I hate myself for sending you on such a mission," he told me brokenly. "I hate myself for so many things I have made myself do. I have sacrificed plenty, too. But marry me, Hester. We have some right to snatch even a few days of happiness. We can leave tonight. I can phone ahead and make arrangements."

I stepped back, numb, too stunned to clearly weigh his proposition, so different from any of my dreams. He was sending me off in the name of patriotism to another man—a despicable man—and he was offering me a few days of decent normal marriage first.

Is Hester going to give herself into Henri's fanatic power so that he may achieve his ends at the cost of her heart and soul? Will she abandon Arthur and his cause—consider him a traitor? This tremendously gripping story reaches new heights and depths in next week's Liberty.

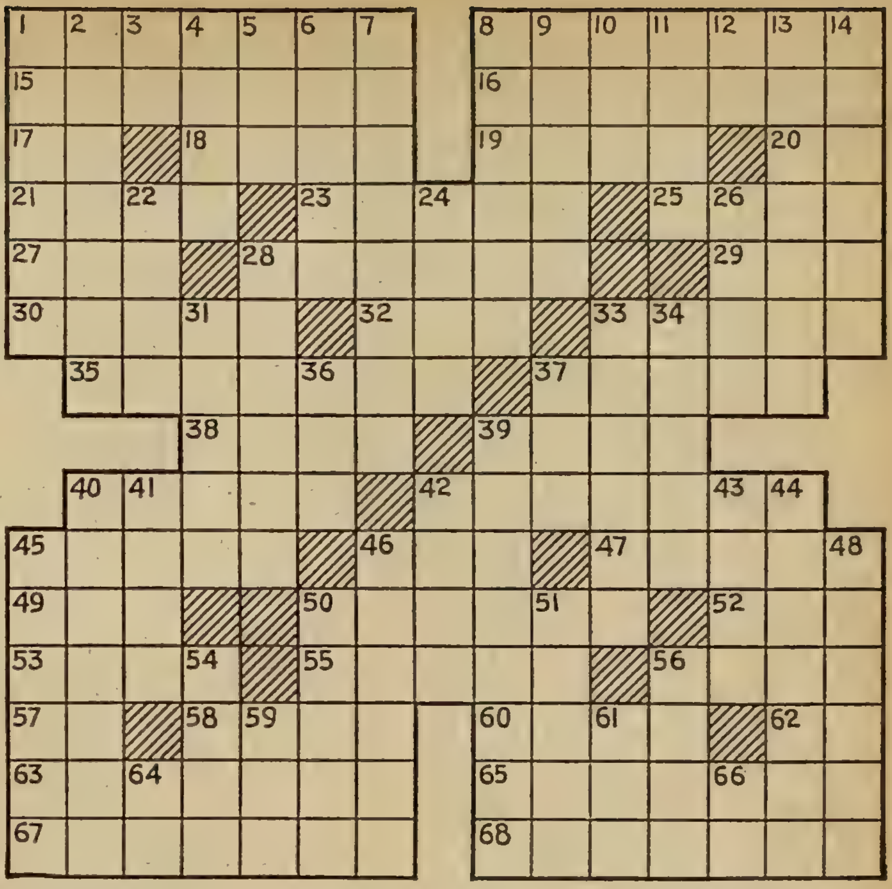
Write Stories that SELL

Mrs. Grace Blanchard had an **IDEA** for a story. We criticized her story, gave it a new title and told her **WHERE TO SEND IT.** She got a substantial check **THE FIRST TIME OUT.** That is a **THRILL** many of our graduates have each month. Let 22 years of experience guide **YOU.** Endorsed by Jack London.

FREE BOOKLET **"THE ART OF STORY WRITING"** with explanation of **our personal criticism and manuscript sales service.** No obligations. Write! **Hoosier Institute** (*Est. 1917*) **Dept. 2551 Fort Wayne, Ind.**

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane

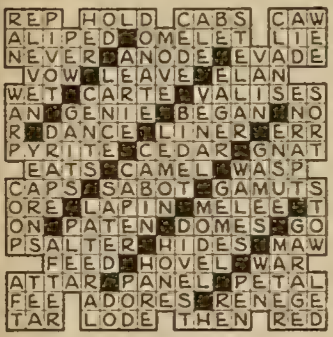


HORIZONTAL

1 4,000,000 vs. 160,000,000
8 What a barber does for a living
15 He moves in on you and is simply killing
16 Noodle box
17 Neutral Snubbers (abbr.)
18 A smelly dame
19 'Tisn't isn't—yet in a way 'tis
20 Opposite of Texas (abbr.)
21 This always has the daylights knocked out of it by night
23 Stalins in ermine
25 What I found in my chimney last month
27 Handle on Father Time's mug
28 What wars and elections are fought over
29 Wot old mides live hin
30 One of Lear's brats
32 Cockney hegg plahnts
33 Worries (var.)
35 The reason Johnny eats his meals
37 What dough does for the kneady on the yeast side
38 Tanning factories
39 A little sweetie pie
40 Dictators, gigolos, and girl stealers
42 Gosh, this is tiresome!
45 Any dog will tell you this is yet to come
46 A bat on the Adam's Apple
47 Kidds treasure this
49 It's so pure it doesn't exist
50 Five of a kind (abbr.)
52 Nobody Assassinated Xerxes (abbr.)
53 Fibs women won't have to tell the 1940 census men
55 Easiest way to make one
56 This supports a judge in court
57 Man lure (abbr.)
58 Tender young English noodle factory
60 Preposition
62 It takes an ant to make a giant of this
63 The hermit of the Xwords
65 The sewers of Paris
67 What poets with mustaches wax about women
68 The outstanding thing about New England towns, but inclined to be batty

VERTICAL

1 Keeper
2 What drivers in old wrecks never are
3 Neutrality Violators (hiss, hiss) (abbr.)
4 This ends and rises with the dawn
5 Active side of Adonis
6 Apartments for larks
7 Bedroom standbys
8 They're guaranteed to raise hair
9 Kind of cross
10 Hot-footed
11 What are ants' uncles?
12 Type of dessert and vice versa
13 Whose map is tear-stained these days?
14 Smacks with oomph
22 Brush not sold by Fuller brush men
24 What relation is your father's grandmother's daughter's daughter to you?
26 Soupy mud
28 A retort discourteous
31 What are the burros of the Bronx and Manhattan?
33 You couldn't have seconds without these
34 Flower of American aristocracy
36 Printers try to make them meet
37 Romantic Adenoidal Kissers (abbr.)
39 Once Washington stood on this side of the Delaware (pl.)
40 Country with no navy and one admiral
41 Scotch Irish
42 A few words from an egotist
43 Name for a complaining gal
44 Here's good news at last
45 Four-legged heel
46 A piece of macaroni that made good
48 It's a tax on Uncle Sam's insides
50 Two bits in the Saouth, suh!
51 It's a principle with most people
54 ½
56 Foreshadow
59 Map jitters
61 Mt. Sarazen
64 I hesitate to say this
66 A lip without an eye



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REP HOLD CABS CAW
ALIPED■OMELET LIE
NEVER■ANODE■EVADE
 VOW■LEAVE■ELAN
WET■CARTE■VALISES
AN■GENIE■BEGAN■NO
R■DANCE■LINER■ERR
PYRITE■CEDAR■GNAT
 EATS■CAMEL■WASP
CAPS■SABOT■GAMUTS
ORE■LAPIN■MELEE■T
ON■PATEN■DOMES■GO
PSALTER■HIDES■MAW
 FEED■HOVEL■WAR
ATTAR■PANEL■PETAL
FEE ADORES■RENEGE
TAR LODE THEN RED
```

Last week's answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

I'VE GOT A NEW DREAM MAN

Last summer I dreamed of Hubert,
But he just got me riled.
He combed his hair with water
And it was always rough and wild.

My next dreams were of Henry,
But I couldn't learn to care.
He couldn't be helped by Kreml
For his head was shiny bare.

Then I dreamt of Wally,
But he simply wouldn't do.
His hair was slick and oily
Because he packed it down with goo.

Now I'm dreaming of Robert,
And girls I'm here to state,
His hair stays neat with Kreml,
Oh! He'll be a perfect mate!

DON'T soak your hair with water, that washes away natural oils. Don't pack it with gooey dressings and look like a gigolo. Use Kreml Hair Tonic. It keeps your hair looking its natural best, helps maintain proper oil balance. Not only that, it checks excessive falling hair, removes dandruff scales and relieves itching scalp.

More smart women every day are using Kreml because it puts their hair in splendid condition for permanents—makes permanents look lovelier.

Kreml Shampoo is a splendid ally of Kreml Hair Tonic. Made from an 80% olive oil base, it cleanses hair and scalp thoroughly, rinses out quickly, leaves the hair easy to manage.

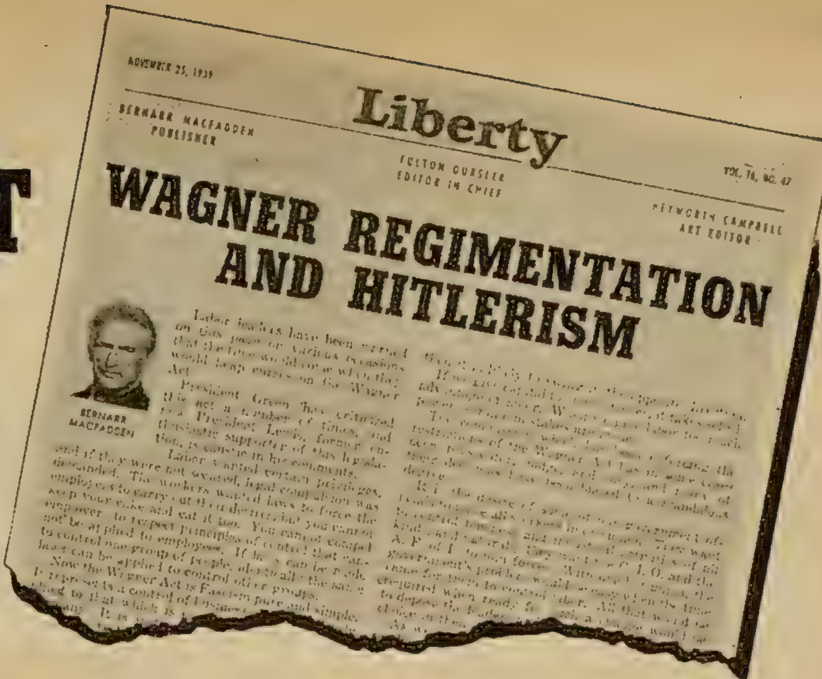
KREML

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping Bureau

REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES
CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

SENATOR WAGNER *Defends* HIS ACT

Liberty gives both sides!..Mr. Wagner asked that he be allowed to answer the editorial by Bernarr Macfadden which is shown at the right. Here is his reply



NOVEMBER 25, 1939

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

Liberty

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

VOL. 16, NO. 47

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

WAGNER REGIMENTATION AND HITLERISM

BERNARR MACFADDEN

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

AMERICAN democracy means, first of all, the machinery of representative government—Congress, the President, the courts, the ballot box on Election Day. But this machinery would be empty ritual if it were not used to foster life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness by the average citizen in his daily affairs. It would be small consolation for the American worker to know that freedom of speech, press, and assembly are included in the Bill of Rights if the exercise of those rights resulted in his being discharged as a "labor agitator." His traditional American right of collective bargaining would be a mockery if he were represented by a dummy union dominated by his employer. His right of privacy would be nullified if his every move were watched by professional labor spies. His right to "equality before the law" would disappear if the right of organization enjoyed by his employer were denied him by control of his means of livelihood.

The National Labor Relations Act makes certain that these inequities, which existed all too often in the years prior to its passage, will be permanently eliminated from our national life. By guaranteeing industrial freedom in our factories, it establishes American democracy on a 100-per-cent basis.

There is nothing new or untried about the Labor Act. In procedure it follows closely the Federal Trade Commission Act passed in 1914. In principle it follows the Railway Labor Act and the decisions of the War Labor Board. If the Labor Act is unconstitutional in any respect, then the courts have ceased to be the guardians of our fundamental law. In twenty successive decisions by the Supreme Court, not a line of the act has been held to infringe the constitutional rights of employers or employees.

The act has provided a peaceful forum for 25,000 disputes over employee organization and choice of representatives, involving over five million employees. Thousands of new collective agreements have been entered into, bringing to both management and labor a better understanding of mutual problems and a peaceful basis for co-operative solution.

As the fair principles of the law have become widely recognized, it is being used more and more to conduct free elections among employees instead of proceedings on charges against employers. The right to petition for an employee election, once vigorously opposed when invoked by employees, came to be demanded by employers, and that right they now enjoy under appropriate safeguards.

About a million workers—90 per cent of those eligible to vote—have cast ballots in thousands of separate elections held in every part of the country.

This record represents democracy at its best.

The law which brought more industrial freedom has also brought more industrial peace. In 1938, the first full year of its operation after being upheld by the Supreme Court, less working time was lost in strikes than in any year since 1931. Contrary to the normal trend, the business upswing in the year 1939 was accompanied by a decline in the number of strikes.

An increasing proportion of workers is now seeking redress through peaceful legal process rather than fight out their organization grievances, real or imagined, on the picket line.

The Labor Act eliminates the causes of certain labor disputes, but it was never designed to settle all labor troubles. In some particular labor controversy, employers or employees may engage in violence or trespass; but against that type of offense, existing remedies afford ample protection. In other controversies the legal use of the strike or lockout weapon may give cause for criticism; but we must always remember that the freedom which democracy guarantees includes the freedom to make mistakes. If we wiped out all free labor unions and employers' associations, and settled all employer-employee disputes by government fiat, there would be no "labor troubles." But when that day comes our democracy will be dead and we will have adopted the dogmas of the Communist and Fascist states.

Under the practices early established by the Nazi regime, for example, the "leader" of the establishment—the employer—lays down the working conditions for his "followers"—the employees—within the framework of certain state decrees. The free trade union is prohibited. Men who agitate for better working conditions are jailed for "an offense against social honor." Grievances in each factory are presented through a "council of trusted men" handpicked by the employer and the Nazi Party and rubber-stamped by the workers. Unsettled problems are submitted to the final decision of labor "trustees" and "courts." The state-controlled Labor Front embraces both employer and employee interests. Among employees it promotes "strength through joy," while stamping out "materialism"; that is, concern over wages, hours, and conditions of work. More recently, forced labor has become the order of the day.

THIS systematic suppression of all human and property rights is too high a price to pay for "peace" in industry. The American people prefer to seek greater industrial peace within the framework of the American system. To that end, the broad objectives of the Labor Act are supported by every political party and by patriotic citizens in every walk of life.

The Labor Act will doubtless be amended from time to time in the regular democratic way, in the light of experience. But whenever I find its principles obscured by disagreement over details or criticism of administrative personnel, I recall a comment made by an American statesman many years ago. "Concessions on the part of the friends of the plan, that it has not a claim to absolute perfection," he wrote, "have afforded no small triumph to its enemies. Why, say they, should we adopt an imperfect thing? Why not amend it and make it perfect before it is irrevocably established?" His answer was: "I never expect to see a perfect work from imperfect man."

The statesman was Alexander Hamilton, and the "imperfect plan" of which he wrote was the Constitution of the United States.

THE END

THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF *Lum and Abner*

Presenting two boys from Arkansas, and their unconventional rise to radio fame

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME • 12 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

'TIS a chronicle of day by day." Thus spake Prospero in The Tempest. Thus, too, might speak Chet (Lum) Lauck to Tuffy (Abner) Goff in describing the radio saga of the Jot 'Em Down Store of Pine Ridge, Arkansas.

But they probably wouldn't. At the first coupling of their names with that of the immortal Shakespeare, Lum would probably exclaim, "I grannies!" and Abner would answer, "I doggies!"

Not unlike Shakespeare, however, have these modest radio playwrights proved themselves in the matter of productivity. Drawling at the rate of one hundred and fifty-five words a minute, what with broadcasts and rebroadcasts, they rattle off about a million words a year, and have been doing so going on ten years.

And they are still young, thirty-seven and thirty-three respectively. If they live to be anything like as old as the homespun humorists whom they impersonate on the air, their history of the Arkansas hill folk will make Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire look like a pocket edition of the Pine Ridge telephone book.

Unlike most radio performers, they write every word themselves. As amateurs in script writing, which they insist they still are, they have shown commendable ingenuity. They start matrimonial bureaus, operate movie companies, found universities, etc. Actually, the pair contribute about equally to this fecundity in ideas, but on the air Lum Edwards' imaginative promoter's mind creates them all and springs them on the literal, slower-thinking Abner. Lum is always president, by self-appointment, of their various ventures. Abner is lucky if he gets a vice-presidency.

This last fall, as listeners know, Lum was busy with plans to make Pine Ridge a great metropolis as a result of his "million-dollar idy" for turning the red clay on Abner's forty-acre lower lot into pottery.

Usually Abner is quite willing to let the more flamboyant Lum grab all the honors, but now and then he protests.

"How about me bein' president of the Pottery Company?" asks Abner meekly.

"Hit's all right with me," replies the canny Lum. "You can be president of everything—'cept, if I was you, I wouldn't make sich a sacerfice."

"Sich a sacerfice?"

"Yeh; I hate to see a feller stop sompin' that he's makin' good at and try sompin' else. If I've said once I've said it a thousand times. You can beat anybody vice-presidentin' I ever see in my life."

"I can, huh?"

"Yessir; hit jist 'pears come natural to you. You set around and don't say nuthin'. You're having idies in that little old head of yours, I can tell; but you don't say nuthin' about 'em to nobody, and that's what it takes to make a good vice-president. If you jist don't say nuthin' and don't take no definite stand on nuthin', they cain't accuse you of bein' wrong. A natural-born vice-president."

Abner usually bears the full brunt of the results of all Lum's ambitious projects. It is Abner who is the bench-warming sub on the Pine Ridge university football team, who is not allowed to enter a game until Pine Ridge has a lead over its opponents of at least eight touchdowns, and it is Abner who goes to jail for the murder of the big-city gangster who tries to put Pine Ridge on an up-and-coming underworld basis.

But it is in their original characters of Lum Edwards and Abner Peabody, lazy, shuffling, dreaming, and altogether lovable proprietors of the Jot 'Em Down Store, that the Arkansas boys are at their best, and that they are best liked by their millions of admirers.

The Lum and Abner audience eats alive even the simplest expositions of the characters of the ingratiating old gentlemen:

"You wouldn't want to step out and get a armful of wood while you're up, would you?" asks Lum.

"Uh, no, I don't much b'lieve I would, hardly," replies Abner.

"Well, hand me my coat there, then."

"You goin' after some?" asks the amazed Abner.

"No; but I ain't goin' to set here and freeze to death. Hit's cold. I wish some feller'd invint a stove you don't have to carry wood fer."

"Well, they've got 'em."

"Yeh, that's the trouble. They've got 'em—we ain't."

Simple stuff this, and indigenous to the pure air of Pine Ridge, which, as the faithful know, is a town of few inhabitants some fifteen or twenty miles out of Mena, Arkansas, the county seat in which Chet Lauck and Tuffy Goff grew up to join the Lions Club.

When the boys began working on it, Pine Ridge was known as Waters. But an appreciative electorate insisted on a legal change of name to secure the advantage of the thrice-weekly publicity afforded them by Lum and Abner. A very thrifty idea it has proved, too. Almost as many tourists come to Arkansas to visit Pine Ridge as Hot Springs National Park!

Lauck, who is Lum, is tall, slender, curly-haired, big-eyed, exceedingly good-looking. Goff, who plays Abner, is shorter, sturdier—the likable, feet-on-the-ground type.

Chet Lauck was born in Alleene, Arkansas, and Tuffy Goff in Cove, but they moved, while still babes, to Mena. The boys attended the same high school, the same university—Arkansas—and joined the same fraternity, Sigma Chi.

Chester Lauck's yen to be a commercial artist took him to Chicago for two years. Meanwhile, Norris Goff—believe it or not, that is Tuffy's two-dollar name!—played the drum in the local band and drummed on the road for his father's wholesale grocery business; he could also do a neat turn as a blackface comic. So, when Chet Lauck gave up art to go on the road for a Mena automobile financing concern, and also developed talents for performing in cork, the stage was set for both palship and partnership. The Lauck-Goff blackface act was soon " laying 'em " in the Mena aisles.

Naturally, therefore, when one of the bigger Arkansas stations announced a special radio program made up of amateurs from all parts of the state, the local Lions Club sent Chet and Tuffy to represent Mena.

THIS was early 1931, when Amos 'n' Andy were changing the supper hour of the nation. As the two Mena boys waited their turn in the big city station, they saw and heard team after team bombard the microphone with acts similar to the one on which they and Mena had counted so much.

To give their old act would be fatal. And they had no new one. What to do?

They thought fast. They didn't have an act, but they had the material for one. Back home in Mena, they had loved nothing better than to amuse themselves swapping stories and impressions of the backwoods characters they had met in the course of their travels as salesmen. Never had they thought of using this material for professional purposes; but now, faced with the mike in a studio dark with imitation Amoses 'n' Andys, they turned in desperation to their rustic friends.

" I'll be Lum," said Chet.

" I'll be Abner," said Tuffy.

Neither had thought of these names before. They pulled them, you might say, out of the air.

The improvised act was a great success. And the result was that, within a week, the two young business men of Mena were the startled possessors of a nine-weeks contract for broadcasting their radio ancients over a state-wide network.

Both boys had married by now. The Laucks had one child. Armed with a letter of introduction from Tuffy's father to the cereal firm he dealt with in Chicago, the five of them—including the baby—began the long trek to fame.

Chicago proved deceptively hospitable. The cereal outfit was looking for a novelty act to broadcast locally, and gave the boys a trial, which grew into a year's stay. Then the company thought it was time to look for another novelty. Followed hard times, during which neither Lauck nor Goff was willing to appeal to the folks back home. The little cavalcade trekked from Chicago to Fort Worth, then to Dallas, and later to Cleveland, where the really tough going began.

For a time they existed wholly on rice and beans. Finally they landed a berth in that cradle of radio greatness, Cleveland's Station WTAM.

AFTER battling for a year and a half on the Cleveland front and doing a thirteen-weeks trick at Minneapolis and making innumerable personal appearances in small-time theaters, the boys got their break: a chance to substitute during vacation for the sensationally successful Midwest team of Gene and Glenn.

The Arkansas philosophers were now accepted as tops in their line. They became regular features on fourteen stations scattered through the Middle West. Their fan mail mounted, their Crossley rating soared. Finally a sponsor gave them a chance over the Columbia network—and they have been there ever since.

The first big surprise they got when they crashed big-time radio was that they had to have scripts. In the local stations they had simply ad-libbed, and trusted to Lum's good eyes—he invariably broadcasts with his face toward the clock—to bring them out right on time. Finding this procedure was no longer possible, they evolved a unique method of preparing a radio script.

In their little office in the CBS studio building in Hollywood they meet the day before each broadcast and ad-lib their program as they formerly did before the mike. They do it over and over, adding a smash here, omitting a dud there, until, by the simple process of repetition, they are letter-perfect in their parts.

Then, to satisfy the radio people, Chet Lauck sits down and writes out the script which they have ad-libbed.

In the same casual manner they add to their coterie of Pine Ridge worthies whenever they find need of a new character. They hadn't been broadcasting six months before they realized that if Lum and Abner were going to be dumb enough to get themselves into so many jams, they would have to have some one who was smart enough to get them out. Dick Huddleston was the answer.

Dick was a real-life resident of Pine Ridge, actual proprietor of a general store which Tuffy Goff had visited in his grocery rounds — a shrewd levelheaded fellow who appears on the program as the supposed competitor of Lum and Abner's Jot 'Em Down Store.

Huddleston (played by Tuffy Goff in his natural voice) has become a favorite character " on his own." He has no radio ambitions, but is content to spend his days—the real-life Dick, I mean—shaking hands with the hundreds of curious visitors who stop to sign the guest book in his Pine Ridge store.

One day, about six months after Dick's first appearance on the program, Chet Lauck's voice cracked during rehearsal, and a new character was born, the octogenarian Grandpappy Spears. Squire Skimp, Cedric Wheenut, and Old Man Skinner all sprang into being as the need arose.

Some people who have never experienced life in the Ozarks and Ouachitas think that the Arkansas humorists exaggerate the characters they play on the air. But such is not the case: each member of the radio Pine Ridge circle has his authentic counterpart in a member of the real-life Pine Ridge circle.

" Those characters," allows Tuffy Goff, " *can't* be exaggerated."

The boys are still married to the same girls they were married to when they left Mena for Chicago nearly ten years ago; and just as much married. There are two little girls in the Lauck family now, Shirley May and Nancy; and a boy and a girl, Gary and just Baby, in the Goff family.

Both boys have purchased ranches in the San Fernando Valley outside Hollywood. Lauck spends his spare time raising thoroughbred horses and racing them at California tracks. Don Ameche is his partner in this enterprise. Tuffy raises horses too, but chiefly for show purposes. His favorite sports are hunting and fishing, activities in which his neighbors, Clark Gable and Andy Devine, are his constant companions.

IF radio comedians, like other men, are to be known by the company they keep, Lum and Abner have certainly done all right for themselves.

Because they broadcast from a private studio, where the arrival of six auditors is the sign for hanging out the S. R. O. sign, they have the smallest studio audience in Hollywood; but it is by far the most glamorous. Hardly a Monday, Wednesday, or Friday passes without Clark and Carole, Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone, the Devines, the Ameches, the George Murphys, or other famous couples turning out to hear their pals Chet and Tuffy put on their extraordinary protean act.

Yes, the boys are doing all right. They have but one worry, and that concerns only their mythical labors in conducting the Jot 'Em Down Store at Pine Ridge. Lum, as usual, sums up the situation in a few succinct words.

" What we ort to do," he says, " is to put this store on a wait-on-yerself basis! "

THE END

A MAN AND HIS MELODIES

Victor Herbert lives again on the screen in an elaborate picture of a florid yesterday

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 43 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★½ THE GREAT VICTOR HERBERT

THE PLAYERS: Allan Jones, Mary Martin, Walter Connolly, Lee Bowman, Susanna Foster, Judith Barrett, Jerome Cowan, John Garrick. Screen play by Russel Crouse and Robert Lively based on a story by Andrew L. Stone and Mr. Lively. Directed by Andrew Stone. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 93 minutes.

VICTOR HERBERT has been dead these fifteen years, but he has become a tradition. Born in Dublin, grandson of the forgotten Irish novelist, Samuel Lover, he was trained musically in Germany, came to America as a cellist, in time became one of the most successful operetta composers in the history of the stage. He had a singular gift for melody—and the movie and the radio have carried on the Herbert tradition and the Herbert legend.

This elaborate spectacle pictures the man and his generation. It was an opulent, florid era, those last years of the stage's greatness before the films shunted it aside. Herbert's operettas were decorative graceful romances set to gracious melodic music, fables of princes and soubrettes, of gay artists and lovely duchesses, when the world was still untouched by jazz and revolution.

Around the figure of Victor Herbert (and making no pretense of presenting a biography) moves the story, of a pretty stage-struck country girl who loses her heart to a matinee idol and marries him. She goes to the heights; he slips to the bottom. But they both find final solace in their daughter, rising to new glories on the melodies of the Herbert who had glorified them.

Walter Connolly plays Victor Herbert, suggesting something of the robust Irishman who was a potent stage figure for more than thirty years. Allan Jones is best of the cast as the singing star who tastes the bitterness of the public's fickleness.

Allan Jones and Mary Martin in The Great Victor Herbert.

VITAL STATISTICS: Paramount is all excited over the possibilities of Mary Martin. She's next to be starred in a film called Miami. Twenty-four-year-old Mary reached Hollywood from Weatherford, Texas. It's her second trip there. Never created a ripple the first time. But Broadway stage producer Lawrence Schwab saw her perform at the Trocadero and signed her for New York. P. S.: She sang My Heart Belongs to Daddy in the revue, Leave It to Me—and woke up famous next morning, with Hollywood on her doorstep. . . . There are 29 Victor Herbert songs in the film, some only in fragments. That's a record. Alexander's Ragtime Band had 26, The Star Maker 22. Three best known Herbert melodies are Kiss Me Again, Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life, and A Kiss in the Dark. . . . Four hundred extras in scene showing Lüchow's Fourteenth Street café at the turn of the century. . . . Temperature 122 degrees under the lights when they made that winter street scene with 180 extras in topcoats and mufflers. . . . Coloratura Susanna Foster has just turned fifteen. Real name Susanna DeLee Flanders Larson. Dad played football under Amos Alonzo Stagg at Chicago. Susanna grew up in Minneapolis. She's a descendant of Stephen Foster, hence the name. A Minneapolis drama critic made a record of Susanna's voice and sent it to Hollywood. Metro signed her. Susanna remained a year there but never made a picture. Dropped. The family fortunes ran pretty low when Susanna tried for a part in The Star Maker and lost it to Linda Ware. But now everything's all right with the Larson family. Susanna is particularly happy. No more oleomargarine on the Larson table. . . . Director Andrew Stone came of a wealthy family, his father being a railroad pioneer. He dabbled with amateur theatricals and movies, went to the University of California for two years, decided to be a film producer. Built houses in Frisco, took his roll to Hollywood, worked his way up from extra. In 1926 produced a picture called The Elegy, with Tyrone Power, Sr., and Gladys Brockwell starred. Encountered various vicissitudes. In 1937 personally produced another film, The Girl Said No. Now he's a regular for Paramount.

★ ★ ★ FOUR WIVES

THE PLAYERS: Claude Rains, Jeffrey Lynn, Priscilla Lane, Rosemary Lane, Lola Lane, Gale Page, Eddie Albert, May Robson, Frank McHugh, Dick Foran, Henry O'Neill, Vera Lewis, John Qualen. Screen play by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein and Maurice Hanline, based on Fannie Hurst's novel, Sister Act. Directed by Michael Curtiz, produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 110 minutes.

REMEMBER Four Daughters, which John Garfield stole as a vagabond musician who realized he was hurting his young bride and calmly drove his car to oblivion? Here again are the four daughters of the old music teacher Adam Lemp, picking up the threads of life.

The yarn goes obstetrical. The young widow of the tramp composer finds she is to have a posthumous baby. All the time she still is loved by her old sweetheart, a handsome young musician. Another sister discovers she never can have a baby, a third adopts an infant just as she finds she is en route to twin motherhood, the fourth falls in love with an ambitious young physician. But Four Wives is chiefly the story of the little widow Ann trying to build new dreams over her memories of moody dead Mickey Borden.

The same girls—Priscilla, Rosemary, and Lola Lane and Gale Page—play the Lemps, Claude Rains is again old Adam Lemp, and May Robson once more mothers the brood as Aunt Etta. Even Garfield appears in memory flashes, and a great symphony, conducted by Jeffrey Lynn, plays the overture built from the theme Mickey once drummed out on the Lemp piano.

This aims for sentimental humanness and domestic intimacy, achieves several moving moments, strains hard at times, drags considerably over numerous slow stretches. It's adult fare, with obstetrics and family frankness its motif.

Oddly enough, Garfield in a few wraith flashes, still tops the cast.

VITAL STATISTICS: Four Daughters was suggested by Fannie Hurst's Sister Act. Four Wives is the sequel. Miss Hurst has been battling over the appropriation of her characters. But another, Four Mothers, is being planned. . . . It's tough working with babies. The law permits them to be under the powerful lights only thirty seconds at a time and only two hours in a day. . . . Claude Rains has a two-year-old himself, Jennifer Rains, scheduled to be a movie star, or maybe a television idol, herself about 1956. . . . Who wrote that haunting original musical theme of Mickey Borden's? Max Rabinowitsch, concert pianist and composer. Max collaborated with Max Steiner on the symphony, called Symphony Moderne. . . . Eddie Albert was a Minneapolis soda jerker when he decided to try for bigger and better things. Worked his way through two years of the University of Minnesota by singing and dancing at clubs

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and playing stooge for a strong-man act. Then he quit college to speculate with his luck in New York. First came radio. Then a real break in the stage comedy Brother Rat, playing a dumb stude. That role took him to Hollywood. Been travelin' fast ever since. . . . If you have trouble getting your daughters off to school, think of the problems of Mrs. Cora B. Lane of North Hollywood, California, mater of three screen luminaries. Two live with her, Lola spends the night at the Lane manse when she has an early studio call. So Mrs. Lane gets up at 5.30, begins squeezing fruit juices and laying out the right clothes.

★ ★ ★ GERONIMO

THE PLAYERS: Preston Foster, Ellen Drew, Andy Devine, William Henry, Ralph Morgan, Gene Lockhart, Marjorie Gateson, Kitty Kelly, Monte Blue, Pierre Watkin, Addison Richards, Chief Thunder Cloud, Joseph Crehan. Screen play by Paul H. Sloane. Directed by Mr. Sloane. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 89 minutes.

THIS is one of those minor Hollywood films that grew into a super-Western during the making. The budget was upped, more Indians hit the warpath, Geronimo's scalpings grew bigger and more hirsute.

Here, in sweeping panorama, is the last great Indian campaign, when Geronimo the Apache led his redskins for years in a one-man feud against all whites. The United States cavalry rode after him as he pillaged and burned, killed and scalped through the Southwest, but it wasn't until the late '80s that the fabulous Geronimo was cornered and captured. The story here centers around a young West Pointer who manages to get appointed to the detachment commanded by his own father, a taciturn, stern disciplinarian, and the theme concerns the bringing together of the two in the midst of the grueling Indian campaign.

The acting is adequate, but Geronimo isn't an acting film. It's all action.

VITAL STATISTICS: Chief Thunder Cloud, who does Geronimo, is a full-blooded Cherokee. Born in Oklahoma during a thunderstorm. Parents moved their tepee to Arizona, where Thunder, Senior, mined gold in a small way. Junior to school in Tucson, on to the School of Mines at the University of Arizona. Did tribal dances and songs over a Chautauqua circuit, studied voice culture, tried the movies in Ramona. He's the stoical Indian henchman of The Lone Ranger serial. Owns a gold mine fifty-four miles from Tucson; still hopes for grand opera. And why shouldn't he hit the trail to the Met? . . . Joseph Crehan has played General U. S. Grant forty-two times in films. Puffs another big black cigar here. . . . Director and author Paul Sloane once taught in a New York school. Later lectured about the country on the redskin.

Short review:

★ ★ ★ DESTRY RIDES AGAIN

James Stewart as a sheriff's youthful aide who cleans up a rip-roaring frontier town. Marlene Dietrich as a dance-hall darling. Otherwise, Mr. Smith and the Blue Angel in a fast-moving Western you'll love. (Universal. 94 minutes.)

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 20

1—Moriz Rosenthal.
2—The Red Cross.
3—From its resemblance to Portland stone.
4—Weather.
5—Friedrich von Flotow.
6—Crude petroleum.
7—From Simon Bolivar, South American liberator.
8—North Carolina; Georgia and Florida; western United States.
9—About 2,550 miles.
10—A group of dinosaurs known as sauropods.
11—Ninety-two.
12—The Hague.
13—Three: Joe, Yankees; Dominic, Boston Red Sox; and Vince, Cincinnati Reds.
14—A male sheep that leads the flock and has a bell on its neck.
15—At twelve months of age.
16—Kelp (ashes of seaweed).
17—The Garand M-1 rifle.
18—Solomon.
19—Commercial passports for shippers, designed to eliminate inspection and delay at sea.
20—F. E. Sillanpaa

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Gulliver's Travels, That They May Live, Ninotchka, Mr. Smith Goes to Washington, Babes in Arms, Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex, Rulers of the Sea, The Real Glory, The Women, The Rains Came, The Wizard of Oz, Stanley and Livingstone.

★★★½—The Light that Failed, We Are Not Alone, First Love, Eternally Yours, Intermezzo: A Love Story, Disputed Passage, Golden Boy.

★★★—That's Right, You're Wrong, Tower of London, Drums Along the Mohawk, The Roaring Twenties, Hollywood Cavalcade, Thunder Afloat, Espionage Agent, Honeymoon in Bali, The Cat and the Canary, Nurse Edith Cavell, Dust Be My Destiny, The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, The Under-Pup, The Star Maker, Fifth Avenue Girl, Lady of the Tropics, When Tomorrow Comes, The Old Maid, In Name Only, What a Life, Each Dawn I Die, Winter Carnival, Beau Geste, They Shall Have Music, On Borrowed Time, Bachelor Mother, Five Came Back, Daughters Courageous, Man About Town, Jamaica Inn, Four Feathers.

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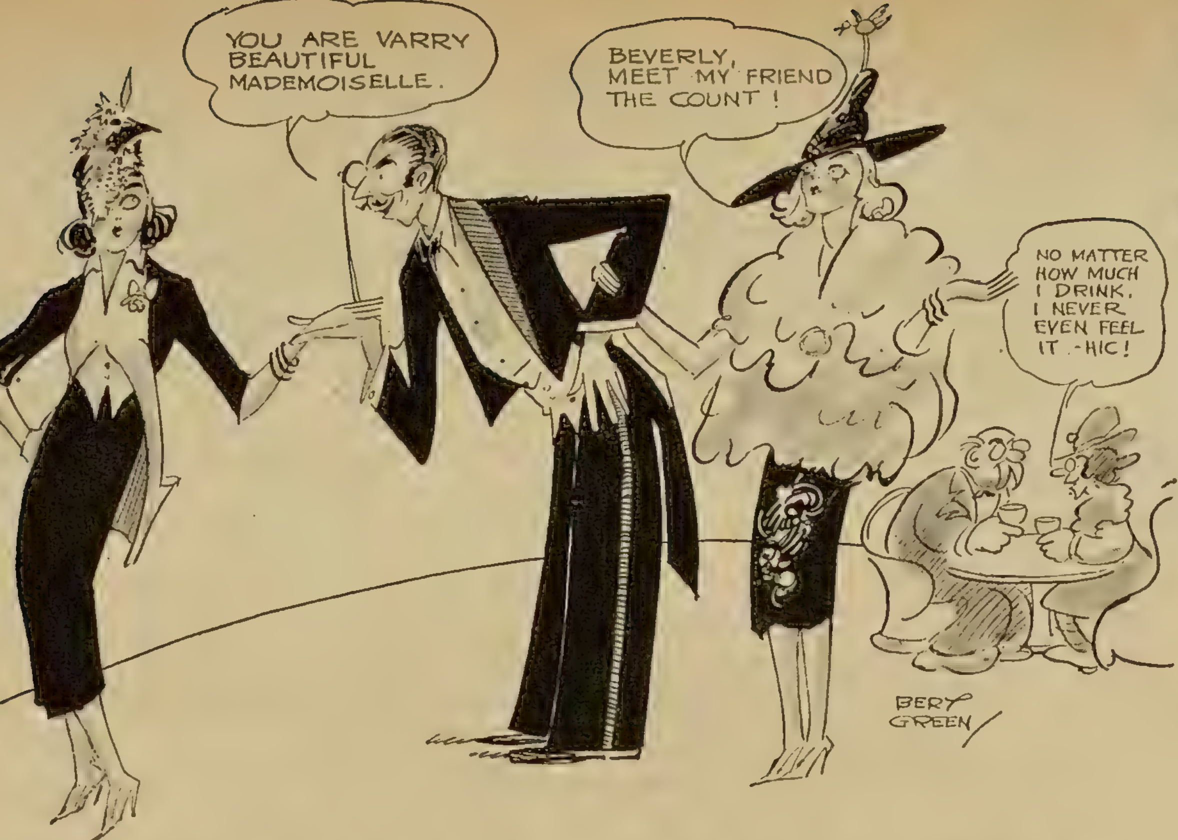

YOU ARE VARRY BEAUTIFUL MADEMOISELLE.
BEVERLY, MEET MY FRIEND THE COUNT !
NO MATTER HOW MUCH I DRINK, I NEVER EVEN FEEL IT -HIC!
BERT GREEN

THE GOLD RUSHERS

Mix-up in romance!—The mirthful masquerade of two madcaps on the make

Words and Picture

BY BERT GREEN

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

WELL, between the Elegantia hopping waves that looked like the Poke-in-the-nose Mountains, I have hardly closed my jeepers peepers all night. To make matters worse, Lenora—my side-kick—has hardly spoken to me. She's peeved because I spent such a grand evening with Robert Barrington Grosvenor, whom *she* regards as *her* boy friend—of all things! *She* may have *discovered* Robert *first,* but for some unknown reason, *he discovered me last;* and if I do say so, he and I are doing very nicely, thank you.

I, being somewhat upset by Lenora's chilly indifference, went to work on her this morning when she was about to slip her beautiful form in the bath salts.

"For the love of Pete, Lenora," I asked, "what's biting you? Here we're on a beautiful ship trying to grab a couple of wealthy husbands, and you start getting peeved."

"Well, why *shouldn't* I?" she replies, throwing back her pretty head indignantly. "Here *I discover* the *best-looking thing* on board and *you monopolize* him."

"Oh, don't be idiotic!" I said indignantly, trying to make light of a dark situation. "I think Mr. Grosvenor divides his time between us *both.*"

"Says you!" she snapped, her eyes the size of mock oranges. "I noticed he *didn't divide four hours* of the *moonlight* with *me* last night, like he did with *you.*"

"It seems to me, dearie, that you and Count Felix de Theigh are doing very nicely yourselves," I remarked, "so why squawk?"

"If you *must* know, you treat *me* like an imbecile."

"You imagine it," I said, struggling into my girdle.

"Oh, yes? Then why should *I* be excluded from all your wires and *transatlantic calls* from Washington? You didn't use to act like that when we roomed together in that thirty-buck apartment."

"Now listen to me, Lenora," I said emphatically. "I have always been on the level with you, and you must *trust* me. When the time comes, I'll take you into my confidence and tell you *everything,* but right now, I ask you *not* to question my actions and, above all, *not* to divulge them to others."

"For crying out loud, Beverly," she gasped, "you talk like Conan Doyle's sister!"

"You know very well," I continued, "that while *you* worked in the Five and Ten, and *I* worked in the barbershop, we got along perf, so let's not scrap."

"O. K., Miss Jekyll and Hyde," she said sarcastically, "I won't butt in hereafter. But please answer this question: "If *you never saw* the Count before, how did you know he was *six feet one,* had an *impediment* in his *speech,* and featured a *small blue star tattooed* on the back of his *right hand?"*

"That's *my* business!" I said decisively.

"Oh, so that's the way you feel about it!" she says peevishly, slamming the bathroom door.

Seeing that her ladyship was rather upset over my secretiveness, I decided to breakfast alone and leave her in the shower to cool off.

I had hardly finished my crumpets and finnan haddie than whom do I run into on deck but One-Round Regan of all people. He was groomed in a loud herringbone coat, baggy brown slacks, and a wild pink shirt.

"So youse wouldn't recognize me the other night, when I seen you baggin' with that Park Avenoo dood, eh?" he tees off, with an ice cube on every word.

"Oh, don't be silly, Mr. Regan," I retorts, trying to laugh it off.

"But youse never gave me a run-around before in New York."

"Well, it's like this," I said, trying to be diplomatic. "For five years I've been saving dough to make this trip to Europe and I wanted people to think I was a *society gal.*"

"Oh, so that's it, eh?" he smiles, featuring a row of auriferous teeth. "I suppose you're going to slap the bee on some rich comedian from the sage belt?"

"Maybe," I says, dropping my pale blue orbs.

"Well, don't worry about *me,* cutie," he remarks, patting me on the cheek like he owned me. "I wouldn't tell *nobody* youse had polished mitts in a beauty garage if me life depended on it."

I thanked him, and by way of changing the subject I asked him if he was still in the fight game.

"Gee, no!" he chuckled, with a disgusted wave of his paw. "I failed to convulse 'em in the assault-an'-cauliflower racket, so I quit. I'm in a *sweet racket now.*"

"Doing what?" I asked.

"Well, between *me* an' *you,* I'm the *go-between* for a big syndicate in New Joysey an' I'm cleanin' up! I sort of finagle *ammunition* an' *gat parts* into *foreign countries* what ain't supposed to get the stuff. Get it?"

I became interested.

"Gee, it sounds exciting!" I said, making him a present of a clubby smile.

"Exciting!" he exclaims, spitting into the sea. "It ain't only exciting, but they's *millions* in it."

"I can imagine," I said thoughtfully. "But I should think you'd need plenty of help running such a precarious and extensive business?"

"Oh, I've got ample!" he corrected me. "I'm *woikin'* with *two other guys* on board this canoe. We woik incognito—if you folley me?"

"You're a pretty smart guy to go into such a dangerous business after being a prizefighter, aren't you?" I inquired, cutely picking a long blonde hair from his shoulder.

Just then a faint whistle came through a porthole, and Regan turned quickly.

"O. K., Count," Regan sang out. "I'll be with youse."

As he left me, I said to myself:

Take
Alka-Seltzer
AND SEE HOW MUCH BETTER YOU FEEL
I USE IT TO EASE THE DISCOMFORT OF A COLD
I ALSO TAKE IT FOR HEADACHE
IT'S GREAT FOR ACID INDIGESTION

Millions of people keep Alka-Seltzer in their homes because it is ONE remedy that is good for many common ailments. It is so pleasant to take—so prompt in action—so effective for headache, upset stomach, muscular fatigue, acid indigestion or the discomforts of a cold. Just get a package of Alka-Seltzer, and you'll be prepared for the relief Alka-Seltzer gives from pain and discomfort in any of these common troubles. Always keep a large package of Alka-Seltzer in YOUR home. Every member of your family will use it—and like it.

AT ALL DRUG STORES

Alka-Seltzer

Your HAIR

IS IT THINNING OR FALLING OUT?

If your hair is causing you this kind of trouble and it is due to poor blood circulation in the scalp, rent a Crosley XERVAC and try home treatments with this amazing machine. It is designed to help correct just such conditions of the scalp as the lack of proper blood circulation.

Rent a CROSLEY XERVAC

Write for free particulars, how you can rent a brand new machine, the same type now used in many barber shops and scalp clinics, for a small rental fee per month, without any obligation to buy. The Crosley XERVAC operates on the principle of alternate vacuum and pressure, known to be effective for forcing fresh, stimulating blood into the deep-rooted blood vessels. Very compact, easy to use. Now that you can rent one you can get its benefits on easiest of terms. Write for details of home rental plan.

THE CROSLEY CORPORATION
Dept. A-75 Cincinnati, Ohio

"Count? Count? Where have I heard *that name* before?"

As I strolled along the boat deck, I found Lenora seated in a steamer chair beside some stranger. He was a pompous-looking bird with sunken cheeks and a small sharp nose who might be taken for a Midwestern banker. Just why Lenora was sitting with him was a mystery to me, but I concluded he must have money and she was trying to impress him with her mythical travels. Yes, and the yell is, ever since she pulled that prize *faux pas* of telling Robert Grosvenor she intended to live at the Louvre in Paris, she's been studying a book called The British *Almanac.*

Now, I'm *not* in the habit of eavesdropping, boys and girls, but I just couldn't resist this conversation:

"Yes," says Lenora with an informative air that would make a tour director and Roger Babson throw in the sponge, "London is a remarkable place. It has a population of 8,202,118, which is an increase of nine per cent over 1921. St. Paul's Cathedral—which you might have heard of—stands at the top of Ludgate Hill, between Fleet Street and the City. It is called the parish church of the British Empire."

"So?" says the stranger.

"The changing of the guard takes place daily at ten thirty at Buckingham Palace. You *must* see it!"

"So?"

"Yes, and Westminster Abbey too is very impressive. It is one of the most unusual places I have ever seen," she fibbed. "Every king and queen has been crowned there *since 1066.* Can you beat that? Oh, and take in the Underground and Piccadilly Circus! By the way, what part of the *States do you* come from?"

"Who, me?" he grunted. "I *live* in *London.* I've been the 'ead waiter at the 'Ampstead 'Eath Inn for nearly fifty years."

Don't you love it?

LATE in the afternoon I climbed into one of my cutest bolero ensembles, donned my imported brimmed pyramid, and decided to browse around the ship in hopes of accidentally on purpose running into my good-looking boy friend Robert. As I strolled through a quiet palmed corner of the cocktail lounge, I stumbled smack into Lenora and the Count. Both were very loving and feeling pretty high, so Lenora called me over—as if nothing had happened between us—and introduced me to the Count.

He was just the kind of bird I had pictured. A tall, attractive, dark-eyed Latin.

"I'm charmed to meet you, mademoiselle," he tells me. "Won't you join us in a cocktail?"

"I'd be delighted," I told him, as he helped me into a red leather overstuffed.

"Your frand, Miss West, ees vary charming. *Magnifique!*" he tells Lenora, looking me over as if I was dressed in cellophane.

"Yes," says she carelessly.

During the first hour of our tête-à-tête the Count drank one champagne cocktail after another, and my lovely girl friend was not far behind. As for me, I managed to pour most of mine into the jardinière of a large fern at the opportune moment.

As the afternoon wore out, the Count became very talkative, but guarded himself carefully as to *his own* activities. However, he did mention he "commuted between London and Paris" and said he was "an *importer,*" but he failed to mention *what* he imported. As he fumbled through an inside pocket, two letters and a cablegram fell to the floor. Both letters were *sealed* with *green wax.* One was postmarked *England* and the other *France.* I helped him reach for them in hopes of getting a close-up of their destination, but in a flash he had them back in his pocket.

Be on hand next week as the Elegantia speeds toward Europe and our two romantic adventurers become tangled in a web of intrigue.

By this time the Atlantic—which had gradually been rising—was doing the shag. I looked at Lenora and noticed she was getting pale under the chops.

"I think I'll go out on the promenade deck and get some fresh air," she said meekly.

"Allow me to escort you, *ma chérie!*" said the Count, rising unsteadily.

"No!" exclaimed Lenora with a sickly wave of her hand. "I'd rather be *alone!*"

During her absence her charming vis-à-vis switched his maudlin attentions to me and fairly devoured me with his eyes. In the course of a half hour he was all but *proposing* to *me.*

"You are vary loffly, *mademoiselle, comprenez vous?*" he tells me with an amorous look that would wilt an Apache queen. Before I knew it, he grabbed me, held me tightly in his arms, and *kissed me.* Honestly, I could have *murdered* him! When free, I struck him brutally across the face with my outstretched hand.

I then ran to my stateroom. Just as I was about to carefully examine the *cablegram* and the two *letters* postmarked England and France, in stormed Lenora. Avoiding my reflection in the mirror, I quickly tucked the letters in the front of my dress. As I spun around she glared at me.

"So!" she exclaimed, without any preliminaries. "*You're not satisfied* to take *Robert Grosvenor* from *me,* but *now* you *try* to *steal* the *Count*—the man *I'm going* to *marry!*"

"Marry?" I gasped.

"Yes, MARRY!"

"You must be out of your mind!"

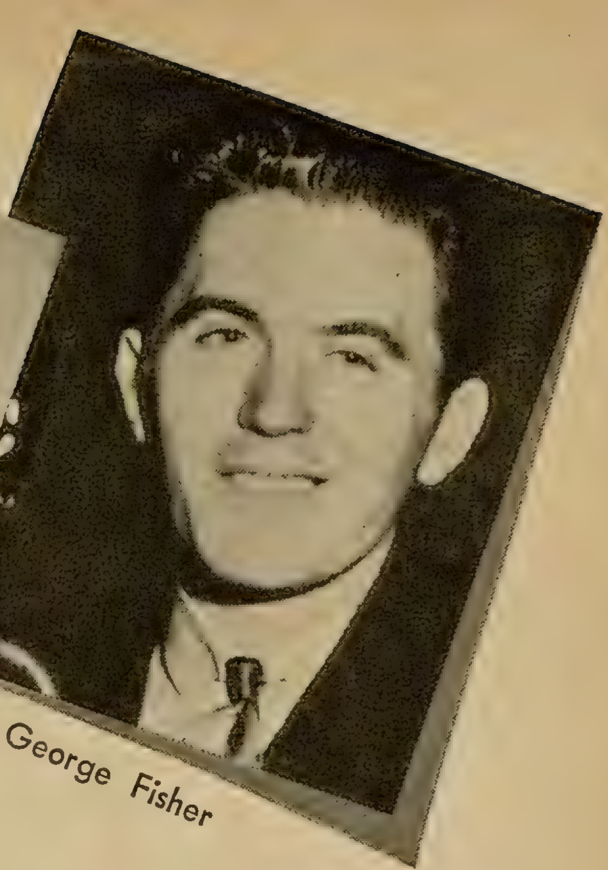
"Tomorrow I'll *move* to a *stateroom* of *my own!*" she almost yelled. "Just wait till *Mr. Grosvenor* hears about you *kissing another man!*"

"What next?" I mumbled to myself, as she slammed the door of the cabin behind her.

THE END

Jimmy Fidler

Hedda Hopper


George Fisher

HOLLYWOOD GOSSIPS

War! Here's the picturesque truth behind the columnist-studio feud

BY HOWARD SHARPE

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

HOLLYWOOD'S desperate fight to control its own publicity has been going on for years and reached its first great climax earlier in the '30s, when it rallied all forces to win a decisive battle with the fan magazines. It was charged that these publications had been using figurative poison gas, and the studios got a controlled peace through censorship.

Now a continuation of the same war is well into the works, with the newspaper and radio columnists the force which has none too stealthily emerged during the years of uneasy armistice.

The current "Big Three" hierarchy of the columnists, Jimmy Fidler, George Fisher, and Hedda Hopper, are the exuberant personalities who get in the hair, individually and collectively, of stars and producers. There are a lot of newspaper gossips without air time, of course; but it is the radio release that counts, that swells the audience and has immediate, unbelievable box-office results. And what is sending the studio chiefs and the stars into battle conference is the fact that the gossips persist in telling unsavory truths about them. At least, the columnists insist it's truth. The Hollywood propaganda departments say it's a pack of lies.

This discussion is from a standpoint of determined neutrality.

The first official salvo was fired by producer Walter Wanger in the September 9, 1939, issue of Liberty. He wrote a piece called The Stars Call Them Leeches and, distinguishing between "disgruntled chiselers and hangers-on" and "Hollywood correspondents with professional ethics, training, and a sense of responsibility," blasted at the portion of the press which he said practiced "retaliatory" journalism against any player or company failing to cater to the "chiseler's" vanity or pocketbook.

Mr. Wanger mentioned no names, but Jimmy Fidler replied in a broadcast and offered to give Mr. Wanger time on the air to "name the names" the producer meant in his article.

Wanger accepted the challenge. Fidler said O. K., he'd give Wanger three minutes on his next broadcast.

The reply Mr. Wanger wrote and sent over to Jimmy had a nine-and-a-half-minute reading time, mentioned Fidler alone among the columnists, and quoted depositions made in a suit filed against Jimmy by a player.

Mr. Fidler's argument: Since he had only eleven and one half minutes himself after commercials and what all were taken out, nine and a half minutes to Wanger was too much time. Wanger had been asked only to identify the people he meant in the article, not to make a personal attack on Jimmy. The script was too venomous.

Mr. Wanger's argument: Jimmy had not specified a time limit in his original challenge. Jimmy had asked whom the Liberty article referred to specifically, and this was the exact answer. Jimmy made a challenge and then wouldn't see it through.

There the encounter is deadlocked.

But almost from the beginning of the radio columnists' appearance, border skirmishing, unofficial but heated, has been going on.

Of the stars' three cheerful little headaches, Fidler, with his 132 daily papers and his weekly air show, has had and is having the most trouble. He has been at the top the longest, having made his reputation out of his sensationally candid reporting, and makes the most money ($3,000 a week), paid by a shampoo manufacturer. His 1938 income was $265,000.

Thirty-nine-year-old Jimmy Fidler came to Hollywood originally to be an actor, didn't have much success, and turned press agent. He is at heart, he admits, a promoter before he is anything else; and he helped promote to stardom Rudolph Valentino, Janet Gaynor, Clara Bow, Wally Reid, and Connie Bennett (who is now after his scalp). Before long Jimmy decided to promote Jimmy Fidler, and set himself at once to the task, with the results you see.

Fidler now has a staff to help him. His friend Walter Ramsay works on the radio stuff. Eric "Dutch" Ergenbright writes the daily syndicated column, which he and Fidler edit together. He pays these two together a total of nearly $20,000 a year. He maintains ten people on the office staff, three reporters, two men in New York, one in San Francisco, and one in Chicago. He has about twenty confidential people scattered around the studios, some employed as secretaries to very important executives, and pays them for a story or writes a check for their expenses. And of course there's his lawyer. The yearly rap is between $50,000 and $60,000 altogether, leaving Jimmy about $200,000 in the clear.

Through his sixty-one stations and 132 papers he figures he reaches at

COUGHS DUE TO COLDS

Piso's PLUS-ACTION* Explodes Theory That Cough Medicine Only Soothes Your Throat!

The very first spoonful of Piso's brings soothing comfort to your irritated throat membranes. But you also get an important plus-action in this modern formula Piso's.

*Piso's actually stimulates your system to produce more protective secretions in your throat and upper bronchial passages.

These normal fluids thin out and liquefy thick, clogging phlegm . . . it's more easily flushed away and expelled . . your cough is "loosened"!

Depend on Piso's (Pie-so's) . . not for its local "throat soothing" action alone . . but for its more important inside-working systemic effect. Piso's is good for adults and children. At all druggists in 35c-60c bottles.

DON'T BE TIRED!

Fagged out night after night? Quick lifts only pick you up to let you down harder. The sure way to fight fatigue is to increase your *endurance!* Do it by this new method that works on women as well as men.

First, *build up* your endurance by taking 4 envelopes of Knox Gelatine *daily* for 2 weeks. Then, take 2 envelopes daily for 2 more weeks. After that, take whenever you feel a slump. Results in building endurance have been proved in colleges and hundreds of controlled test-cases.

Write for Bulletin E. Knox Gelatine, Johnstown, N. Y. Dept. 74.

Knox, the pure plain gelatine in the familiar grocery store package, is the only gelatine which has actually *proved* this endurance-building property.

HOW TO TAKE: Empty 1 envelope (¼ package) Knox Gelatine in glass ¾ full tap water or fruit juice, or ½ water, ½ fruit juice. Let liquid absorb gelatine. Stir briskly, drink rapidly or it will thicken.

FREE ATTRACTIVE CATALOG

Artistic pins, rings and emblems for classes and clubs. Attractive prices. Finest quality, gold plated, silver, etc. Over 300 designs.

Write Dept. Z, METAL ARTS CO., Rochester, N. Y.

30¢ PINS

TRAVEL FOR "UNCLE SAM"

Start $142-$158 month. Railway Postal Clerks, Carriers, Clerks, File Clerks. Write immediately for list of positions.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE DEPT. A218 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

ITCH STOPPED QUICKLY

Use D.D.D. Prescription

Quick relief from itching of eczema, rashes and other externally caused skin troubles

35c bottle, at druggists, proves it or money back

least 25,000,000 people with these opinions of his. You can imagine what happens at the box office when he gives a picture two-bell rating instead of three.

Jimmy Fidler has few enough illusions. The Hollywood gossip, he confesses, is right about half the time. The thing is, he hears the news a little earlier than other people and with his background can weigh with more accuracy the truth or falseness of what he hears. Whereupon he announces the more likely stories with the protective phrase, "I am told that—" preceding them, and then keeps his fingers crossed.

When he's wrong people call him up and threaten to punch his nose. This used to impress him to the extent of hiring an ex-fight champion as a bodyguard; but it was awkward when Jimmy wanted to go into swank clubs, so he relaxed about the whole thing.

Only Connie Bennett went so far as actually to sue him. She asked $600,000 damages because Jimmy said she'd snubbed Patsy Kelly, and because he said in an open letter to Miss Bennett, "Remember, the only splinters in the ladder of fame are those you get sliding down."

Jimmy says Connie did snub Patsy, and he can prove it. Connie says she didn't, and Jimmy can prove nothing of the sort. Jimmy says Connie misinterpreted his "splinters" remark. Connie says she guesses she knows when she's maligned as a failure, and no hooey about misinterpretations is going to change her mind.

Jimmy says he's reported twice as many nice things as bad things about Connie. Anyway, the suit probably will be dropped.

Some of the best news scoops in Hollywood history have come the way of Fidler—most of them cause for rage on the part of Louella Parsons, who was pretty sure she had them sewed up. The Gables' divorce story broke on Jimmy's show two days before the papers would believe him or print it; Gable was on a plane and couldn't be reached. Then the Frances Langford-Jon Hall elopement came in as a tip. Fidler checked, and called Mr. Hall before his broadcast.

"I know Frances is on Louella's program," Jimmy said, "so I'm telling you I'm going to break your marriage story on my show. Have Frances ring Louella right now so she won't have to hear it from me."

And Jimmy had the exclusive on both of Joan Crawford's divorces. The first one started a feud between the two because Jimmy says Joan promised him she wouldn't tell any one else and then did. However, that was patched up and they are bosom pals now. Joan can't stay mad, and neither can Jimmy.

"I feel friendly toward everybody," he says.

George Fisher (about 100 stations of the Mutual network, with 20,000,000 listeners twice weekly) started the whole radio gossip business way back in 1931, when Warner Brothers hired him to chatter innocuous gossip about their stars on a local station. He called the program Hollywood Whispers. Fisher is thirty; is good-looking, nervous, intelligent, sincere, and hard-working. He was assistant drama editor of the San Francisco Examiner, by-line and all, at seventeen; became theater manager Nat Holt's press agent, and when the Examiner started presenting news flashes over the air, took the job of reading them because no one else would bother.

PATRIOTIC CARTOON CONTEST—$1,800 IN CASH AWARDS

Sponsored by Liberty Magazine and Town Hall, New York

RULES

1. Any one, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Macfadden Publications, the Town Hall, New York, and members of their families.
2. Cartoons must depict the ideal of "How the Town Meeting Idea Can Best Preserve American Liberty and Democracy."
3. Cartoons must be approximately 14 x 16 inches and should not exceed this size. They should be drawn on white Bristol board, in India ink, pencil, or charcoal, suitable for published reproduction and exhibition.
4. Signatures must be placed on back of cartoons, not on face. Prize winners will be given an opportunity to sign on face before reproduction.
5. Cartoons will be judged for aptness, originality, power, simplicity, and draftsmanship. Judged on this basis, the best entry will be awarded a cash first prize of $1,000. The second best entry will receive a cash second prize of $300. The five entries next in order of excellence will receive cash prizes of $100 each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid. A competitor may submit as many cartoons as he desires, but only one prize will be awarded to any competitor.
6. Prize-winning cartoons will become the property of Liberty Magazine and the Town Hall, New York, for reproduction wherever desired. All entries may be exhibited at a special showing in New York after the contest closes. The right is reserved to purchase for publication, at usual rates, any entries in addition to the prize winners.
7. Entries should be addressed to Patriotic Cartoon Contest, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., and should be postmarked on or before February 21, 1940, the closing date of this contest. No entries will be returned unless accompanied by return postage when submitted.
8. Winners will be announced in the first available issue of Liberty Magazine and announced by broadcast over America's Town Meeting of the Air.
9. The judges will be Bernarr Macfadden and Fulton Oursler for Liberty, George V. Denny, Jr., and Arthur E. Bestor for the Town Hall, and a nationally recognized personality to be announced later. By entering the contest you agree to accept their decisions as final.

Watch Liberty for further developments

In Hollywood he finally got a letter from Jack Warner permitting him to mention stars of other studios. The first thing the impressionable and ingenuous boy did was to announce that Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers were going to be married. Miss Pickford was still Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks at the time, and summarily threatened suit for $100,000. The suit was dropped when, a week later, George read a retraction.

Shortly thereafter Universal produced a picture, Dangerous Waters, with Jack Holt. A technician told

George he felt the film was so terrible he didn't want screen credit. George quoted the man on the air.

Universal threatened suit. Warner Brothers instructed George not to give copies of his script to any one and engaged a lawyer to check all copy before each broadcast.

And the undeclared war was on. . . .

The new Mutual network offered George, he will tell you, $200; CBS, $100 for his services. He chose Mutual, built up a big following on his new network, wrote a column of movie gossip for the Los Angeles Evening News, and settled down to sincere competition with Fidler and the other sponsored programs.

Then the unpredictable happened. Walter Winchell heard his program and began writing him friendly criticisms. When Walter came to Hollywood the two became fast friends, and later, when Winchell decided he needed a vacation, he chose George to substitute for him on the air.

After filling in for Winchell for nine weeks, George returned to Mutual. During the summer just past he received over 100,000 fan letters.

He works alone, being unable to afford a staff even though his radio audience is possibly twice that of Fidler's. He writes sixty stories weekly himself and is as rough as the network will let him be, although he tries hard to be fair and goes easy on sensational stuff. He gets his material by devouring all printed news of Hollywood and then going after the unwritten story behind the story he reads; and from a staggering telephone list, which includes attorneys, hospitals, prop men, night-club managers, studio secretaries, directors, producers, agents, stenographers, and the stars themselves. He checks for authenticity as closely as is humanly possible.

The Big Time is catching up with Fisher. It is earnestly suggested that you keep an eye, as well as an ear, on the lad. He is the first columnist to squeeze into the television field.

JUST as more people apparently listen to George than to Fidler, so even more tune in on the hearty voice of Hedda Hopper, since she gives three broadcasts weekly. Hedda's relatively new to radio in the gossip category, but she's a natural; besides, her syndicated column already reaches thirty papers, with more buying in regularly.

Hedda scorns the soft touch, but neither does she deliver her blows with the sledge-hammer impact of Fidler and Fisher. Get her mad and out comes her stiletto, which she wields with sophisticated wit.

Her Sunday pages pull no punches. One feature explained the caste system, based on personal income, practiced by the town; and the story just upset everybody. Several important Hollywood executives took her aside and told her it wasn't nice to do that sort of thing and a word to the wise should be sufficient, no?

"No," said Hedda, and went right on writing what she thought of the place and the people in it.

Oldest of the three columnists, Hedda emerges as one of the most powerful women in the industry, after an incredible career as an actress, which started in a Broadway chorus and nearly ended rather abruptly a little time ago when she and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer severed connections. She'd played a bit at the columning game some time before, writing in a Hearst paper and doing articles of gossip for a magazine. This time a syndicate approached her and she was more than ready.

She plays occasional character parts in films too, accomplishing everything with great gusto and vigor, which leaves her paid slaves wearily drooping in her wake. So far, she has not been sued by anybody, but she knows perfectly well Hollywood's holding on to its temper with both hands, and she doesn't care. On the other hand, she will not relay vicious gossip or take any unfair advantage.

Her biggest exclusive story was the one in which she broke the news of the Jimmy Roosevelt separation.

WELL, the case of the Hollywood stars and producers (excepting those, if any, who have no complaints) is pretty simply described. The stars feel they are human beings and as such are entitled to lead their private lives and pursue happiness without having their nonprofessional activities recited to millions of people each week. Also they feel that small lapses in conduct, certainly justified as human weakness, considering the great tension under which they work, should not be built up by columnists as indicative of a complete character, especially when such publicity is damaging professionally.

The producers don't think the gossips should pan pictures, which are a commodity, in the way of making money for themselves and *their* sponsoring commodity, be it toothpaste or girdles. The producers get sore when stars' reputations are damaged, because stars are commodities too. How's about some business ethics? ask the studio chiefs.

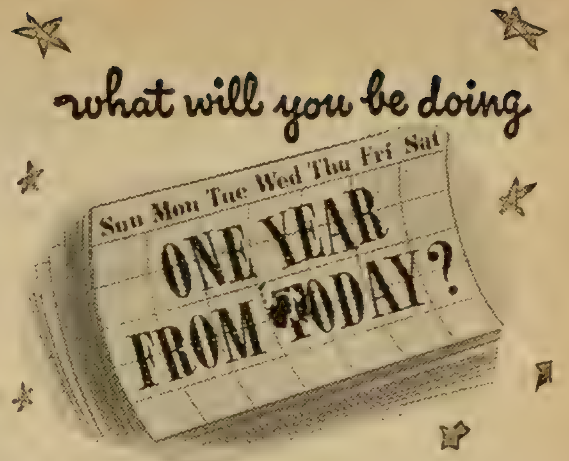
The columnists have a word or two to say in rebuttal.

The public, they maintain, has a right to know about the stars because the stars are selling themselves as a commodity to the public, and any public has a right to know what it's buying. So far as reviews are concerned, the public also has a right to know the value of a motion picture before it dishes out an admission price to see it.

As for the opinions of these columnists, and their right to broadcast them from the antennae on their housetops, they wave at you a white paper called the Constitution of the United States of America.

With that, and a brace of lawyers in the next room, they continue to do battle, typewriters chattering defiance.

THE END


what will you be doing
Sun Mon Tue Wed Thu Fri Sat
ONE YEAR FROM TODAY?

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CASH PRIZE

STARGAZING CONTEST

IS EXCELLENT!

IN making it possible for you to find a fortune in the stars in this contest, Liberty hopes you will find entertainment and enjoyment as well as the possibility of adding cash to your exchequer. Read the list of cash prizes scheduled in the Rules. Your chance to win first money is still excellent, even though you begin with this third week of the game. Get into the competition right now by reading the Rules. Then find the message in the stars in Drawing 5. The letters, when properly arranged, will spell the name of an entertainer to whose credit are stage as well as screen successes. In Drawing 6 look for the name of an ever-popular songstress. Save your solutions until the end of the contest.

LATE-ENTRY OFFER

Do you need the first four drawings in this series? Liberty has prepared reprints for your convenience. Send to the address in Rule 3 and enclose five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. When the reprints reach you, find the names in the stars and your entry will be even with the field.

THE RULES

1. This contest will cover ten weeks, ending in the issue of Liberty dated March 2, 1940.

2. Each week of the contest the names of two prominent stars of radio or pictures will be presented in jumbled form, a total of twenty names to solve.

3. To compete, simply unscramble the jumbled letters of the two names presented each week into their correct order. For instance, the various letters in a puzzle might be B-R-O-C-S-I-N-G-B-Y and could be rearranged to spell BING CROSBY. The scattered letters S-A-M-H-A-N-J-O-R would rearrange into JOAN MARSH. Write your solutions in the space provided under each puzzle. Save all solutions until your set is complete at the end of the game.

4. Then write a statement of not more than 100 words explaining "The feature, story, article, or department in Liberty I have liked best during the ten weeks of this contest, and why." This statement is required with every set of solutions.

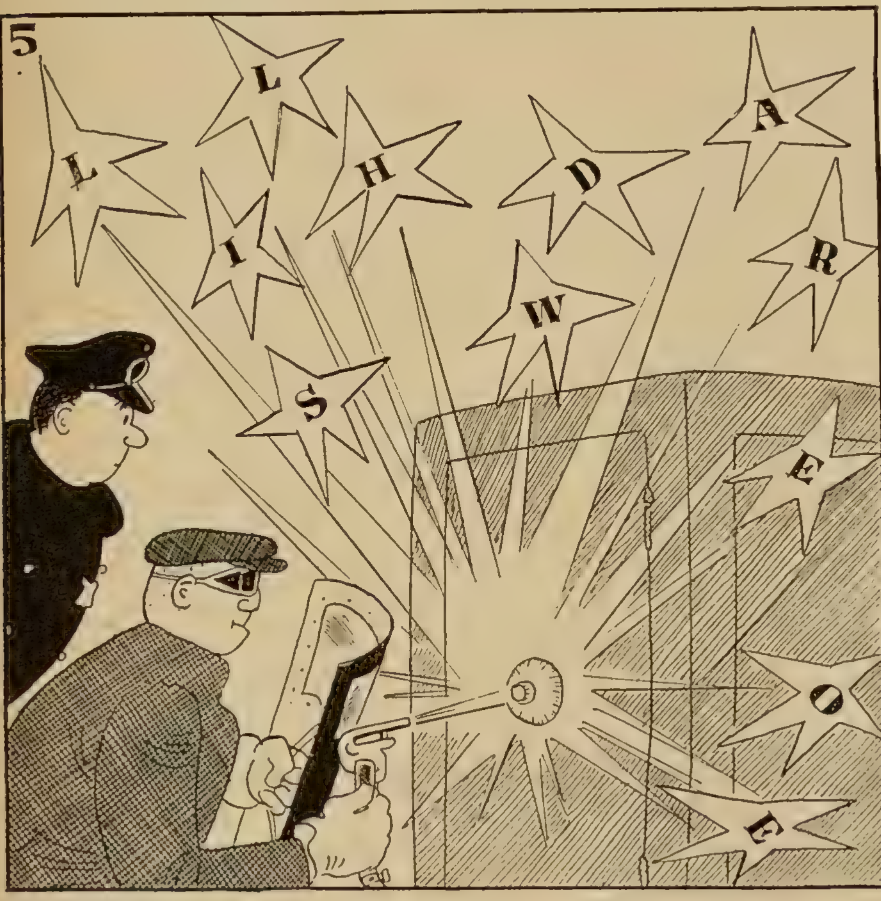
5. The entry with the greatest number of correctly solved jumbles, accompanied by the most logical and convincing statement, will be considered the best and will receive the $500 cash First Prize. In the order of their excellence on this basis other entries will be awarded the following prizes: $200 Second Prize; $100 Third Prize; twenty prizes, each $10; 200 prizes, each $5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

6. Submit entries by first-class mail to Stargazing Contest, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, March 6, the closing date of this contest.

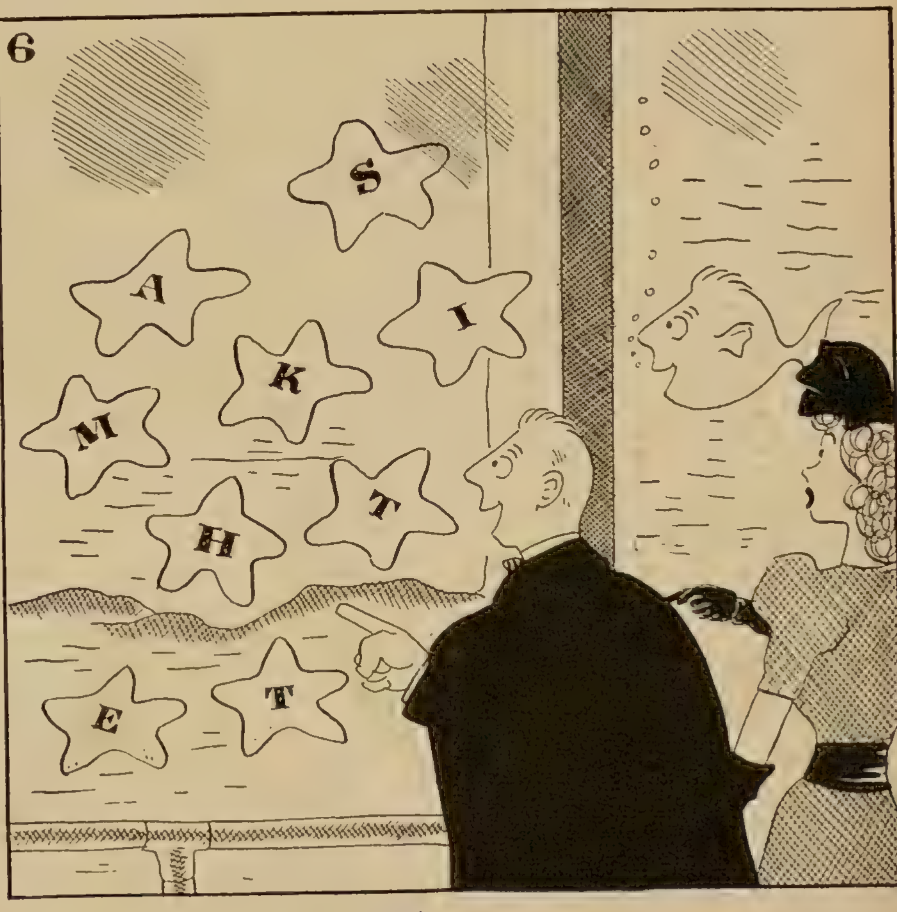
7. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families. We cannot enter into correspondence concerning any entry and no entries will be returned. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best.

SUGGESTION TO CONTESTANTS

If you care to consult an authority for assistance, we suggest Photoplay, Movie Mirror, and Radio Mirror magazines.



NAME ....



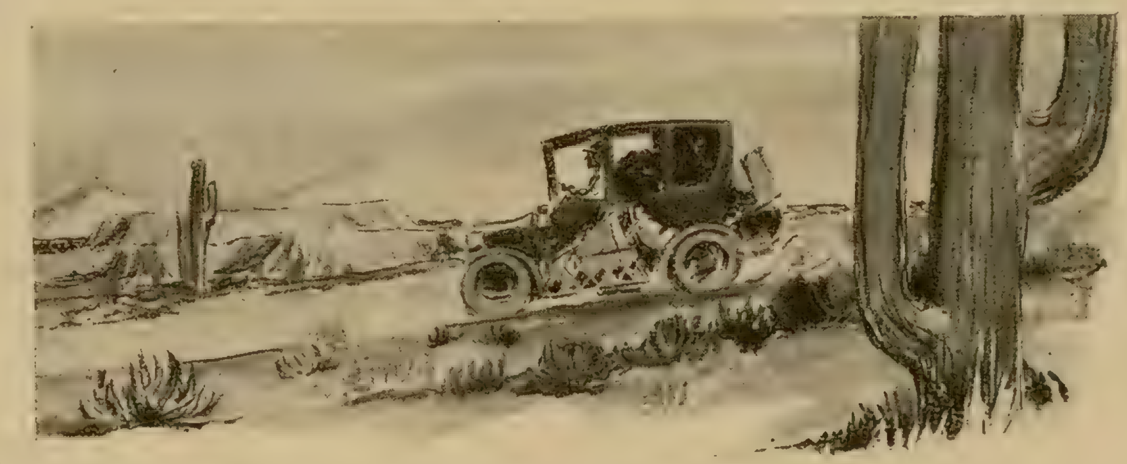
NAME ....

LITTLE OLD LADY

Liberty's Short Short

BY SOPHIE KERR

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 20 SECONDS



THE car was cheap but new, the man driving it was spry but old, so they had a certain amusing likeness. He drove along at a quiet thirty-mile pace and now and then looked with a childlike pleasure at the desert, bare and pale and burning under the morning sun, the desert which stretched away toward an infinity, neatly bisected with this excellent road by man's labor. But whenever that light of pleasure came to his faded eyes, a querulous voice from the back seat destroyed it.

On the back seat, wedged among suitcases and bags and shawls, sat the little old lady, the man's wife. She was tiny and frail, with gray curls, blue eyes behind round-lensed spectacles, prim gray dress with white collar, prim little gray hat which was almost a bonnet —you might say a perfect little old lady. In her little hands she had a bit of knitting, a scrap of gray silk which was slowly lengthening with tight careful stitches made, not on ordinary needles but on two pearl-headed pins such as florists send with corsage bouquets. She did not look out at the desert, but divided her attention between her knitting and her husband. And every now and then she talked.

It was always the same tune: "I don't know what we're doing out here in this Godforsaken country, where you can't see a decent house or a tree or a garden in five hundred miles! I don't know why you ever should be so possessed about going to California! And us with our own home, seven rooms and the bathroom done over last year and everything slick and neat and tidy, and my house plants just brought in. More likely'n not Sadie Temple'll let my peppermint geranium die, the one I've had for five years and the finest in town."

"Mom, Mrs. Temple'll take care of it. She promised she'd look in every day." The old man's voice was weary with patience.

"Yes, she'll look in every day and go through every bureau drawer and box and trunk we got. That's Sadie Temple for you. And she don't know a single thing about house plants. I don't want to go to California. I never did. This whole trip's been terrible. Lost my reg'lar fine needles and have to knit on pins! And all them muddy drafty tourist camps, and all the queer food. I haven't et a meal since we started that's set right on my stomach."

"Ah, mom, you look real well. And me"—he squared his thin shoulders valiantly—"I never felt so good in my life. If you'd only look around and enjoy it, the people's been so nice and friendly—"

"Fat women in short pants and men that don't shave regular and never put their coats on. Slovens, all of 'em. And the children all gawping at you and fresh as paint! I just tell you if I could drive this car I'd turn us round and head home as fast as we could put."

"But we're more than halfway there, mom."

"We're getting further from home every day! I hate this living in a suitcase with no proper way to get clothes washed and no telling what's in your beds when you get in 'em at night, and people nosing round." She mimicked the Western voices: "'Where you come from? How long you been on the road?' 'S all I can do to hold in and not tell 'em please to stick to their own affairs."

The old man looked off again at the color and sheen of the sky melting into the glimmering reaches of the desert. It was so beautiful. It was what he had longed for—to see the world. In three or four days more they would reach California, and he thought of orange trees and bright big flowers and high mountains and the blue Pacific. He marveled at his own courage in uprooting mom and bringing her, protesting, complaining, so far on the way. He didn't know how he had managed it. It was the first time his will had prevailed over hers.

It was then he saw the man. He rose out of the dusty earth like a clod of it and held up his hand for the car to stop, and when the old man eased down, he leaped forward, gun in hand. He was a gorilla, huge, long-armed, ruthless. "Sit still, grandpa," he said. "Who you got there?"

He peered in at the little old lady, who shrank down in terror, looking so small and helpless and scared that the gorilla almost laughed. "I guess you ain't dangerous," he said. He jerked the old man out on the road, took his wallet and watch and dropped them into his own ragged pocket. When his victim struggled, the gorilla gave him a brutal slap on the side of the head.

"Now you get in and drive," he said. "I'm going to sit alongside of you, and if we meet anybody and you squawk, I'll use my rod." He prodded the old man back behind the wheel. Then he went round to the other side of the car and got in beside him. "Hit it up. I'll make up my mind later what I'm going to do with the both of you."

The old lady, her eyes glazed with horror, watched their captor. His bulk crowded the neat little sedan. The rank smell of him, his dirt, his easy cruelty infuriated her. She looked at his dusty uncombed hair and his greasy torn collar and the thick red neck rising out of it.

"Faster, grandpa, you old sap," said the gorilla.

The little old lady was still looking at that thick red neck. Quickly, deftly she slipped one of the pearl-headed pins out of her silken knitting, reached and struck with all her strength, struck true into that thick neck between the two mighty cords of it, just below the hairline.

The gorilla flopped and heaved and fell against the old man so heavily that only the jammed-on brake saved them from being flung into the sand.

"I guess I killed him," panted the little old lady. "I hope so." And she showed the old man the long pin. A little beading of blood was on it. "Slave woman killed my grandpaw thataway. My mother saw her do it."

Between them they pulled and pushed the dead thing out of the car. "Get your money and your watch," said the little old lady. The old man, dazed and trembling, obeyed her, touching the limp sprawling body gingerly.

"And now," said the little old lady, "turn round. We're going home."

Back down the road they went, at first fast, then at last striking their even thirty-mile gait. The old man gripped the wheel, as much to support his weakness as to direct the car. He knew he would never see California now. On the back seat the little old lady, having wiped the pin on a scrap of paper, stuck it into her knitting with the other pin and put the whole thing away.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1940; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

PEACE ONLY ON GOD'S TERMS

[EDITORIAL NOTE: It is a remarkable fact that this prophetic letter was written two years ago by a clergyman who intended it for Liberty and who died shortly afterward.]

CLEVELAND, OHIO—The other day a friend asked me this question: "Can the people of the world achieve universal peace and disarmament?" My reply stunned him. It was apparent he had not considered a certain angle of this problem.

Herein I submit what I consider to be unanswerable proof that all the past efforts for promotion of peace were futile—a futility that dooms any and all future ones.

The dove of peace is as dead as a dodo, and there'll be no resurrection.

Yet I believe that war will cease.

What have been the actual gains toward achieving world peace and disarmament? This: Today the whole world is an armed camp. Not a single nation has been dissuaded from increasing its military preparations.

In this the nations manifest the most farsighted statesmanship, because just ahead is a cataclysm. Armageddon draws near.

Peace organizations beget only words, and words unsupported by armed force are impotent.

Since the "war to end war" there have been nineteen wars, and well may a thoughtful world inquire what is the real explanation. Is this chance? Coincidence? A hidden hand?

Decidedly, a hidden hand. But whose?

The answer to the above question is no mystery to several million American citizens, or additional millions of people throughout the world. For they have thought to look in the one and only authoritative source for such information—the Bible.

The Bible! Aye, there is the disturbing factor indeed—for some.

"My dear sir," replies a worldly-wise spokesman for a certain international peace organization, "we moderns do not believe in a supernatural Bible. Obviously, this is a case of one man's opinion being as good as another person's opinion."

But is it a matter of personal opinion? Truth is not predicated on or determined by mere opinion. Never!

According to prophetic Scripture, there can be no permanent world peace except upon Biblical terms. This is axiomatic. Bible prophecy admits of but one interpretation. Like a rule of mathematics, it is not ambiguous.

Since the Bible unmistakably points out there can be no outlawry of war until the Prince of Peace returns in person to this earth and sets up the Messianic theocracy, I point out the one particular predication made by the Founder of Christianity that explains the world-wide failure of the entire peace movement to rid the nations of war. It is Matthew 24.6-8: "Ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars. . . . Nation shall rise against nation: . . . there shall be famines, and pestilences, and earthquakes. . . . All these are the beginning of sorrows."

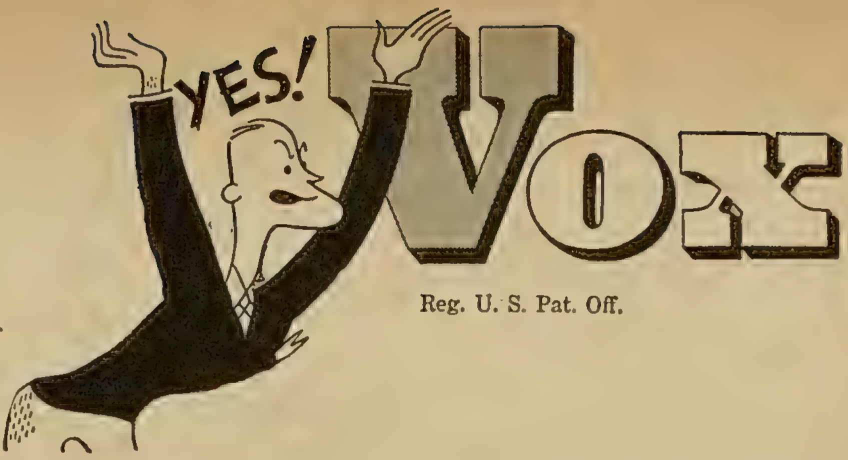
Whatever any person may or may not believe about the Bible, according to the words of Jesus this fact remains: War has been, war is, and war shall be.

In the above quotation from Holy Writ, Jesus did not sanction war. While His God is the hidden hand that completely checkmates every world peace effort from succeeding, it does not mean that God is the god of the war system. On the contrary, both God and Christ gave to the world a detailed plan and program for the abolition of war. The nations rejected, and still do, the principles involved in that plan and program.

Because of this universal rejection, Armageddon approaches. Europe is rapidly setting the political stage for action.

It cannot be denied that neither the Kellogg Pact, the Good Neighbor Policy, neutrality legislation, local, national, and international peace agencies, the League of Nations, World Court, armament limitations, Locarno protocols, referendums, clergymen, presidents and kings, diplomats and dictators, mass education on the subject of peace, nor anything else, has been able to abrogate or even make a dent in the prophecy of Matthew 24.6-8.

Watch the newspapers and magazines as they publish what is happening on earth today, much of which cannot be rightly understood save in the light of a world stage being set up whereon Biblical prophecy will be fulfilled. On this stage the world will witness such spectacles as a general war, the United States of Europe, an international police force, the disintegration of the British Empire, national dictatorships, and a military alliance between Russia, Japan, China, India—the sunrise nations—and the doom of organized religion.—*H. Lee McLendon.*



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THERE ARE SEVERAL IN BOOK FORM

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—With keen interest I read the life of Edward Doherty and thereby wish to make a suggestion: Why not give us the life story of Bernarr Macfadden?

Surely such a story would be devoured eagerly by the people who read Liberty every week from cover to cover, such as myself.—*J. A. Keyes.*

BELITTLING HIS PROFESSION

FORT HOYLE, MD.—It seems to me that Mr. John Erskine in his article on movie writers (November 18 Liberty) has done a swell job of belittling his profession. For, if I know writers, any of them will tell you that it takes time to do a good job.

Therefore, how can Mr. Erskine or any Hollywood producer expect a man to write a good scenario in the hustle and hurry that Hollywood expects?

I trust that both Mr. Erskine and the producers will consider this angle and perhaps concede that therein lies the secret.—*John W. Barkley.*

EDITORIAL PLUMB GOOD!

LA SALLE, COLO.—Macfadden's editorial in November 25 Liberty was plumb good! It shore seems like to us hombres out here that labor has the bull by the tail and a downhill pull. Not very many publishers are brave enough to say anything about it. And Collins' 5-Point Program was a ripsnorter. That story, You Never Can Tell About a Blonde, was tops, but, doggone, I don't like gals who tap their fingernails with cigarettes.—*R. D. Shirley.*

HOW ABOUT THE LOWLY MECHANIC?

DALLAS, TEX.—All of us have read a gripping story of the brave and adventurous heroic aviator. Stories of this type appear often in Liberty. But how many have heard praise of his mechanic—the man whose loyalty, hard work, and ability is the backbone of aviation?

My suggestion is that some one write a story titled The Lowly Mechanic—Dedicated to the underdog of aviation, the unsung hero of the skies.

Then, publish it in Liberty so everybody can read it.—*A. S. Gowdey.*

PASSION IS THE GALE

QUANTICO, VA.—It certainly is a pleasure to read a "service" aviation story that rings true—referring to Passion Is the Gale, by Sparks Hausman (November 25 Liberty).—*Jean Binney.*

NO MORE FREE AIR

Topeka, Kan.—Apropos of that letter on 32 Ways to Make a Million (October 21 Vox Pop), may I add one more " way " and make it 33?

Many ideas have been patented but never put on the market, so I believe I have an idea that would make not only one million but several, viz.: Most everything that is used by the people is paid for in one way or another, so why not capitalize on the air we breathe? That is the only thing left that is free.

My invention is in the form of a small meter strapped close to the mouth and nose, so that every breath of air is registered. These meters are of the twenty-five-cent (two-bit) variety, and in case you fail to have a quarter handy the meter stops. It would also solve the unemployment problem.—*R. H. K.*

GOOD WORK, McKINNEY AND ALLHOFF!

Los Angeles, Calif.—Congratulations on The Lid Off Los Angeles. These lads McKinney and Allhoff are giving facts correct in every detail.

Of particular interest to me, in the first installment (November 11 Liberty), was the statement: " Threats of suits usually followed, but quickly melted away. Only one actually came to court; was thrown out before Clinton even presented a defense."

You see, in that lone case I was one of Clinton's witnesses and sat right by his ide in the courtroom when the case was thrown out. After developments in the courtroom, Clinton was urged to take some action against the plaintiff, an old lady; but he was gentle, not vindictive, and refused to do so.

Months ago I knew that a lot of this stuff was in the pot. Of course the " stew " wasn't done then, but it is now, and McKinney and Allhoff have taken the lid off. Good work I call it—though our local press refuses to concur. — *Harold Wright Weygandt.*

MOVIE REVIEW INDEX

Nappanee, Ind.—May I offer a suggestion for Liberty? Why can't we have an index every week informing us in which former issue a movie review was given? We select the movies which appeal to us most after having secured all possible advance information, and ofttimes we have to leaf through a dozen copies of Liberty before we come to a review of the picture which is currently playing at our theater.—*Elden R. Schrock.*

EASY TO BUST

Kansas City, Mo. — The Missouri Power Company received a large crate. On it in large letters were these directions: " No fooling. We mean it. This is easy to bust. Handle gently. Glass neon sign. Don't drop her an inch or you'll sure bust her."

In spite of all this, the light company found the neon sign broken.—*Tom Mall.*

LOVELY GESTURE

Boone, Ia.—It was a lovely gesture, climaxing Eddie Doherty's autobiography with a story by the late Mildred Doherty (November 11 Liberty). All Liberty fans such as I will miss her swell stories. Thanks to F. O. (First Out), Liberty fans get the cream of the crop.—*W. B. Jones.*

CHINA DESERVES THIS HELP

Minneapolis, Minn.—Liberty, always unafraid to do good things for humanity, published a letter in the October 7 issue entitled Have You a Worn Blanket?

The letter stated the great needs of China for blankets, sheets, towels, pillowcases, mattress protectors, men's pajamas, and bedding, which need not be new.

We of the International Humane Education Foundation thought it mighty fine of Liberty to show this simple path to opportunity for doing a good turn and many are grateful to you. We do hope that the American Bureau for Medical Aid to China, Inc., 57 William Street, New York City, has had generous donations. May we suggest that Liberty, friend to all peoples, run another reminder along the same lines? The Chinese people are deserving of this help. God bless Bernarr Macfadden and Liberty! — *Truman T. Pierson, President, International Humane Education Foundation, Inc.*

TED SHANE-ITES, UNITE!

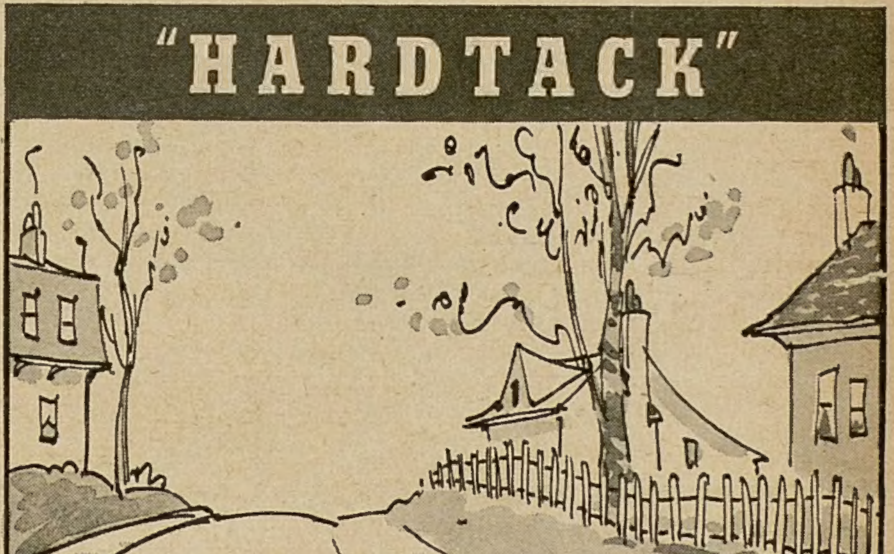
Philadelphia, Pa. — How about giving us Cockeyed Crossword fans a break by starting a crossword contest consisting of Cockeyes only? If the other members of the C. E. C. W. F. agree with me, send in your letters to Vox Pop. If you'll all do this I know we will soon see this contest started. — *George B. Bush.*

TO IMPROVE LIBERTY—

New York, N. Y.—Please do not run Hitler's Mein Kampf in Liberty as a serial, as suggested in a silly Vox Pop of November 11.

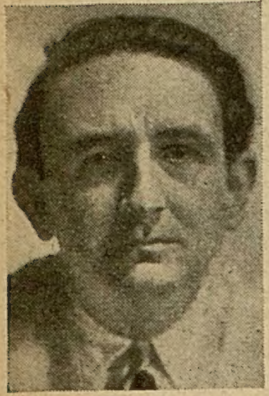
If you want to do something of some account, would suggest that you run Henry George's Progress and Poverty as a serial or else the Gospel of St. Mark. Thousands of people never read either one of them, and both are educational and would be of benefit to the country.

Also to improve Liberty I suggest that you cut out taking up valuable space with silly cartoons and print letters with more sense than most of those appearing now in Vox Pop.—*A. A. Clark.*



" A fellow has to have a car these days to get anywhere with the women."

Can You Answer These Questions?



FULTON OURSLER

IF THE contributors in Liberty next week were to come to your house for tea, you would have a party the neighbors would never forget. Think of asking District Attorney Thomas E. Dewey if he liked cream or lemon; or coaxing Representative Martin Dies to have another cooky! These are but two of a fascinating group of men and women who help to make up our next table of contents. They ask and answer some of the pertinent and important problems of today.

TAKE MR. DIES for example. He raises the question whether the President of the United States did or did not try to influence him in the conduct of the investigation into un-American activities. Mr. Dewey discusses our tax bill—which you and I have to pay, no matter how little we earn—and he raises the question, Are We Bankrupting Our Children? In very plain language Mr. Dewey answers the question. In an entirely different vein Frederick L. Collins asks: Has Orson Welles Gone Hollywood? And Upton Sinclair and Walter Karig tell Why Ham and Eggs Were Beaten. Beverley Owen raises another question and answers it with convincing vigor, Will Churchill Be Great Britain's Next Prime Minister? But there are other features besides these major questions and answers. There are some first-rate short stories, among them Hollywood's White Hope, by Budd Wilson Schulberg; and Can't Help Lovin', by Samuel W. Taylor. John Erskine brings an article about Marian Anderson called Dark Nightingale; and Pat Kennedy brings an exciting sports piece called Bughouse Basketball. And of course there will be all the regular features, installments of the serials—AND—the opening chapter of one of the most exciting novels we have ever published. It is called Typhoon Over Nanking, by Steve Fisher, a story guaranteed to thrill.

THE RESPONSE TO OUR ARTICLE, Is It as Bad as This? was an avalanche of letters—many of them praising us for publishing it; others denouncing us, and a great many criticizing me personally, vilifying me roundly.

Some correspondents tore out the back page and wrote abusive messages on the margins: "Does Americanism mean the privilege of printing filthy stories?" . . . "You're money-mad!" . . . "Anybody who ever went to college would know that this is the biggest lie ever printed." . . . "The editor of this magazine is very gullible." . . . "Why don't you name the place? You can't, you low-life!"

Naturally, all of these were anonymous. The humor of the situation escaped these people: they anonymously denounced our article for being anonymous!

Suffice it to say that the article stated facts about a specific college in the United States, and we shall be glad to forward letters from any honest inquirer to the author. . . . C. Emil Nilson of Kentville, California, says of this same article, "I am now awaiting the answer: What is the cause and the remedy?" Now how would you answer that?

SALMAGUNDI: Congratulations to Joe DiMaggio on hitting a permanent double-header. Remember the night we had dinner, Joe, and you swore you would be a bachelor as long as you lived? And remember, I told you you were batty? . . . Warwick & Legler, Inc., have just produced the fourth edition of their Ad Quiz. . . . Sample questions: (1) What percentage of the price of a product is ordinarily spent for advertising? (2) What great manufacturer and operator of advertising switched from the product he was selling to the premium he was offering on the same product? Can you give the answers? Here they are: (1) Total expenditure for all advertising in the United States of America amounts to only 3 per cent of the sum paid for finished goods. (2) William Wrigley, Jr., originally started with chewing gum as a free inducement to dealers to buy a line of lamps he was jobbing. This quiz book is really interesting, not only to men and women in the advertising business, but to every one who reads advertisements. Here are some questions we offer the editors: (1) What patent-medicine man became the discoverer of some of the world's great writers? (2) To what advertising slogan did Billy Sunday, the great evangelist, refer when he said it would be found on the bottom of hell if anybody turned it upside down? (3) What American advertising man had to flee from the Japanese invasion of China? (4) What magazine offers the largest circulation for the money, the greatest visibility to the consumer, and the most intelligent audience in America? Answers next week.

OUR PERSONAL NOMINATION for the greatest motion picture of the year: That They May Live, with Victor Francen as the star, assisted by a distinguished company of fellow French players, together with *Les Gueules Cassées* (the mutilated veterans of the last World War). No evening of greater horror has ever been contrived in the theater. Its purpose is to shock us out of ever going to war again. In this purpose we feel it will fail, but it was a good try. It has been made with complete disdain of those taboos and sacred cows of American movie censorship which is an evidence of our social immaturity.

OSCAR GRAEVE of the Liberty staff died the other day. He was one of the finest men I ever knew. He typified what Shakespeare meant when he said, "His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This was a man!'" . . . An even more personal characterization of Oscar came in a letter from Margaret Sangster: "Oscar was like prewar Vienna—carefree and gay and lovable. There will never be any one else like him, ever. I think I will give away my golf clubs—I don't want to play with anybody else."

* * *

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

for Liberals with Common Sense

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY O. L. SNIDER
FROM TRIANGLE PHOTOS

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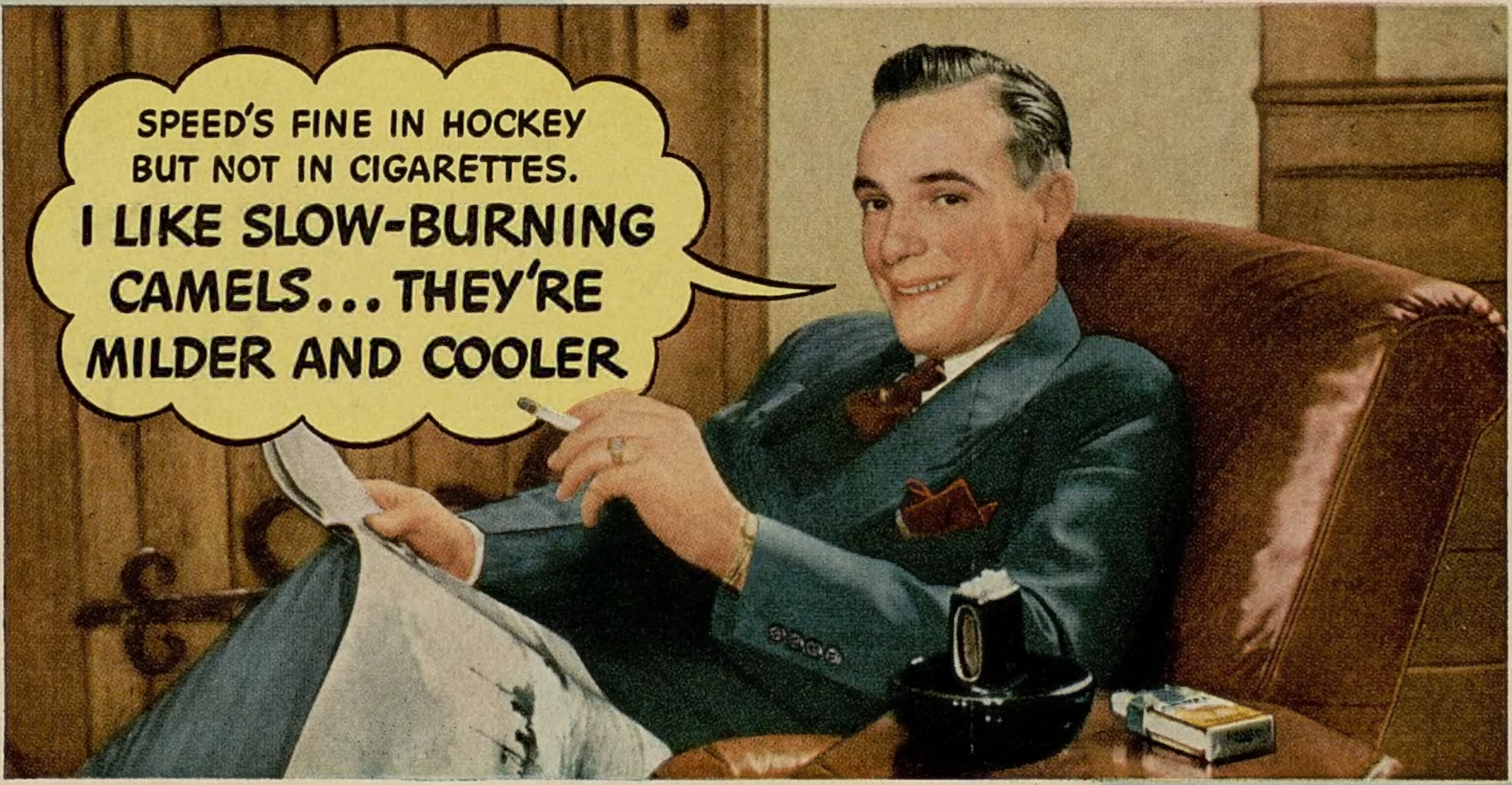
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